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THOMAS O. DOUGLASS:

BUILDERS

OF A

COMMONWEALTH

PILGRIM FATHERS

VOL. VII

1865-1869^s

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VOLUME VII.

We now come to the last half-decade of the sixties. In the early sixties, the time of the War, immigration, of course, was checked, though it still continued. Railroad building did not wholly cease, though it was greatly retarded. Churches were organized, but not many. Preachers came, but they were few and far between.

Now in the last half of the decade, the time to which we have come, after the War, the tide of immigration became a flood. At least three railroads were on a race across the state, and other lines were pushing forward with all possible speed. Towns, as if by magic, were springing up all along and beyond the railroads; scores of churches were being organized, and the supply of ministers greatly increased, although, of course, the supply now, as always, fell short of the demand.

In 1865, Iowa is nearing the end of her pioneer days. The one distinctively frontier preacher mentioned in this volume is Benjamin A. Dean, who followed Father Upton up in the Sioux country in Northwestern Iowa. Perhaps the preacher listed here is A. S. Hill, of Atlantic, though other good preachers began their work here in the late sixties. Brother Charles W. Lyman, of Omer, is a specially good representative of a score or more of splendid pastors. President William A. Brooks, of Tabor,

is a representative of the preacher educators who began with us in the last half of the decade; and Rev. J. A. Chase is an exceptionally fine example of the tireless and zealous Home Missionaries of the period.

Of men of administrative ability, there were a number-- among them J. E. Morley, C. W. Storms, Harmon Cross, and Secretary Douglass.

The list of the good men of the time who did faithful and efficient service in these five years will include all those whose names are written in this book.

We begin with good Brother John Schaerer, a fine German from Switzerland.

First sketch,

John Schaerer.

John Schaerer, son of Hans Jacob and Anna (Bebie) Schaerer, was born in the town of Munchendorf, Canton, Zurich, Switzerland, January 10, 1837. His mother belonged to an old Italian family which came to Switzerland in the eighteenth century. She died when John was four years of age, and he was given into the care of his grandmother Bebie. They lived at Gossau only a few miles from his father's home and in the same canton. Here he attended school and later worked in a silk factory as a weaver.

In the year 1859, at the age of twenty-two, he took up his residence at Neuchatel, Canton Neuenburg, Switzerland, where he worked as a gardener in a hospital.

Near the close of the same year, 1859, he found his way to the St. Chrischona Institute, near the city of Basel. It will be remembered that this Institution was intended to prepare men for missionary work at home and abroad. Nearly all of our early German Home Missionaries in Iowa studied for a longer or a shorter time in this school. Mr. Schaerer was here for two years attending to his studies with great fidelity. After finishing his course, he spent a year traveling through Switzerland as an evangelist and eccl'astour.

In the year of 1863 he came to America, landing at New York, September 10th, of that year. He spent the winter in and around the city, working and preaching in German settlements as he had opportunity.

In the Spring of 1864, he came to Dubuque and did some work as an evangelist in that region, and then went over into Nebraska. He made a short stay at Arapo, and then returned to Iowa. He came on horseback from Nebraska to Grinnell; then sold his horse and proceeded from there by rail to Davenport. The Minutes of 1865 locates him as a licentiate at Muscatine. March 1st, of this year, he was commissioned by the Home Missionary Society for this place. April 18th, of this same year, 1865, he was married to Miss Margaretha Baemlin, of Gstaät, Canton Bern, Switzerland, Rev. J. E. Graf officiating.

Brother Graf had a special interest in this wedding. He writes: "Brother Schaefer's bride I brought with me when I came to America. I married him in Muscatine in 1865. He had become a Congregational minister that year. He had labored for the Evangelical Association in Nebraska. He married me in the fall of the same year."

Mr. Schaefer continued his services at Muscatine for three years and two months. During this time the church had increased in membership from sixteen to thirty-seven, and a debt of one hundred and seventy dollars was paid.

May 1, 1868, he was commissioned for Cherrill's Round. He was here for eighteen months, in this time bringing up the membership from sixteen to thirty-six, and raising a debt of two hundred dollars.

In November of 1869, Brother Schaefer began a pastorate at La Grange, Missouri. This was his field of labor for ten years. In this decade the church grew in numbers, the Sunday

school flourished, and a debt of thirteen hundred dollars was paid. During these years also, Mr. Schaefer preached regularly at Lolona, Palmyra, and other places as he had strength and opportunity.

Suffering severely in this malarial climate, in 1879, he went East, and struck more malaria at Warrenville, New Jersey; but here he continued for five years as usual, paying off the debts of the church, and bringing up the membership from seventy to one hundred and forty.

His next field was Irete, Nebraska. He began here in the fall of 1884. He found a little church of twelve members. Six and one-half years later, he left a membership of forty-five. Here he erected a church building, also a parsonage, raising for these improvements over four thousand dollars.

During this pastorate also, he was treasurer of the German Theological Seminary, which, as will be remembered, was started by Brother J. B. Chase, and he gave faithful and efficient service to this valuable institution.

In 1893, Mr. Schaefer accepted a call to a cluster of six churches in the vicinity of Scotland, South Dakota. During the three years of his service there, there were more than forty accessions to the churches, and four young men were started out to prepare for the ministry.

In 1895, Mr. and Mrs. Schaerer spent a little time in visiting their children at Manning, Iowa, and Muncie, Ind.

In the fall of this year, he was called to New Knoxville, Ohio, to serve a small band of people who had split off from the Reformed Church of that place. At the end of two years this faction returned to the mother church.

His last pastorate, beginning in 1897, was at Curtiss, Wisconsin. Here he continued for seven years, at the end of which time attacks of asthma and bronchitis obliged him to close his labors.

Since 1904, Brother Schaerer has been living with his children. One of his two daughters married Rev. J. H. Resner, formerly a pastor of Iowa. At present (1914) Mr. Schaerer's home is with his daughter Hannah, the wife of Rev. Hans Lumstein, of La Porte, Indiana. Mr. Lumstein, also, was at one time a pastor of this state.

Under date of February 19, 1914, Brother Schaerer writes:
"My dear Brother Douglass:

"Your letter of February 13, was received, and here is what you asked. My son-in-law, Rev. Hans Lumstein, has it written. I could not do it. I am weak. I feel that my end and death is not far off. My wife died in Canton, Missouri, July 5, 1911. Her age was eighty-two years, six months, and sixteen days. On the fourth of July she was up and worked as before; but on the fifth of July, it was a very hot day, and she died. I am missing her. We, she and myself, had always lived in good harmony. I am now living, since her burial, at Canton, Missouri, with my son-in-law, Rev. Hans Lumstein. Four years before my wife died, we

moved to Canton, where my two sisters are still living, I am willing to be buried next to the grave of my beloved wife.

"The Good Lord, Jesus Christ, bless you with his grace, love and peace. Remember me in your prayers.

"John Schneider, Pastor."

"Should you want more of my activity, then let me know it."

Second Sketch,

Orramel W. Cooley.

Orramel Wellington Cooley, son of Calvin and Rosemond (Field) Cooley, was born in Medley, Massachusetts, January 18, 1816. His early home life was spent on his father's farm, but he had an ardent thirst for a college education. At the age of fifteen, he consecrated his heart and life to the service of Christ, not knowing until then that his devoted mother had consecrated him before his birth to the gospel ministry.

He studied for a while at Cunningham Academy; entered Williams College in 1838, under the care of his idolized President, Mark Hopkins. He graduated in 1841. After this, he was principal of the Tuscarora Academy, in Juniata county, Pennsylvania, for two years. In 1844, he entered the Andover Seminary, where he remained for two years. After being licensed to preach, he found opportunity to supply a small church in the suburbs of Bangor, Maine, and so finished his course at the Bangor Seminary, graduating in 1846. The same year, he was invited to take charge of the Second Congregational church, of Dover, Massachusetts, where he remained three years, having been ordained by Council, May 4, 1848, Dr. J. Ide, of Medway, being the Moderator of the Council.

From 1850 to 1855, he was pastor of the Presbyterian church of Granville, Illinois; and while pastor here, in November of 1851, he was married to Miss Sarah Adams, of

Hopkinton, Massachusetts. She walked with him all the remainder of the way, up to the end of his life.

From 1854 to 1856, he was at Fox Lake, Wisconsin, and from 1856 to 1858 at Newport, in the same state. He then returned to Illinois and was pastor at Ford from 1859 to 1861; in Danark in 1862; and at Henry in 1863 and 1864. For a time during the Civil War he was at the front, engaged in the work of the Christian Commission. At the end of the war in 1865, he was earnestly entreated by his ministerial brethren to come and engage in Home Missionary work in the great and needy state of Iowa. He was pastor of the church at Glenwood two years, beginning September 1, 1865. After that he engaged in work as Home Missionary among the needy communities about Glenwood, giving a part of his time to a Ladies' Seminary, which had been organized and was prospering under the care of Mrs. Cooley. Mrs. Cooley had some notoriety as an educator. At the time of her marriage she was principal of the Onondaga Female Seminary in the city of Syracuse, New York.

While engaged in the work at Glenwood, two of Mr. Cooley's reports were published in the Home Missionary. The first (September 1866) is as follows:

"We received to our communion on the first Sabbath in May seven members by profession--all young persons but one. They seem to be growing in grace and are becoming an efficient part of the church. They are enlisting themselves in the Sabbath schools and other like enterprises with all their hearts.

"One pleasant and instructive incident occurred. Three young ladies, not yet professing to be christians, under the thought of doing good that had been impressed upon them, called at several places to secure scholars for the Sunday school. They found some not dressed well enough to venture to the brick church, and a gentleman said he would open his house for a school in that part of the place, as there were many who went to know school. By the next Sabbath, when the school opened, there list had swelled to twenty names, and on the first Sabbath the school had numbered thirty. That evening, two of the young ladies returned very happy with the results of their efforts. In the path of usefulness, they had met with unexpected blessings. The school is sustained entirely by young converts with superintendence of Mrs. Cooley. The field of christian activity is the field in which to train christians."

In his second report (June 1867), Mr. Cooley writes:

"I spent a little time at Tabor last week. There has been a gentle and continuous rain of mercy upon the college there, and a goodly number of its students have been converted. I think that Tabor College is as much needed in the Missouri Valley, for Christ and his church, as Amherst and Williams are for Massachusetts, Yale for Connecticut, or Iowa College for Eastern and Middle Iowa. This valley is a separate land, and Tabor is two hundred miles from Grinnell. A few might go to the college there, but of the one hundred and seventy-five in the institution at Tabor, probably not ten, perhaps not five, could reach any other. It is needed

now and how much more will it be needed hereafter. Railroads are stimulating immigration, and now is the time to give this whole region a permanent civilization and the institutions of religion.'

After eleven years spent in this manner, Mr. Cooley was invited to become president of the Baltimore Female College. But Mrs. Cooley's health failing, she was obliged to return to her friends in Chicago.

During their residence in Illinois, Mr. Cooley for two years supplied the church at Danark where he had preached in 1865.

In 1882, he came back to Glenwood to spend the remainder of his days. For seven years he waited for his release. The last years were spent in weariness and pain. He died May 6, 1889, at the age of seventy-three.

On the afternoon of the day of his death, after a service at his late home, his remains were taken to Chicago for interment by his friends there.

The closing paragraph of the obituary of Mr. Cooley written for the State Minutes by Rev. J. B. Crawford, the pastor of the Glenwood church, is as follows:

"Father Cooley, as he came to be called among us, has thus been a minister of the gospel for more than forty years. He was a man of vigorous intellect and scholarly attainments. His mental force was retained until the very last. Those most intimately acquainted with him, knew him as a man of kindly heart, always delighting in helpful words and deeds.

Many will long cherish his memory in hours of sorrow and need. In the Congregational church of Glenwood, he will be especially missed, as he was in his place on the Sabbath, and his voice was always heard in the prayer meeting."

Third sketch,

Orson C. Dickerson.

Orson Cobb Dickerson, son of Aaron and Elizabeth (Wadsworth) Dickerson, was born on a farm near the village of Naples, in Morgan county, Illinois, April 18, 1851. His father was for some years a Methodist Protestant minister.

The boy's educational advantages were limited. For a little while, not more than a year, he was a student in Illinois College. Of this and other matters he speaks in his "Illinois Life Story.":

"In the spring of 1850, I went from my Sabbath school class in the First Presbyterian Church of Jacksonville, Illinois, over to Prof. J. B. Turner's Bible class of college students in the Congregational church.

"At the September communion, in the same year, as one 'born again', I was received into this church by Mrs. J. M. Sturtevant, of Illinois College. Since that glad first hour of my espousal to Christ, one Wednesday evening in April, 1850, when, like a blessed wave of God and love, new life poured into my soul, I have loved that scene of my second nativity, West College Avenue, Jacksonville, Illinois."

Mr. Dickerson was obliged to leave college on account of his eyes. For a time he could not even read one page of print.

Mr. Dickerson continues the narrative: "September, 1852, found me ironing wagons of the piece in Winchester, Illinois.

"Just at that time a survey ride to a camp meeting some twenty miles away was planned and a seat offered me. This

proved to be a Methodist Protestant camp meeting, in Hirlapat-
rick's grove, Morgan county.

"Among this people, boy and youth, I had grown to man-
hood. All went well. Even the Sunday night downpour that
soaked the camp did not dampen our ardor. Monday morning
dawned bright and clear. Breakfast was over and the morning
worship. I was sitting alone on the end of a log near our
tent, when Rev. Thomas of Winchester Methodist Protestant
church came to sit down by me, saying as he did so "Brother
Dickerson, the ministers on the ground have just decided
that you are to preach this morning sermon at ten o'clock."
You may imagine the discussion that followed that announcement.
Amazed, I knelt in the first lonely spot I could find; with
my thick Bible open, and a prayer in my heart, 'Lord, if this
is of thee give me a message.' At the same time seeking the
light I read for, I turned to the gospel of John, and ran my
eyes down its successive chapters, finding no light for that
hour until I reached the twelfth chapter. In this the twent-
eighth verse stood forth from all the others as if lighted
from within: 'Father, glorify thy name. When came there a
voice from heaven, I have glorified it, and will glorify it
again.' For half an hour I walked and thought. Quickly a
plan of that message, clause by clause, took shape in my
mind. I have used it since, could use it now, just as the
Lord gave it to me that day. I have done worse than a year
since.

"Then these pastors went out they were part of the M. P.
Annual Conference, in Vandalia, Illinois. This time my father

was present and I was not. Of their purpose I knew nothing, until, on my father's return, I learned that I was to act as Junior preacher with him on the Mississippi circuit--lying in Hancock and Adams counties, above and below Quincy. That year the Lord gave us a hundred and eighty added to the churches on confession of faith.

"I was duly provided with a pair of portmanteaus, such as 'circuit riders' used in early times. I distinctly remember one trip of eight miles and a half a dozen stopping stations, which I made on foot with the saddle bags on my shoulder, my father having occasion to use both horses. My happier men lived than I was then. Had not Heaven owned my efforts, in a life work which I deemed the highest on earth! With the forty-five dollars received as salary that year, I paid the remnant of my college debt (\$16), paid for the portmanteaus, and also for a second-hand saddle and bridle. Well, I am free to confess it took about all the rest to clothe the Junior preacher.

"From the Annual Conference of the next year, I was sent to carry the blessed message through the counties of De Witt, Orleans, and Champaign, on the eastern side of our state. Here my delighted experiences and some trials awaited the young ambassador. Usually the sanctuary was somebody's house; some early settler's log cabin. Everybody came. After a saddle ride of ten or twelve miles, often with no road over the trackless prairie, once each fortnight, the preacher gathered his little flock; filling the spaces before the open fire and back between the beds; no critics; all hungry and thirst for the good news from Heaven. Verily, there

was deep joy in such a ministry. Cities have sprung up since on that circuit of nearly three counties and two hundred miles, Champion and its university, Middleton, Woodland, and many others framed in a paradise of farms.'

"In 1854-5, from the Jerseyville Conference, another grove meeting, I went to the Winchester circuit, in the counties of Morgan, Scott and Greene. Here I hoped to meet again that possible future companion of my oil rim way, who had, by coincidence, gone from Lynnville to that grove meeting, the scene of my first sermon. 'The nest was warm but the bird had flown'; the family having returned to Brooklyn, New York. 'Women', said a Western carter, 'is like forward wheels wheels of a wagon. They don't need to look back, only keep right on; and then big wheeled hind wheels is bound to keep track'. However this may be, at the close of our Winchester campaign, thoughtfully pondering the words in Genesis, 'It is not good that man should be alone. I will make him an helpmeet for him,' eastward bound, following the track of those same 'forward wheels' I reached in due time the number given me '115 South Second Street, Brooklyn, New York.' Also finding that repair and coast here ministered no strength, I soon reached an arrangement with the New York and Vermont Annual Conference by which a few years of my life should be given to those eastern concerns. Surely, also, even for an inexperienced young parson, the course of true love does sometimes run smooth."

"We were married, Miss Ann Norton and I, in Old Second Street Church, Brooklyn, on Sabbath evening, March 18, 1856,

with our home to be at Vista, New York, near the Connecticut line.

"To this coastline novitiates were assigned three widely dissimilar fields--one all country side; one a manufacturing New England village, and one in the city of churches, Brooklyn, New York."

It appears in the narrative, though it is not distinctly stated, that Mr. Dickerson gave between four and five years to this Eastern field.

In eighteen sixty-one, he turned his face toward the West, bringing with him his wife and two sons.

"Lincoln had just been elected," says Mr. Dickerson, the war was on; our nation to have peace must fight for it. The narrative continued; "After some months in Decatur, while waiting the fulness of time to enter upon our new pastorate, I received a letter from Dr. Startevant, of Illinois College, saying, 'We need faithful ministers in Illinois. For myself I should be glad to labor with you in the closest relations. Chandlerville is now vacant; I will be glad to introduce you there.' Needless to say on the receipt of this word from a man so honored and beloved, the door of Chandlerville flew open at once; and in August, 1861, our four years' pastorate, the first of many in my own alma mater, the Congregational church began.

"How valiantly the church stood with its pastor for 'Heaven and home and native land'--for a Nation with a capital N!"

I first met Mr. Dickerson while he was pastor here at

Chandlerville, and I was a student in Illinois College. One evening he put in an appearance at our church prayer meeting. Both his appearance and his talk I remember to this day. He had a round head and big eyes which he rolled from side to side while he talked. He said he lived where 'Satan had his seat' but he proposed to unseat his majesty if he could.'

I next encountered Mr. Dickerson out in Boone county, Iowa where he was located under commission of the Home Missionary Society, October 1, 1865.

A little preliminary work had been done at Boonesboro before Mr. Dickerson's arrival. We find an account of this in the Home Missionary of February 1867. Sup't Jesse Guernsey writes:

"Boonesboro, Iowa, is a town of some two thousand or more inhabitants, on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, near the point where the road crosses the Des Moines. Its principal growth had been during the last two years. The agent of the Home Missionary Society went there in July 1866, to ascertain what were the prospects of organizing a Congregational church. He arrived on a Saturday afternoon, and, not knowing even the name of a single person in the town, stopped at the first hotel he came to. After tea he walked out inquiring of every person he met whether there were any Congregationalists in the place. He might as well have spoken in an unknown tongue. They did not know what a Congregationalist was--had never heard of such a thing. One man thought there was a congregation of Congregationalists in the town, but the people to whom he referred were Episcopians. At last the proprietor of a cabinet shop said he had a man in his

employ who called himself a Congregationalist. This man gave the agent a hearty welcome, and introduced him to three or four Congregational families besides his own. No religious services were expected in the town on the following day. An arrangement was therefore readily made for the agent to preach in the then unfinished Methodist church, and the employee of the cabinet shop, who, by the way, was a Massachusetts Congregationalist who had come to Boonesboro by the way of San Francisco, was to give the necessary notice. Early on Sabbath morning he was heard as he went from house to house along the streets crying out in front of each at the top of his voice, 'Congregational preaching at the Methodist church to-day at eleven o'clock.'

"At the appointed hour, a large congregation assembled, many of them, doubtless induced to come by a curiosity to see what sort of character a Congregationalist was! An appointment was given out for the evening, and at the close of the evening service, those interested in the establishment of a Congregational church were invited to remain. A goodly number tarried, some of them members of churches. Others with Congregational preferences, from early education or other causes. They were encouraged to expect a minister in the course of a few weeks. Rev. C. C. Dickerson, of Channahville, Illinois, some of whose people had settled in Boonesboro, was written to, and removed with his family to the place early in the ensuing fall. A church was organized about the New Year (January 7, 1866,) and chiefly through the efficient persevering efforts of Mr. Dickerson, funds have been secured in the place and elsewhere to warrant the

commencement of a commodious church building. The brick walls were up the latter part of November, and it was expected the building would be enclosed before the winter should fairly set in."

The coming of Mr. Dickerson to Boonesboro was noted in the News-Letter for August 1865 as follows:

"Rev. O. C. Dickerson, of Chandleerville, Illinois, has accepted an invitation to labor at Boonesboro in this state. It is hoped that a Congregational church will soon be organized, and that ere long a house of worship will be secured. The place is one of much present and prospective importance, and is just now growing more rapidly, perhaps, than any other village in the state."

Mr. Dickerson's own account of the coming is as follows:

"At this crisis, the call from Iowa reached us. Long and well the Iowa band from Indover had wrought in that young state. Some of these men were being called higher. Why should not one endowed with more brawn than brain employ both in founding new churches. The thought held, while I wrote Sec. Guernsey of that state, about that county town, Boonesboro, just now being reached by the first railway to cross the state of Iowa for the Pacific slope."

"Thus, inquiry, including a personal visit led on to occupation. October 5, 1865, our train reached that storm center of Western migratory excitation. Of several faithful promisers, to whom we looked for temporary hospitality, not one made good. Hotels were running over full. Boarding houses and private rooms were crowded. We had money, but

that availed nothing. We had a claim upon these who had urged our coming--but that was easily ignored. Good Mrs. S--- a merchant's wife, invited us to 'come in and take dinner, anyway.' As it was late in the day and we had had none, we readily accepted; wife was both weary and ill. We were building better than we knew. This family was yet to become one of our best in the new enterprise. Here we remained ten days. Then our goods came. A single room with board was obtained. One of our people, with the pastor, e'er the snow fell, had so far completed a new home, that all could move in and begin to live (November 10.) April 1836 found the new church of twenty members at work; lots purchased and a foundation laid for the Lord's house."

In a letter dated December 26, 1913, Mr. Dickerson tells of their first meeting place at Soonesboro. He writes:

I reached old Soonesboro October 3, 1833, with my family all our our goods following after. We organized the first Congregational church with twenty members January 3, 1834. I papered, cleaned and waterwashed the old court house myself, saying, 'This place is not fit to preach a clean gospel in.' I came here to preach a clear gospel.' I got one woman to help clean it. We commenced with a spade, so was the mud called on the floor of the house. Then Sunday night I called the people and preached, and said to them, 'You see this floor, these walls, this ceiling. I have done the work, now I want you to pay for the materials.'

In this letter, also, Mr. Dickerson tells of his struggle to build the house of worship. He writes:

"In the two years, 1866-68, I raised with a great deal of difficulty by slow degrees two thousand five hundred dollars to build a church. I planned a house to cost about three thousand dollars, the dimensions being 33x50. But lumber soared away up. Brick would not cost any more, so we concluded to try that, but brick went up to ten dollars per thousand. The Congregational Union was just starting. I went East for help. Talked with Dr. Bauger and other Home Missionary secretaries; also with Ray Palmer, of the New Congregational Union; also with Dr. Thompson, of the Broadway Tabernacle church, New York. I was informed by the Congregational Union that four hundred dollars to pay last debts was all that they could do. But there was a discrepancy of at least a good one thousand dollars before we reached the last debts. These men gave reluctant consent for a personal appeal. I won the one thousand dollars and went home. Materials were soaring skyward. The house was only half done. The funds in the community were largely in the devil's hands. But we were in for it. I would not go through that thing again for any amount of money.

"But we won out. I raised four hundred dollars for the art windows among the Iowa Congregational churches. In 1866, 1867, and 1868, we carried forward the work to completion; and we dedicated to our Lord, free from debt, a brick edifice, with stained glass windows. Our congregation, second to none in the county at that time filled the church."

In this letter, also, Mr. Wickerson speaks of his installation as follows:

"I was installed pastor of the church by a large Council; Rev. J. D. Cochran, of Grinnell, moderator and preacher. I think this was the regular annual meeting of the Central Association; brethren coming to the meeting, with Dr. F. W. Fiske of Chicago Theological Seminary, and Sup't Guernsey of Dubuque, made a very large Council. The afternoon was given to sifting the new pastor, Rev. J. D. Cochran conducting the examination. The Council reported favorably and the installation services were held in the evening."

In 1868, Garden Prairie, a community of young farmers, was added to the parish, and a church there was organized February 7, 1869. Later in the year, April 4th, the Ogden church, growing out of school house appointments which finally concentrated at the village center, was organized. Ogden was the first station west of Boonesboro on the Northwestern railroad.

The Home Missionary for June 1869 notes the Ogden organization in the following paragraph:

"A church of eighteen members was organized at Ogden, Boone county, on Sunday, April 4th, Rev. O. C. Dickerson, of Boonesboro, and E. B. Goodenow, of Jefferson, assisting in the services. Some ten or twelve more are expected to unite with the organization. A gift of half an acre of land well located is offered for the erection of a church edifice. The church will probably be associated with that at Jefferson, under the charge of Mr. Goodenow."

In the September issue of the Home Missionary for 1880, we find from Mr. Dickerson the following report:

"There is a family in Norwalk, Connecticut, who have taken a deep interest in our work, from hearing me state its nature in the Congregational church there. This family have a boy, 'Frankie,' who has twice sent us library books--eighty volumes at one time, and seventy volumes at another. Recently, in our correspondence, the fact leaked out that I was serving quite a range of country, without a horse or means to buy one--borrowing, walking, 'catching rides,' or, if possible, taking the cars; any way to reach the different points of my field. At once the blessed fancy, right straight from heaven, took hold of them, to furnish me a missionary pony. Sure enough, there came a letter, with a post office order for \$55 to buy a pony. By a kind providence, 'I lit' upon one--just the fellow!--in one of my walking tours; a mustang pony, young healthy, gentle beyond his tribe, and as spotted as an Arabian courser; yet he was owned by a man who had no manner of use, and scarce had feed, for him. A bargain was made and sealed with a dollar. I took him at \$60. Of course, I reported the purchase to Frankie, whose corresponding secretary is one of the noblest lion-loving noteholders that ever Alittle Samuel had. By return mail came ten dollars more in a letter, saying that the whole must come out of Frankie's wonderful box. Besides all this, many articles of comfort and convenience have found their way from their bright New England home to our prairie village cot."

Mr. Dickerson closed his work at Loonesboro for the time being in the spring of 1870. There is a record of his farewell address which is in part as follows:

for the work he enabled us to do in the Mill town of Franklin county, Vermont during the four long years, 1870-1874."

The modus operandi of the work is thus described:

"Suddenly appears all unannounced, on foot and coat on arm, in one of these insulated, pasture land, mill towns, a smiling stranger. The men at work abroad, but not under day. Introducing himself briefly, the newcomer announces a lecture, some days ahead, for the organization of an International Union Bible School. This is repeated perhaps forty times in so many towns. Children become friends. Nobody cares long to withstand the kindest will of this friendly guest."

"Thus, all long-closed churches are reopened. Bells that hung silent in their towers for years are rung again. Pulpits are cleared out. Windows thrown open. Evening meetings are held--the first in forty years past. In some of these towns are churches that have pastors and regular services, but there are neglected centers or suburbs. Usually the pastors cooperate with the mill town missionary. Cooperation has reigned so long, all men with new interest the old story of Jesus and his love. Revivals follow. Property appreciates. Sabbath after Sabbath the old church becomes again the scene of happy reverent, orderly, gatherings. Milling centers from the nearest village--where there is a church volunteer to assist."

"In April 1871, the deepening interest again in Williamstown, Vermont while it comes under the influence of revivals. Brattleboro now becomes the place of residence: one year later, Peter Hill, twenty miles west of Brattleboro. In

it had been some modern Palestine Hill, vale and stream; beneath us, looking eastward lay the distant Connecticut river with a foreground of foot hills and verdant valleys."

"Here in our home on Dover School, came our first child, and only daughter. But now the life went sternly and absence of the husband, devolved heavier exactings upon the individual willing wife, (not overly strong at best) than nature could long withstand."

But the East could not long retain him, his heart and home were in the West. A call came to him from Minnesota. Of this he writes: "Sailing during the summer season I came to the pastorate of the church in Owatonna, Minnesota, we began work there in October of 1874. Here we found sturdy New Englanders broadened by the vast, sweep of wheat fields, elbow room that lay around them."

"And the pilgrim immigrant, but known how to behave in an environment of forty degrees below zero, or even been content with one of the most promising city parishes a man was ever called to fill, all had been well; but evangelistic work in this or that small country church, the warm cry from Macedonia, 'come over and help us', responded to, under Siberian conditions of climate grew too much. Pneumonia, in 1874, and pneumonia again in 1875, contracted the potential ten years' pastorate into a three years' life term."

"From a prosperous church and our own home, with city conveniences; from a metropolitan parish to the remote corner of three week churches; prairie life and the battle again, proved all things considered, far the greatest sacrifice I

had ever made or required my dear wife to make in all our wedded life. If there was any compulsion in the change, I brought it on myself. There is, however, another point of view."

The meaning of the above paragraph is that Mr. Dickerson's old parishioners in Iowa were calling him. They said, "We have never found one who could unite us since you left." One church said, "We are in debt and all divided because of our new church building." Others said, "Just tell it as it is, Mr. D---if you can come to us we can go on, if not we will have to go to pieces."

So November 1, 1876, found him back in Iowa with commission for Garden Prairie, Moline, and Boonesboro.

Of his experiences in this pastorate he writes:

"Well, you may be sure the trials of that winter of 1876-7 were neither light nor few. Hot storms and parish work were more; evil tempers, jealousies, discontent, needless crimination and recrimination, that separated brethren, had to be loved into silence and overcome.

"Christmas 1876 brought the crisis. After much careful thought, I proposed a vote one Saturday night with a full house, so worded and stated that all voted 'aye' without dissent. It was a scene for the angels. I was glad I came. All voted. All were united. Conversions followed. Weighed in the balances against such results, what are the few personal inconveniences and trials.

This pastorate came to a close in August of 1889 at which time Mr. Dickerson took up the work at Belle Plaine.

His mission there he characterized thus:

"Then, three and a half years as successor and a voice from my Lord to exorcise from the Belle Plaine church the evil legion left by an eloquent deceiver, a wolf in wool, who the previous year had fairly captivated the weaker brethren and the street in that little city. (The name of this man is not preserved in our Minutes, though I think I could give the name if I were disposed to do so.)

"My first Sabbath in Belle Plaine church was followed by a fifth and so far my last attack of pneumonia. Two families Durand, father and son, saved my life, praised be His name and theirs forever. It became my privilege to succeed and become the pastor of that man of God, the founder of the Belle Plaine church--Rev. Daniel Lane, of the Iowa Band--one of the best and soundest of that Excelsior League of elite gospel workers."

"The year 1881 found me on the verge of nervous exhaustion. I visited Detroit Sulphur Springs, and in New York City conferred with the world-renowned Dr. Willard Parker, a triple giant--head, heart, and hand. By his prescription, I began a system of physical care and culture that not only windlassed me up out of that quagmire, but has saved me from many another since."

Mr. Dickerson was in service here for three and a half years, ending his work September 28, 1883. He spent the summer vacation of this year with his wife and little daughter, with one of his sons in Chicago.

Later in year 1883, he began a pastorate of four years at Earlville and Moss Grove, in which, as he said, "the Lord

gave me many infallible signs of his mercy to us, his spirit in our Zion being manifest."

From 1866 to 1868, he was at La Harp, his pastorate there closing with a great revival in which he was assisted by the Rev. D. A. Anderson. "Surely the Lord of hosts was with us," he said, "in that brief, blessed pastorate."

In 1868, Mr. Dickerson was called to Godfrey. Of this he writes: "July 5, Jennie's birth anniversary, 1868, brought with it a call to the pastorate in Godfrey near Alton, Illinois. Here too, stands Monticello Seminary, which during the eight years we were in Godfrey, became daughter's Alma Mater. Who shall say it was not the same gracious Lord of light and life who had been with us all the way, who now gave us the warm friendship and wise counsel of that noble woman and gifted educator, Harriet Lowell Haskell, who rebuilt flame-smitten Monticello as first and last with consummate skill she marshalled her great charge into the foremost line of colleges for the education of women? Apart from all this, however, fadeless friendships were formed here, souls were won, the church edified, and our own home life in the large brick manse was surely more than comfortable. Thus passed 1868-69."

In 1869, came a call to North Aurora, "all aglow with bright minds, happy youth and gospel work for precious memories."

Then came the closing pastorate, 1870-71, at Earlville, "ten checkered years of joy and sorrow, victory and defeat, life and death." Here too, "lost awhile" the companion of

his life for fifty-seven years; for seven years she had been a helpless paralytic. She died in September of 1907.

Writing of this, Mr. Dickerson said, "You see, it is this way, all we who have signed the golden covenant are a colony, both here and beyond, militant and triumphant. The Lord of Hosts is with both companies. So we sorrow not for the departed as would those who have no hope. He who grouped us here is also grouping and marshalling us over there as well.

"They're gathering! They're gathering! The host is increasing. They throng the bright mansions above!"

Closing his last pastorate at Earlville in 1909, Mr. Dickerson, in his retirement, took up his residence at Mendota, where he still resides. April 18, 1911, he had reached the age of eighty-three.

Reviewing his life, he sends this testimony, "I am persuaded that neither death nor life nor angels, nor principalities nor powers nor things present nor things to come nor height nor depth nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God. I do not forget there have been conflicts and death grapples with evil; there have been heart failures, trials and terrors in the sixty years of my ministry, but he has said, 'With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation, and at even time it shall be light' has he not said. Out of the mill century's storms he has blessed me into this blessed, restful haven of human and divine fellowship. My thirty-third psalm closes here:--'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'"

Fourth sketch,

Thomas Merrill.

Thomas Merrill, son of Jesse Merrill, was born in Wheeling, Virginia, January 26, 1817. He graduated from Franklin College in 1840, and studied theology with its president. The year of his graduation, August 30, (1840), he was married to Elizabeth Jackson, of New Athens, Ohio.

He was ordained as a Presbyterian minister at Fairview, Ohio, in 1841.

Later, he joined the Free Presbyterian Church, and was pastor at Senecaville and Washington until 1854.

From 1854 to 1861, he was pastor of the Free Presbyterian church at Wittenberg, Iowa.

In 1863-4, he was captain of the Fifth Iowa Regiment, and he was also connected with the Freedman's Bureau at Huntsville, Alabama.

In 1866, Mr. Merrill returned to Wittenberg to serve his own church, but it was not exactly the same, for it had now become a Congregational church, and he continued in this field up to November 1, 1867, at which time he took charge of the church at Fairfield, with the expectation of Black River.

From Fairfield, November 1867, he reports:

"This has been a half year of great prosperity for the little church in Black River, where I have preached regularly every third Sabbath. During the winter we enjoyed a season of precious revival there, in connection with a series of special meetings. The circle preaching of the truth was

attended with great power. A large proportion of the congregation, I think, yielded to the claims of the gospel, and gave their hearts to Christ. Sixteen persons united with the church on profession, and one by letter. Not one of the sixteen had been baptized. Most of them were young persons, and seemed to be doing well.

"A very interesting case occurred during the meeting. A lady, for some years a member of the church, said that up to that time she had been a Unitarian, and was received into the church as one. But she now wished to unite again, and be baptized 'in the name of her divine Savior.' She was so received anew."

"This little church is in very great need of a house. They have made arrangements to build this fall, and I sincerely hope they will succeed, though our crops have been quite a failure."

Mr. Merrill was pastor of these churches up to July of 1871.

In October of 1873, he began a short pastorate at Ellenville.

In December of 1874, he was located at Bloomfield.

In June of 1875, he was listed in the minutes as pastor at Bellmoy.

In 1876, he was at Cskaloosa without charge, and he continued in residence there up to 1881. At this time he moved to Des Moines.

Here I found him when I came into my work as Secretary of the Home Missionary Society.

In 1881-2, he supplied for a time at Wittenberg, where

he had been in charge twice before.

In the summer of 1885, Mr. Merrill saw an opportunity to plant a church at Dexter, a new town on the diagonal road. Without waiting for anybody, he went on to Dexter, gathered the people together, and November 15th, of this year, presented to Congregational Iowa, a church fully organized and ready for business. This preliminary work he did without any cost to the Home Missionary Society. He stayed with the church for two years. I think this was his last service.

In 1888, Mr. Merrill moved to Otis, Colorado. Here he died of paralysis, June 26, 1899, aged eighty-two years and six months.

I had no acquaintance with Mr. Merrill until 1888. After that I came into pretty close association with him as he was one of the missionaries of the Iowa Congregational Home Missionary Society.

Mr. Merrill was a gentleman of the old school, courtly, dignified, courteous. Of course, he was sound in doctrine, in the old school way, but at the same time he took kindly to Congregationalism. We gave us a dozen years of most excellent service.

The closing paragraph of a short eulogary notice published in the Minutes for 1900, is as follows:

"Mr. Merrill was a conscientious, devoted, and zealous minister of the gospel. He was a friend of reform, and championed the anti-slavery and temperance movements with all his soul. Bold but prudent, he never swerved from what he believed to be right in the sight of the Lord when he served. His toil done; he rests from his labors; his works do follow him."

Fifth sketch,

Charles Gibbs.

Charles Gibbs, son of David and Elizabeth (Rockwood) Gibbs, was born in Norwalk, Ohio, October 25, 1820. He studied at Norwalk and Milan Academies.

At the early age of thirteen, he entered Hamilton College but graduated from Kenyon in 1839, at the age of nineteen. He remained at Kenyon for three years as a tutor in the college during which time he gave attention to theological studies. Later, he took the regular course at Yale Divinity School, from which he graduated in 1847. His health at this time being inadequate to the duties of the ministry, he turned his attention to teaching, and became principal of an academy at Janesville, Wisconsin, but this work was cut short by sickness before the close of the first year. This occasioned him to turn to his native state. In an effort to regain health, he engaged in outdoor employment, and secured the position of city engineer at Troy, New York, and county surveyor. After eight years of this sort of employment, his health was so improved as to encourage him to enter upon what he much desired should be his life work, the preaching of the gospel.

March 1, 1849, he was married to Favinia Campbell, of Boston.

His first regular pastorate was at Lima, Ohio, in a Presbyterian church. This was from 1850 to 1853. At the end of the fourth year, his health was so poor that he was compelled to take a prolonged rest.

In 1865, Rev. Dr. Guernsey, Home Missionary Superintendent for Iowa, persuaded him to try the climate of this state and a pastorate here. He came with but little hope that he would live, much less preach, for any considerable length of time.

His first pastorate in Iowa was at Earlville and Almorel. In this he continued five years--from October 11, 1865, to 1870.

Dr. Guernsey gives Brother Gibbs a hearty welcome in the News-Letter for November, 1865. He says:

"Rev. Charles Gibbs, formerly of Ohio, and more recently of Massachusetts, has recently come to Iowa under commission from the A. S. M. S., and has made arrangement to labor with the Congregational churches of Earlville and Almorel as their pastor. We welcome him as an old friend of former days, and we are sure will prove a valuable accession to our ministerial force, and a special blessing to the people among whom he is called to labor."

The News-Letter for November, 1865, reports a donation visit as follows:

"Rev. Charles Gibbs informs us that in the evening of October 24th, his people at Earlville called at his house bringing with them a bountiful repast, for themselves and their pastor's family, and sent in the richer by over \$50. The church at Almorel to which Mr. Gibbs also ministers made him a donation in February last amounting to about \$50."

One of the great events of this pastorate was the dedication of the Earlville Church. A report of it may be found in the News-Letter for January, 1867 at page 3:

"A neat and pleasant church edifice, 50x100 feet was dedicated by the Congregational church of Marlville on Sunday, December 22d. Sermon by Rev. Josiah Guernsey, and other services by Rev. Charles Gibbs, minister of the church. The cost of the house has been about \$5,100, of which \$500 is from the Congregational Union. Without this aid, the house could not have been built. A large and gratified assembly were present on dedication day, and \$100 was subscribed for stoves, lamps, etc. This is the first house of worship ever erected in Marlville, and the occasion will long be pleasantly remembered."

Brother Gibbs, who was past minister, was long of being kind for the church he served. For illustration, see a little item in the April issue of the News-Hetter, for 1887, which reads:

"At a festival held by the Congregational church at Marlville to raise funds for the furnishing of their new meeting house, their minister, Rev. Charles Gibbs took occasion to present to the church a beautiful Folio Bible and Hymn and Tune Books, and a Silver Plated Communion Service, which was the gift of Deacon Jeremiah Campbell, of Andover, Massachusetts. Deacon Campbell is the father of Mrs. Gibbs. This donation is valued at seventy-five dollars. We have Deacon Campbell on hand. He knows how to do a generous thing."

Strange to say, during all the nine years of Brother Gibbs' pastorate at Marlville and all over, his health was improving.

He left this world to accept a call to Salem Falls, where he continued in comfortable health and vigor to the end.

kind and great comfort and joy, in the spirit for seventy years, the dates being from 1820 to 1891.

It was a very happy pastorate for all concerned, and a season of great prosperity to the church.

Brother Ephraim Adams, in his obituary of Brother Gibbs, published in the Minutes of 1891, says:

"After his release from studied work, Brother Gibbs continued his home where for so many years he had lived among friends that had grown up around him. Last summer he had an attack of a disease which for weeks caused great suffering, and brought him to death's door. In the autumn, he went to Florida, and during the winter was in comfortable health and was able to preach once almost every Sabbath. As spring returned and he was about to return to his home land, he was especially cheerful, and spoke often of the things he hoped to do and enjoy; one of them was to leave a day or two with his brethren at this Association, (The meeting at which the obituary was read,) but God had ordered it otherwise. Soon after starting upon the journey, his disease so developed as to compel him to halt at St. Louis, and seek medical assistance. There he got temporary relief, but soon began to grow worse, and died on the nineteenth inst. (May 19, 1891), in the seventy-second year of his life. His remains were brought to his home in Cedar Rapids, and on Wednesday last, May 20, he was buried. He left no children; his wife is left alone. 'A good man and a Christian gentleman'; such is the language of the street regarding him. 'A clear thinker, and instructive preacher, and efficacious pastor;'

this is the testimony of the churches he served. He was naturally overcast and retiring. One had to know him in private relation in order to appreciate him. Seeing him in these relations, you found in him a "believe" of sentiment and feeling, a refinement of character, mental culture with varied knowledge, a high sense of honor, and love for the true and the noble, a combination of excellencies so well proportioned as to make him indeed a rare man. He was a man of sterling integrity.

"It is said that when, as engineer, he had driven a stake for a railroad, a contractor approached him with an offer of five thousand dollars if he could lower certain stakes a few inches. 'Those stakes shall stand, sir, just as they are,' was the quick reply. 'I shall see that they stand, and what is more, if your contract is not fulfilled to the letter, I shall see that you are reported.'

"Most men, it is said, have their price. The young engineer had not. And so he tried to live, never false to himself, ever true to man and God. But he now is true; one less for earth; one more added to Iowa's list of those above."

For more than twenty years Brother Gibbs and I were in intimate association. His parish was within fifty miles of mine; and as superintendent of Home Missions, I was often in his hospitable home. But I learned to know him best as we summered together for several seasons at the Pleasant Retreat.

The Gibbs' tent was veritable tabernacle, fashioned according to the pattern shown him in some court of vision.

He took plenty of time to set it up. Each rib and bolt and rope and peg and sheet knew its place, and the tent found itself more readily than Kipling's ship. It was good to spend a month with brother Gibbs at the Lake. He was a genial companion. The placidity of his countenance, the quiet humor of his conversation, the contagion of his beautiful christian spirit brought balm and calm and sunshine into the camp. And it was a delight to spend a Sunday with him in his parish. I remember well a prayer he offered at the close of one such day. He thanked the Lord that the brother had been permitted to come and speak to the people on Home Missions; and in the evening to present 'A Heavenly theme'-- as if Home Missions was not a Heavenly theme.

Brother Gibbs was indeed a lovely man, a beautiful winsome, wholesome personality, and Israelite, indeed, without guile.

Sixth sketch,

Daniel Jerome Jones.

Here is another man I expected to find in the cemetery, but at length I found him living in Chicago. From an autobiographical sketch furnished me by him, I record the following:

"Daniel Jerome Jones was born in the town of Naples, Ontario county, New York, December 10, 1831. I removed to Jackson county, Michigan, with my parents in 1854. Michigan was not a state then. Both of my parents were natives of Massachusetts, as were also their forebears for two generations previous. Childhood and early youth were passed in Grass Lake township, Jackson county, Michigan.

In my sixteenth year, I began studies leading to preparation for college at a local academy. In my seventeenth year, 1848, I went to Oberlin, Ohio, for further preparation, walking nearly all the way, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles. I entered the freshman class of Oberlin College in 1849, and graduated in 1853, taking a master's degree in 1856. For about two years after graduation, I engaged in teaching as principal of an academy in Monticello, New York. I then entered upon preparation for the legal profession, removing for the purpose to Albany, New York. I entered there the law school, taking the full course as well as doing clerical work in an attorney's office. The following season, I was formally admitted to the bar at a session of the state supreme court, held at the capital city.

"Intending thereafter to go West for law practice, I was delayed for a time and in the following year was led to reconsider my choice of a profession and to choose instead that of the gospel ministry. This change of purpose for life's remaining years led me to revisit Oberlin, and to enter the Department of theology at that school. Not long after this, I was appointed Greek tutor in the college, and continued to act as such for the two years following, completing my theological studies in the fall of 1859. In 1860, I was married to Miss Celestia Johnson, a graduate of Rockford (Illinois) Female College, and later post graduate student at Oberlin.

"In the following year, I removed to Illinois to begin the work in the active ministry as a Home Missionary. I received ordination from an ecclesiastical (Congregational) council called for that purpose at Danvers, January, 1861.

"Remaining at Danvers for about two years, I organized a church there, and secured the erection of a house of worship, then left Danvers to go to Dunleith for similar work and like results." (He was commissioned for Dunleith, November 15, 1862.)

His pastorate here was brief, closing in October, of 1863. While at Dunleith, he sent in a report (March, 1863) to the Home Missionary Society, which was as follows:

"The great matter on our hands this season is the building of a house of worship. Although I cannot report the building as finished, yet it is very near that point. The plasterers are now at work; and unless some great and un-

looked-for hindrance delays us, we shall be in the use of the new house within a few weeks.

"We estimated the cost of this building, last spring, at \$8000, and planned accordingly; but now, as nearly all the bills have come in, we find the entire cost is nearly, if not quite, \$9000. Everything in the line of building materials and labor has been mounting up and up since we began the work. We think, however, that we shall succeed in one way or another in freeing ourselves from debt. Yet the burden is heavy. We have only a few who take any great interest in this enterprise; and none of these few are wealthy--every man being dependent upon his daily labor for his support.

"Our new church is a very neat and tasteful building, of brick, and looks up handsomely on the hillside, in full view of the town. There is already hung in its tower a good bronze bell, weighing seven hundred pounds, and valued at over four hundred dollars--the gift of a generous friend and former resident of the place.

"We value the building, not as some do, for its neatness and addition to the general appearance of the town, but as a means under the blessing of God of building up the kingdom of Jesus Christ in the hearts of this people. Without this house, we all felt crippled, and incompetent to do the work needed here. With it, we hope that if we do our part, God will pour out His Spirit upon us and on this work which we have done, by setting to it the seal of His approbation in converting souls unto Himself. In this result

shall be attained, I, for one, shall feel richly repaid for all the trials and discomforts of the past year."

We next find Mr. Jones at Monticello, his first commission being dated October 15, 1865. His invitation to Monticello was noted in the News-Letter for November, 1865. The paragraph is as follows:

"The church at Monticello has invited Rev. D. J. Jones, lately of Dunleith, Illinois, to become their minister, and we are happy to learn that the invitation will probably be accepted. His efficiency and success in Dunleith give assurance of the best results in any field of labor which he may enter." The commission was renewed in 1866, and in 1867; but in November of 1867, under another commission, he was located at Fairfax. He was here for three years, and then returned to Illinois, and was pastor of the church in Stillman Valley, remaining there until 1876, at which time he moved to Crete, Nebraska, which was his home for about fifteen years. Speaking of his residence at Crete, Mr. Jones says that he was drawn to that place by property interests, and attracted by the educational privileges offered in the young and vigorous college recently established there."

"One of my daughters," he says, "graduated from Doane College. While residing there for several years, I was a trustee of the College, also on the Board of Directors of the Crete Chautauque Assembly, during the years of its continuance and popularity. I also supplied pulpits in the vicinity, as I was needed or called for."

"Leaving Wrote in 1891, I removed to Lincoln on account of superior educational advantages afforded there. Later one of our daughters completed her course at Oberlin College; this daughter, and the daughter graduating at Doane received each her degree of Ph. D. from the Chicago University.

"Later I changed my residence to Chicago. This was in 1895, and I am still a resident of this city. I became a member here in Chicago, first of the University Congregational Church, and later of the South Congregational Church, where I still have my membership.

"Though now (in my eighty-third year) old enough to have become a fossil in diverse directions, yet I have to confess that I have become sympathetic to some extent with the new or progressive theological views now gaining such influence over many ministers in our Protestant and Evangelical churches and theological seminaries--a sign of the times that betokens not so much ill as good to the Christianity of this oncoming twentieth century."

Seventh sketch,

William H. Marble.

William Horace Marble, son of William and Maria (Gifford) Marble, was born in Winchester, New Hampshire, February 28, 1828.

He attended the institution at Sillimonten, New Hampshire, and graduated from the Union Theological Seminary of New York City, in 1848.

He was ordained by the Houdonock Association, of New Hampshire, at Chesterfield, September 2, 1850. He had begun service at Chesterfield in 1849, and was in the pastoral work there for two years.

From 1851 to 1856, he had charge of the Presbyterian church in Columbus, Ohio.

His next pastorate (1856-60) was at Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

In 1862, he was chaplain of the Twenty-second Wisconsin regiment.

In 1863-65, he was located at Auburn.

He then came over into Iowa. Dr. J. O. Stevenson, in his history of the Waterloo church, tells the story of his coming.

'The Iowa State Association of Congregational churches held its Annual Meeting during the first week of June 1861, with the First Congregational Church, of Waterloo, Dr. Hagon, of Grinnell being moderator. Sumner Hall fullen; federal troops had been fired on, marching through Baltimore. Friday evening was spent in a discussion on the report of the committee on 'The State of the Country.' Dr. Hagon presided, and opened the discussion by saying that if any rebels were

present, they should have the first chance to speak. After a space of silence, W. W. Marble, delegate from the Wisconsin Association arose, walked down the aisle, and commenced by saying that he came as near being that as any one under the circumstances could well be, and then swung out into an eloquent address as to the situation in which he said the North would lose many battles at first, but would finally come off victorious and that nothing could prevent the emancipation of the negro as the upshot of the war. John Meyer, Asa Turner, George Demmell, and George Thatcher, also spoke, the Star-Spangled Banner was sung with great zest, the whole congregation joining the chorus. The choir also sang the "Flag of the Union," and other war pieces," and some red hot resolutions respecting the state of the country were adopted by the body.

Four years later, when the church was looking around for a pastor to succeed Brother Palmer, it was natural for them to remember "Rev. William W. Marble, of Wisconsin, who had made the rousing speech at the State Association Meeting; so he was called on, began his pastorate in August of 1865.

"The war was over; the railway was running to Waterloo; tens of thousands of young men had been mastered out of the service of the war and were ready for the service of peace. Dubuque was the gateway of Iowa, and they came by thousands to the valley of the Cedar River. The western moving tide of humanity being once more at the flood, it is not surprising that the beginning of Brother Marble's pastorate should have opened with what remains even until now 'the greatest

revival in the history of the church.' It resulted in an addition to the membership of sixty-two in April 31, 1866, and a total increase in one year of his pastorate which lifted the membership from one hundred fourteen to one hundred ninety-nine. The end of the first decade which came during Mr. Marble's pastorate, found the church in a most prosperous state. If, at the time of the organization, or at any subsequent time, in a season of temporary depression doubts had arisen as to the wisdom of the organization, lest it should not be self-supporting and its existence permanent, all such doubts had been dissipated. The large addition to its membership had made the church a power in the community. The Sunday audiences were large and attentive, the Sunday school prosperous, and the prayer meetings well attended.'

Speaking still further of this revival under the ministry of Brother Marble, Mr. Stevenson says: "It was a revival that might be called genuine; it grew out of the natural conditions of gratitude to God because of good after bad and prosperity after adversities. During this pastorate one hundred and ten members were added to the church and the additions were all valuable--responsible, reliable, respectable working members of the church for a life time. In case of them no longer answer to the roll call either personally or in the person of their descendants, it is because they and theirs have been removed by the change that never ends to other lands and other spheres of being. I doubt if as large an addition of new members ever secured a larger proportion of those who are faithful to the end:

"In July, 1866, Mr. Marble resigned."

He returned to Wisconsin, locating at Prairie du Chien. But in September of 1872, he was with us again in his missionary work, at Grand Center. Here he got hold of some land and opened up a farm; and this was his home for more than a decade. The commission was renewed in 1872, but not in 1874. In 1874, and perhaps a part of 1875, he was in service out at Boulder, Colorado. Then, as early as April, 1876, he found his way back in Grand County, established for Vienna, a country community near his farm.

After that, for eight or nine years, he was reported in the Quarterly as residing at Grand Center, that is on his farm near the village, without pastoral charge. A part of this time he was engaged in evangelistic work, helping his brother pastors in the regions round about.

Here his wife, formerly a Miss Nettie Loomer, died, March 21, 1876. While still on the farm, in April 1884, he was married to Sarah C. Cheesey, of Boulder, Colorado.

In 1885, Mr. Marble returned to New England, and for two years supplied the church at Fayesteville, Vermont. In 1886, he made a big jump from Vermont to Kansas. For seven years---a long pastorate for Brother Marble, he was located at Wallace; and then, for two years (1891-3) at Hacen. His report from these fields, published in February of 1894, was prefaced by the editors of the New Englander as follows:

"This letter was written by one of the oldest---seventy-five years old---ablest, most energetic, devoted, and widely esteemed Kansas frontier missionaries, to the Society's superintendant in that State. It may serve to add our readers' own manner of spirit these brethren are of, and how useful

explain how, with God's help, the grand results which swell the Society's report of frontier work amid many setbacks, have been brought about. We are glad to know from the Superintendent that in this case 'relief goods have been already forwarded.'

The letter is as follows:

"Dear Brother Brown:

"You well enough know that in Alliance we are gliding on the bare ground. The white blanket has not yet come in original texture thick enough to make transportation easy, or to keep Mother Earth warm; which, translated into the religious realm means---you know precisely what, as well as I can be telling you.

"The Harvest Home festival we dare not hold, lest we should be thought ironical at the expense of Providence. Alcon, I hope, may swell her contributions to Home Missions to ten dollars. We hope to do something like that here. If we do, please credit us with swelling our deep poverty into a liberality beyond most of our churches."

"Kansas Congregationalists know many things. I can not say that they are not intelligent above the average, but few of them know the depths of a deep Western Kansas poverty. A 'comfortable' poverty carries a placid face, but a Western Kansas deep poverty brings a wrinkled woe beyond expression. God help us to bear it! He does, and will.

"We have been able to dispense with a collector for three years. Our collector is a man of equanimity. I think he has easily filled two places at the same time, collector and

treasurer. We have not felt it necessary to put him under heavy bonds to hold and disburse honestly. Indeed, perhaps you have not heard that our treasurer and collector both in one person, has fled into Missouri---left his bondsmen, the people, and the minister in the lurch. He did not take the books or any funds with him. I doubt whether he has seen any funds to speak of for three years, but he certainly took his precious self. We miss sadly, most sadly.

"But all this is to reach the elevation of inveterate interminable begging. Year before last, we begged. Last year we begged. This year,---I blush to my ears---we are to beg, beg, beg. Dear Brother, you may smile---not a derisive but a sympathetic, brotherly smile.

"Wait a moment, please; we have a word for your ear. We should hardly dare to speak it in any other. Macon has had a half crop; can feed herself, and clothe herself as thinks. But Wallace---there is the rub! She raised a little garden sauce, and feed for stock. Nothing to sell and get money. How to clothe the boys and girls, who can devise? Can they go to school, day or sabbath, or attend church, or stay at home, even?

"But why did not those people leave the country last summer? They had abundant rain the first of June; corn and vegetables might be raised. They were planted, and grew to hope and faith, for one or two months; then, the Lord sent the drought and scorch again till all was gone. After thus waiting, it was too late to fly. The father in the parable did not so treat his son fresh from the swine. Can you take

a hint? Not the best robe or ring, my Brother, but a few old clothes; we won't accept any better---they are all we ask. God's hand is heavy upon us. Heaven bless you and yours!

Yours sincerely,

"W. A. Marble."

In 1896, at the age of seventy-four, Mr. Marble retired from active service, and took up his residence at Boulder Colorado, where he spent the remainder of his days. He died of old age, September 15, 1913, aged eighty-one years and twenty-three days. His wife passed on only a few days before him.

It will be seen that Brother Marble was a good deal of a traveler. I count for him eleven pastoral changes, and it is recorded that he had eight children. How could he move so often, and sometimes so far with so large a family? That decade on the farm in Grundy County, the seven years at Wallace, and the six years at Ashosh relieve the situation quite a bit. Almost anything may happen to a family in twenty-one years. Brother Marble was an evangelist more than a pastor. As a rule he did his work in a parish quickly, and was ready to move on. He was much in demand for evangelistic work by neighboring pastors and churches.

Evidently in many ways, Brother Marble was a strong man. He gave us six years of excellent service. He was a valuable citizen of Iowa for about sixteen years. We are glad to give him a place in the list of our good men.

Eighth sketch,

John White.

The records concerning Mr. White are incomplete and evidently in places incorrect as they are contradictory.

He was born in the year 1835. The place and the exact date do not appear in any records at hand. Without doubt he was a New Englander. His schooling must have been limited or else he was a precocious youth, for he was ordained in 1856 at the age of twenty-one. He must have been picked up at that early age for the work of the Hendi Missions in Africa. He went out under the auspices of the American Missionary Association. The twelfth annual report (1858) of the Society, notes:

"Rev. John White, of North Stamford, Connecticut has been appointed to Africa, and he is acclimated, having been in Africa before."

The annual report for 1859 records that "he is in charge of the Good Hope station, Hendi Missions; which he reached December 19, 1858. His companion broke in health and had to return home within six months. Beside Mr. and Mrs. White, the mission has a business agent, and two lady missionaries. During the year a church of four native converts and six missionaries was organized; and eight members were added during the year."

A later record is to this effect: "By advice of the mission, Mr. White has since returned for the purpose of taking out his family with him in the fall. Much to the regret of the executive committee, his rejoining the mis-

sion was likely to be delayed by causes beyond his control."

In January of 1861, he is reported as acting pastor of the Good Hope church with a theological class of three members employed in missionary labors. There is a farther record that he was obliged to return in September of 1861, but not until he had finished the gospels in the Sherbro language.

These are the records of the American Missionary Association. The Quarterly has the contradictory record locating Mr. White as pastor of the church in North Woodstock, Conn., beginning in 1859; and year by year reports him as pastor of this church up to 1865 when he came to Iowa. Perhaps he did begin at North Woodstock in 1859, and the Quarterly took no account of the short service in Africa in 1860 and 1861. Probably he returned to Woodstock and continued his services there, which had been begun in 1859.

As already stated, Mr. White came to Iowa in 1865. He came to Ames. The first record of him in the Ames Manual is as follows:

"In the autumn of 1865, Rev. John White, of Woodstock, Connecticut, came to Ames to try the effect of a change of climate. On the Sabbath he preached in the railroad depot. A buffalo robe was thrown over a dry goods box for a pulpit, and benches were placed on nail legs for seats. An audience gathered of perhaps fifty people.

"A movement had already been made toward building a Union church. When Mr. White came, as a resident minister, the movement took definite form, and a meeting was called to consider the organization of a church. This meeting was

held November 5, 1865. Rev. John White was moderator.

"After a few interchanges of opinion, the following resolution was adopted.

"Resolved: That in view of our obligation to the great Head of the church; the imperative duty and privilege of Christian Fellowship according to divine appointment, and the peculiar condition and wants of this community, we, members of different evangelical churches, in good and regular standing, in humble reliance upon divine grace and with sincere desires to promote God's glory do organize ourselves into a church of the Lord Jesus Christ, to be called the First Congregational Church of Ames, and to be in fellowship with the orthodox Congregational churches of the United States."

In the list of the eight members who composed the church, three were Congregationalists, three Presbyterians, and two were Baptists.

Mr. White returned East, but in view of the beneficial effects of his brief visit to Iowa and at the earnest desire of the little church that he should minister to them, he resigned his charge at Woodstock and removed to Ames with his family in December 1865."

His coming to Iowa is noted in January issue of 1866 as follows:

"Rev. John White, of Connecticut has accepted an invitation to labor with the Congregational church recently organized at Ames Station, Story county. He will be sustained in part for the present by the Connecticut Missionary Society."

The record in the Church Manual continues;

"The church was ready for occupancy in September, 1866, and was the first church building in Ames. At the dedication, the church was filled to overflowing. Hon. J. S. Grinnell, and Col. John Scott, of Nevada, were present, and gave valuable assistance. Dr. G. F. Magoun, then president of Iowa College, preached the dedication sermon. His theme was, 'The Utilitarianism of Labor,' as illustrated by the character of Moses. So impressive was it that a member of the church who heard it can now give a full synopsis after a lapse of nearly forty-years."

The News-Letter's report (November 1866) of this event is somewhat different. It is as follows:

"A new Congregational meeting-house 30x40 feet, with cupola for bell and comfortably seated was dedicated at Ames, Story county, on Sunday, October 7th. The sermon was by the minister of the church, Rev. J. White, from I Kings, 8:37. Mr. E. F. Kingsbury, esquire, made an interesting statement concerning the progress of the enterprise. The church, when organized last fall had but eight members. It now numbers twenty-four. Hon. J. S. Grinnell was present, and made a most happy and telling address, as the result of which, with the aid of a twenty-five dollar subscription by himself, a deficiency of two hundred and fifty dollars was made up, and something additional for furniture. We condense from the Story County Argus."

One of the pleasing incidents of Mr. White's pastorate at Ames is related in the News-Letter for March, 1867, as follows:

"Rev. John White, of Ames, Story county, in a private note dated January 31, says: On Tuesday of this week we had a very pleasant visit from our people. As tangible evidence of their kindness, we received about seventy-five dollars, of which sixty was in cash. We thank God and take courage."

The Ames Church Manual gathers up the remainder of Mr. White's life in the following paragraph:

"Mr. White remained until the church was well established, resigning his work in March, 1838, and to him is due the honor of having the law passed by the state preventing the sale of liquor within three miles of an educational institution. Soon after his resignation he returned to Africa where he had formerly been as a missionary. He was able to remain there but one year when he again came to Iowa, when he took a pastorate at Wittenberg, near Newton. He burned the fires of life swiftly for he died March 23, 1872, at the age of thirty-seven years and six months. By his side in the Wittenburg cemetery are buried two of his children."

Mr. White's Wittenburg pastorate began in May of 1869, and closed with his death, March 23, 1872.

The poor excuse of an obituary in the State Minutes for 1872 was only this:

"The General Association is called for the first time in its history to record the death of one of its superintendents of Home Missions within its bounds, the Rev. Jesse Guernsey, D. D.

"It has also pleased Master to take to himself two brethren of exemplary consecration to the work of preaching the

gospel and saving souls,--the Rev. Rob't Hunter, and the Rev. John White,--each of them missionaries for years of the A. M. S., and the latter also a missionary of the A. M. A. in Africa.

"As earnest and good men, sparing not themselves for Christ's sake, they have won a cherishing and imperishable remembrance from us, and from all christians who knew how they loved the Lord and his work; how blamelessly and faithfully they lived as his servants; how precious a testimony they have left of his grace.

"The General Association places on record the love we bore this honored missionary superintendent and these dear missionaries, the tender and sorrowful sympathy we feel for those deeply bereaved by their departure, and the joyful hope we have of reunion with them when our work is done."

I regret very much that I cannot give a more complete and satisfactory account of this good brother. It is a shame that there is so slight a mention of his death and appreciation of his character and services in our State Minutes. The Congregational Quarterly merely records his death, but has no comment on his life.

Mr. White was a rare man, wide-awake, prompt, energetic, clock full of enthusiasm and zeal. He crowded a long life's service into a few short years. His work at times alone was sufficient to give him an earthly immortality.

Ninth sketch,

M. Montgomery Wakeman.

All there is of Brother Wakeman so far as our denominational records show, belongs to Iowa and to his Clayton county field including Farmersburg, National, Elkader, etc.

According to the Minutes, he began in this field in October of 1865.

There is no trace of the man to be found in the Congregational Quarterly before this time.

His first commission was dated January 1, 1866. The commission was renewed year after year up to January 1, 1872.

Neither the State Minutes or the Congregational Quarterly or the Home Missionary have anything to report of him beyond this date.

There was only one of Brother Wakeman's reports during all the eight years of his missionary work in Iowa counted worthy of a place in the Home Missionary. This was published in June of 1871, and was as follows:

"Nearly a year since I commenced preaching, half of the time at Elkader, our county seat, ten miles from this place. Years ago, a Congregational church was organized there, and built a house of worship, but by deaths and removals, they became so weakened and discouraged that they sold their edifice and seldom after had preaching.

"I found only three members, all ladies. An interest was awakened; my congregations have been good, and we have received already three on profession, and four by letter. Five or six

more intend to join at our next communion. Infidelity and various errors have a strong hold upon the people.

"Elkader is a growing place, with a good water power. Its present population is about twelve hundred. It has done business to the amount of \$1,000,000 the past year. We must have a house of worship soon. We now worship in the Universalist church.

"A few weeks since, a man from Boston was employed to deliver a course of lectures, in which he attempted to prove that 'The Bible and the Christian religion have been an injury to the world,' and are 'an offshoot from heathenism!' Also that there is 'no God and no need of one.' He had full houses; but as much interest as they manifested in attempts to meet his errors, I trust and pray that good many ultimately come out of it."

I have only an indistinct recollection of Brother Talman, as I saw him at one or two of the joint meetings of the Mitchell and Barnaville Associations. As I remember him, he was tall and spare, with a pleasant face, and with quiet, humble, easy-going manners. He did excellent work in his missionary field. He had much to do with the rejuvenating of Elkader. He is certainly worthy of a recognition which he did not receive from our Congregational records.

Tenth sketch,

T. F. Holmes.

This brother was the father of our Rev. and Hon. Otis Halbert Holmes, now pastor of the church at Cedar Falls. From this son, we have the following sketch:

"Thomas Halbert Holmes was born February 1, 1839, at Rome, New York. He was the son of John Holmes, a native of Stratford-on-Avon, England, and Harriet Gould. He was the second of four children, born to his parents. When about a year old, his family moved to Meverly, Illinois, and here he received the most of his schooling. Later, he attended Illinois College, at Jacksonville.

"For a short time, he taught in a Government Indian School, in the Indian Territory. While here he was captured by some Indians, and threatened with torture, but by a bit of strategy, made his escape."

"In 1855, he entered Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, and remained there two years. He was ordained to the ministry at Vandalia, Illinois, June 4, 1855. This same year, he was united in marriage with Elizabeth McCord, of Bethel, Bond county, Illinois.

"Soon after he removed to Tanneo Town, Edwards county, Illinois, where he was pastor ten years. This church, as the name indicates, was in a Yankee settlement, in a border county during the War. My father was a strong Union man, and raised a company for the Northern army, hoping to enlist himself, but was taken seriously sick and almost died."

"In 1865, he accepted a call to Clay, Iowa, hoping to recover his broken health. He served the Clay church seven years, and died, June 4, 1872, forty-four years of age."

From our denominational records, this sketch can be somewhat amplified, and slightly corrected.

The Home Missionary records show that Mr. Holmes was commissioned for the Presbyterian church of Victory Creek, Illinois, April 24, 1864. The commission was renewed in 1866 and in 1868. The same records show that, June 1, 1862, he was commissioned for Albion; and June 1, 1866, for the Trinity Congregational Church, of Edwards county. This commission was renewed in 1868.

According to our State Minutes, Mr. Holmes began his pastorate at Clay in October of 1865.

At Clay, the memory of this good man is still fresh and fragrant. The elderly people down there testify that he was a good man, a good neighbor, a good preacher, and a good pastor. Rev. Harlow Mills, one of the Clay boys in Mr. Holmes' time, now of Benzonia, Michigan, says that a young man, Mr. Holmes did more for him than any other person outside of his own family. He did much to make the Clay community what it is today, one of the greenest spots in Iowa.

In reply to my communication to the Rev. . . . Mills, of Benzonia, Michigan, asking for an appreciation of Mr. Holmes, under date of February 20, 1914, I received the following:

"Dear Dr. Douglass:

"Yours of the 10th inst. is at hand, asking for some words

of appreciation of the personality and work of Rev. H. W. Holmes, who was my boyhood pastor in Clay, Iowa. I gladly respond to this request, for Mr. Holmes' memory is very precious to me, and it is a pleasure to speak of him.'

"I was quite a big boy when he came to Clay, and was passing through that transition period when a boy so little understands himself, and so needs a friend who does understand him. I had become disgusted with the minister who preceded him, and had come to the conclusion that all ministers were a fraud, and for many months I held myself aloof from him. But after listening to his sermons for a while, I discovered that there was a man of another kind. There was the ring of genuineness about all that he said. There was something stimulating and attractive, even to an unreasonable boy, that drew me to him, and I listened eagerly to his sermons, and thought of them during the week. He was a good thinker, clear and definite, sharp and incisive, so positive and vigorous that he always made a deep impression upon those who heard him. He spoke with authority--the authority of a strong personality, and of deep conviction, and the sleepy members of his congregation were much disturbed in their slumbers.

"He knew how to deal with a perverse but hungry-hearted boy. He left me alone for awhile, making no special advances to gain my confidence or friendship. But as I listened to his sermons week by week, I felt strongly drawn to him, and the conviction became firm in my mind that there was a man that could help me straighten out the confusing tangle of in-

tellectual and personal difficulties into which I had fallen, and summoning up all my courage one night, I went to him, and told him all that was in my heart. I found him a most wise and sympathetic friend, and here grew between us a strong and tender attachment. He was my most helpful counselor until he died, and his going away was to me, and to all in his country parish, a personal bereavement.

"Mr. Holmes anticipated in his work and ideals the "Community Consciousness" that we hear so much about in these days. He was interested in all that came into the lives of his people, and they came to him with all their burdens and perplexities. His church was the center of a small community, with pretty closely drawn limits; but such a personality as his could not be restrained, and people were drawn to his congregation from long distances, and the Clay Church looks back upon the days of Mr. Holmes's pastorate as its Golden Age. I do not remember how long he stayed there, but it was long enough to finish some things, and to impress himself and his ideas very deeply upon the hearts and lives of his people. It was inevitable that one so positive and aggressive as he was should sometimes run up against the prejudices and opinions of some of the people to whom he ministered. He had his enemies, but they were very few, and usually their enmity was not of long standing. By his sweet reasonableness, and his genial friendliness, he would soon win back again those who had been offended by his plain words, and his unsparing denunciation of evil. As I remember it, he

had the profound respect of all the people, and the deep and tender love of most of them.

"When he died he was mourned by the whole community, and it was a comfort to the people that his remains could be buried in the little cemetery behind the church. Occasionally I go back there now, and stand reverently before his grave as in the presence of a sacred shrine."

"If ever there were a boy who, in his manhood, could think of me as I think of Mr. Holmes, I should not feel that I had lived in vain."

"It would be easy to write much more about Mr. Holmes, but I have already, probably, written more than you will care to use. You are at liberty to make such use of it, or any parts of what I have written, as you see fit."

"I remember my little visit with you last summer with pleasure, and am glad you are now doing such valuable service for Iowa, and for the Kingdom at large.

"Very sincerely yours,

"H. S. Mills."

Eleventh sketch,

James B. Chase.

James Bullock Chase was born at Woodstock, Vermont, August 12, 1837.

He prepared for college in a private school taught by his father at Lockport, New York, and was so far advanced that in September of 1852, he entered the sophomore class at Hobart College, located at Geneseo, New York.

After one year in college, he was obliged to give up his studies for a time on account of weak lungs. For a while he worked on a farm summers and taught school in the winter.

He united with the Cambria Center Congregational church, New York, in 1857.

He entered Yale College in March of 1860, being admitted in the third term of the year as a sophomore. He graduated from the college in June of 1863, and from the Divinity School, of New Haven, in 1865.

For the most part, he worked his way through college and seminary, earning his money mostly by teaching.

In the midst of his seminary course, July 30, 1863, he was married to Mary Jane Reynolds, of New Haven. She died at Hull, Iowa, June 30, 1890. Her married life covered a period of twenty-seven years.

Mr. Chase began his pastoral work in Iowa, in September of 1863, locating at Council Bluffs. The coming of Mr. Chase to Council Bluffs is noted in the News-Letter as follows:

"Rev. W. W. Allen has resigned charge of the church at Council Bluffs. His successor is Rev. James B. Chase, late of New Haven, Conn.

There is also in the News-Letter (March 1866) a brief account of the ordination, which is as follows:

"Mr. James B. Chase, was ordained to the ministry Dec. 3d, 1865, at Council Bluffs, Iowa. Sermon, by Rev. Reuben Gaylord, agent of the A. M. S. for Nebraska."

During this pastorate of three years, Mr. Chase had a good many calls for service outside of his own parish. The Home Missionary for April, 1866 gives an account of his part in the dedication of the Lewis church as follows:

"In connection with several of the neighboring ministers, I received an invitation from the church at Lewis to come over and help them in the dedication of their new church. The time fixed was the twenty-eighth of December 1865. I said the neighboring ministers were invited, I am located fifty miles away; and there is only one minister nearer than myself. I started with a horse and carriage, before sunrise on the twenty-seventh, over a road now bare ground and now snow drift, finding more and more of snow as I advanced farther east. The country is a beautiful rolling prairie with here and there a wood-skirted stream, and occasionally a house. There were two places on the road where neighbors are ten miles apart.

"I arrived at Lewis on the twenty-eighth, about ten o'clock. The services were to begin at eleven, I found myself the only minister present. The church at Lewis is for the present

without a minister, and they do not know where to find one. The brother who had been invited to preach the sermon, had sent word that it would be impossible to be present, and all others invited were kept away by sickness or the unusually drifted condition of the roads. I had an hour in which to prepare the dedication sermon. As well as I could on short notice, I talked to a goodly congregation, from Moses' words, 'What mean ye by this service?'

"The people of Lewis deserve a great deal of credit for their new house. It has been a little more than a year in process of construction, and has cost not far from \$4000. When the first estimates were made, they supposed that it would cost about \$2000, but, owing to the great increase of the prices of everything here, the figure in reality was doubled.

"This church is a monument of the wisdom of the 'Building Fund.' The Lewis people were first stimulated to activity by the promise of \$500 from that source. Without that stimulus, there would, doubtless, be no Congregational meeting house in Lewis today. And this is no isolated case; everywhere here we find building so expensive that without feeble churches feel unable to shoulder the burden. It is also a monument to the perseverance of the people. Their lumber had to be hauled a distance of nearly a hundred miles on wagons, and that, too, during the wet weather of last summer. But the work is done, and now they rejoice every day to behold their new edifice, seating comfortably two hundred and fifty persons. And as they assembled in it to consecrate it to God's service, all seemed to rejoice

that they had been permitted to do so much for it."

The News-Letter for January 1867 tells of another outside service of the Council Bluffs pastor. The record is:

"Prof. William M. Brooks, of Taber College, was ordained to the work of the ministry at Taber by Council November 7th, 1866. The sermon was by Rev. J. M. Chase, of Council Bluffs, Ordaining Prayer by Rev. C. W. Cooley, Charge by Professor J. Wright, and Fellowship of churches by Rev. John Todd."

In the Home Missionary for December 1866, Mr. Chase tells of conditions in his own parish. He writes:

"This field, to human eyes, was in a very discouraged condition when, the first of last October, I entered upon it. The church, resident and absent, numbered only twenty-eight, and they were exceedingly dispirited and disheartened in view of the moral state about them, and their own disorganized, unharmonious condition. There had never been such a thing known in the place as a revival of religion, and very few conversions, and the eyes of all were turned to immigration of friends from the East, as the only hope of increasing strength. The prayer meetings, as might have been expected, were almost neglected. A number of times at the appointed hour, a single brother and myself were all that came, and as we two kneeled down to pray, it did seem lonely indeed."

"But God gave light. He visited the city with His holy spirit; blessings were poured out on the other churches here, and it seemed as if there must be some action in our camp. I

felt that it would not be safe, single-handed, to appoint extra meetings, but labored on as well as I could, devoting much time to family visitation. On the first Sabbath of February, I felt that there was a moving in the heart of some of the members came to me and asked whether we might not have some extra services appointed for the week, it was with a glad heart that I made the appointments.

"The work began where it ought to begin, in the hearts and consciences of the members of the church, deepening and quickening and purifying. I think that not one member of the church was left out in this movement. As a natural result of prayer, the work extended from the church to the hearts of sinners and some were converted. Since that time we have received into the church twenty-one persons, seventeen by profession, and four by letter."

"But the most hopeful aspect of the case, to me, is seen when I look at the increased power for usefulness in the church, and the earnestness which come forth in the work. The Sabbath School is much more hopeful. A new library worth seventy-five dollars has been added, and four mission Sabbath schools have been sustained in different directions. In addition to this our house of worship has been new and thoroughly repaired at an expense of about \$500, so that it is rendered at once comfortable and attractive. And this week, at a special business meeting of the church, they voted to diminish by half the amount of assistance they asked from the American Home Missionary Society. Is it to be wondered at that I love my work here and the people in whose midst God has called me to labor? If I mistake not the signs of

the times here already indicate that God is waiting to pour us out another blessing greater than the first. God grant it for his name's sake!"

W. L. Dodge, in his semi-centennial history of the Congregational church speaks of Mr. Chase and his work and character in the following paragraphs:

"Rev. James B. Chase, a graduate of Yale College and Yale Seminary, came here direct from the Seminary and commenced his pastorate October 1, 1865. He was ordained December 5, 1865, and closed his work here in October, 1868. With a well disciplined mind, versatility, and aggressive energy, he held a three-years' successful pastorate; a revival season conducted by the young pastor brought into the church twenty-two on confession of faith, and thirty were received by letter. Sabbath school and prayer meeting were well attended. Leaving here, he went to Nebraska, and during the following twelve years he was pastor of the Congregational churches of Columbus, Fremont, Leaping Water, and Crete.

"Mr. Chase has been a tireless worker in the Master's vineyard with a true missionary spirit and has an enviable record. At the present time he is pastor of the Williams Memorial Presbyterian Church in Sioux City, Iowa."

Closing his work at Council Bluffs in October of 1868, Mr. Chase began at once a pastorate of one year at Columbus, Nebraska.

From this field in October of 1869 he reports:

"I can report something of progress. Since I last wrote I have organized two churches at o tstations, either

one of which now gives more immediate promise than one in the village. One of these churches--that in Butler county, twenty miles southeast of this place, on the south side of the Platte,--ought to have a minister of its own. The Platte river is without a bridge, and is really a dangerous river to cross. I have several times crossed it with great peril to my life, and now have not been across it for nearly four weeks on account of the high water. Then last I was at that station, a real work of grace seemed to be going on. I baptized two adults, and conversed with five others who expressed themselves as determined to live the new life in Jesus Christ."

"The other church organized since my last report is at Monroe, and has eleven members, with a fair prospect of growth!"

In December there is another report in which the pastor now retiring from the field says:

"During the year the church at Columbus has increased from eight to seventeen members, and there have been organized within my field three new and promising churches: one at Monroe twenty miles northwest from Columbus, and two in Butler county, south of the Platte river--respectively five and fifteen miles from Columbus. At another point, twenty-five miles from Columbus, there is a fourth church gathered, and waiting to be organized. I have deferred it until I can be with them for a number of days, and by a little protracted meeting get all hearts warmed into a closer sympathy with each other and with the pastor."

"Though I am now about removing to Fremont, I shall have charge of these three churches in Butler county and keep them together until a minister can be found for them. They are so situated that, for the present, one resident minister of the right sort can care for the three satisfactorily. These churches are in a right line on the south side of the Platte river, in the valley, ten miles apart. The minister should reside in the center."

"Prospects for increased strength in Columbus are not as favorable as we had all hoped, from the incoming of other denominations, dividing the interest and of course the pecuniary support of the people. But Columbus has a good future, and I hope the Society will be able to sustain the church in its struggle."

As indicated in the foregoing report, Mr. Chase moved from Columbus to Fremont. This was his residence from October 1869 to October 1871.

In 1872 and 1873, being threatened with loss of eyesight and shut off from all study, Mr. Chase engaged in school-house work in Sanders county, but was also a good portion of the time acting superintendent of Home Missions assisting Sup't C. W. Merrill who was sick and soon after died. In the midst of this work (December 1873) he reports:

"During the last three months I have traveled not less than three thousand miles in this state, in the interest, partly, of our Congregational college, and partly of the Society. I have succeeded in locating several new ministers and have now several more respecting whom I expect to hear

every day that they have settled. The work done thus far lies mostly on the railroad line. There is one long line--the Kansas and Pacific--on the one hundred and fifty miles of which we have not more than one organization. There are ten counties north of the Platte that have large bodies of settlers in them, which ought to be visited; and as many more south of the Platte--especially in the Republican valley--destined to be in every respect the finest valley in the state, and draining at least fifteen counties. I received a letter a few days ago from a friend one hundred miles west of our westernmost missionary in that valley, saying that there might be now a good little church organized in this community, and settlers are thronging in. The immigration into our state this year is estimated at not less than one hundred thousand. We ought to organize, if we keep what belongs to us, not less than forty new churches. I now know of half that number of places where churches might to-day be organized to advantage."

In these two years, also, Mr. Chase acted as agent for Doane College, as he intimates in the report, raising for this institution by subscription the amount of ten thousand dollars.

From March of 1864 to September of 1868, Mr. Chase was located as pastor at Teeping Water; and resigned that charge to organize the German Theological Seminary at Crete. In the meantime he had charge also of the German department at Doane College. In January of 1879, there was published in the Home Missionary an article from the pen of Mr. Chase on German work, which is, in part, as follows:

"The foreign element in our population is very large, and through immigration is constantly increasing. These immigrants bring to us widely differing habits in social life, and all shapes of religious belief and unbelief. A few are faithful evangelical christians, vastly more, through the influence of the State church, are mere formalists, or else, on account of the State church, on account of their ignorance, devotees of superstition; and multitudes, more especially among the educated, are rationalistic infidels."

"But the question is asked--why should we do for this people at all? Why should they not be expected to do for us, or at least for themselves, as well as we for them? The answer is plain, we certainly have a responsibility to do for them, and ought to help them on to a higher social and religious plane because: (1) we have better religious privileges than they. We can not too highly appreciate the christian intelligence and fervor of our Pilgrim forefathers.

"God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of the nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people."

(2) Religious teaching in our country, both as to reaching and hearing, is a voluntary thing. This gives an independent character to it, and fits it for reaching out and successfully grappling with the world.

(3) On the other hand, the old countries have but very little Sabbath. Aside from the Scotch Presbyterians and some portion of the English church, the Sabbath is more of a festival or recreation day, a holiday, rather than a holy day.

(4) Religious teaching is a thing enforced by law, prescribed in form, and largely in its contents.

(5) Religious teachers under all state church systems are too often recommended more by political and personal favoritism than by mental or spiritual qualifications; and thus unworthy and incapable men degrade the office, and bring the sacred doctrines as well as the calling into disrepute.

(6) Taxation, even for religious purposes, without consent, naturally awakens opposition, often open hostility and heartfelt hatred.

(7) The freedom of our new country tends by a natural reaction to a severance of religious as well as political obligations on the part of those who feel no spiritual interest in them.

(8) The great facilities afforded foreigners in this country for acquiring money and political honors tend to make these ends all-absorbing. True religion is too often looked upon as a hindrance to ambition, and so deliberately put aside.

(9) The natural differences in language, customs and manners keep foreigners from voluntarily seeking to identify themselves with our worship. There is also, among most people, a natural inclination to be clannish which tends to intensify more and more their natural traits of character.

There is, therefore, great reason why we should attend to the spiritual necessities of our foreign population; and these reasons are trebly enforced when we consider,

(1) The great number of these foreigners. There are seventy-five thousand in Nebraska. Not less than a fourth of the whole population in Iowa and Kansas. More than one-third in Wisconsin, and nearly as many in Minnesota, to say nothing of the multitudes that throng every city and village of even moderate size both east and west.

(2) The educated foreigners are naturally the leaders of the rest. These are largely infidels, and manifest a special dislike for the Bible and revealed religion.

(3) We see now by their thrift and economical habits the business and wealth of the country are largely going into the hands of the foreigners.

(4) And not least, we notice that the children who will constitute the nerve and sinew of the next generation are found more largely than their proportion of families in the homes of foreigners.

We now revert to the original question--how shall we meet the necessities of the case? I believe there is no better way than God's way; "By the foolishness of preaching" they must be saved, understanding by the word preaching not simply the reading of a set discourse or religious essay, but the faithful work of a Christian pastor, enforced and strengthened as the work goes on by the prayers and efforts of a faithful Christian church.

To this end we must secure ministers who can preach to this people. Their children, to be sure, will become Americanized. The old folks will learn English enough to sell a load of wheat, or do their trading at the stores, but for the

most part the adult foreigners of the present generation, Germans, Danes, Swedes, Bohemians, Russians, Chinese, must be reached in their own language.

(1) These ministers must be converted, temperate, evangelical, loving, earnest, practical men, who assume the sacred calling because they are called of God and fired with a zeal for souls, and not because it is a trade by means of which they can earn their bread. The state churches have long worked in another direction, and the ideas respecting religious life are with foreigners more thoroughly associated with form than spiritual development. More stress is laid upon baptism than upon conversion.

(2) These ministers must be intelligent men, not only in scriptural truth, but also in the knowledge of humanity, and in natural science and philosophy, to meet the arguments of the materialistic infidel, that is so prevalent in foreign educated circles.

(3) These ministers should be able to help their fellows to be American citizens as well as christians. From every standpoint, national, social, and religious, we need to break down class distinctions and make our people as far as possible a homogeneous race.

To this end it is very important that the minister who preaches in German and Danish or Norwegian shall also be able to preach in English, and should hold an English service, as well as a service in the foreign language. This brings the English speaking element of the community into sympathy and connection with the poorer and most intelligent of the

foreigners, and develops naturally an interest in an christian love for the members of the different races.

(4) But this preparation of men means academies, colleges, and at least one theological seminary, where the work among these foreigners shall be made a specialty, where both our own countrymen and children of these foreigners may find such thorough instruction in these foreign languages, and such an actual putting of them to daily use that they shall be of practical value.

(Mr. Chase here tells of a Norwegian minister in Iowa who preached in English so much that he found at length to his surprise and mortification that he was no longer able to preach in his native tongue.)

(5) There is also much more incidental work to be done. More attention should be paid to the distribution of the Bible and the establishment of Sunday schools among foreigners.

(6) These foreigners should be treated as though to seek a greater social equality. They should be treated as though they really had souls to save; as though they were in reality the brethren of our Lord Jesus, care for whom would be the Master's blessing. Greater social equality means for American christians no great self-denial. For these others it means the adoption of a higher civilisation and an increased faith in God and man.

(7) We must remember that these foreigners have been trained in a different school of life from ourselves. Their ways are often inherited from long generations past, and it is really harder for them to change than for us. We, there-

More, must be more determined in our efforts to save them, and sharply defining between things essential and things convenient, be more ready to sacrifice our taste and preference to win them to Christ.

We send missionaries to Austria and Spain, and so doing we do well; but let us not fail to help the Austrians and others whom God's providence has placed at our doors, just as needy as those who have been left behind.

Finding the work of teaching German very trying to his weak eyes, Mr. Chase resigned at the end of his second year, and accepted a call to Cherokee, Iowa, beginning here a pastorate of four years July 1, 1880. It need not be said that such a man did not confine his labors to Cherokee. The country was new; settlements were forming; ministers were scarce; calls for outside work were numerous and insistent, opportunities to plant new churches were on every hand. During this pastorate, Mr. Chase had to do with the organization of churches at Marble Valley, Moriden, Storm Lake, Peterson, and Aurelia. His activities in those days were almost incredible. He was a fair illustration of perpetual motion. He was a perfect Jehu to drive. Only a mustang could keep his pace. I once went with him to a blacksmith shop. The man of the forge said: 'He has to come here every few days to get his horses' shoes sharpened. He is such a furious driver.'

Cherokee prospered under his administration.

Beccoming somewhat acquainted in Sioux City, Mr. Chase thought there ought to be more than one Congregational church

in a large and growing town such as Sioux City was.

In October of 1884, under the commission of the Iowa Home Missionary Society, he took hold of a little Sunday school missionary enterprise, and soon developed it into a church. This Pilgrim Church at Sioux City was organized March 29, 1885.

But Mr. Chase was not quite satisfied. He was looking about for more worlds to conquer. He thought that Sioux City was entitled to at least three Congregational churches. He found an opening for another church in the outskirts of the city, over on the west side. In due time, March 31, 1887, under his hand the Mayflower blossomed out into a fragrant and beautiful flower. The church has continued in strength and beauty from that day to this.

Pilgrim prospered as long as Brother Chase remained, and flourished for some years after, but at length, in 1890, without cause or reason or sense, disbanded, leaving at the time a good house of worship and a membership of fifty. The people simply were not willing longer to bear the burdens of life. I cannot think of the demise of the Pilgrim Church without a feeling of resentment and impatience.

In 1887, Mr. Chase left Sioux City to take charge of the church and the academy at Hull. This double work was exactly in accordance with his liking. It would give him something to do. To fill in his spare time, Mr. Chase did missionary work in the regions round about, in due time organizing churches at Burr Oak, George, and Perkins. At this "poor dying rate" he carried on the work for four years!

Here, as already indicated, June 30, 1890, Mrs. Chase died. This event, doubtless, had something to do with his leaving Hull.

In January of 1891, he accepted a call to Iowa Falls. June 16 of this year he was married to Miss Elma N. Friend, of Sioux City.

His stay in Iowa Falls was short, for a pastorate in a well established church was too easy for him.

In July of 1892, he accepted a call to Toledo. This, too, was too easy for a man of Mr. Chase's instinct and temperament. His place was in some exceptionally difficult missionary field.

- In January of 1895, Correctionville, missionary enough for anybody, opened to him, and there he was busy and happy for a while, but in July of 1897, he was called back to Hull, to save, if possible, the remnants of the church and school. The Hollanders who were opposed to Congregationalism were flooding the country and the support of the academy was falling away. Mr. Chase kept up the struggle for three years and then retired accepting a call to Ochevedon, July 1, 1900.

Within a few weeks after leaving Hull, the church was Presbyterianized at the behest of the Hollanders who dominated the community. Presbyterianism they knew, but they did not know John Robinson or Plymouth Rock.

The academy was kept up for a time by Will Chase, a son of Rev. J. B. Chase, and a graduate of Iowa College; but in due time it too went the way of all the other Congregational

academies in Iowa. Its demise was in 1892.

Mr. Chase explains: "Full Academy closed its work in 1902. The causes of its failure were the changes of population to Hollanders; and the death of L. C. Davidson. He had planned to give the school an additional ten thousand dollars endowment. (He had already given about that amount). Instead of that, when he suddenly died of apoplexy it was found on his books by his executor that he had charged up against the institution about four thousand dollars that he had from time to time advanced. I know he had no intention of asking the academy to pay this; but the executor acting for Mr. Davidson's two girls (the heirs) said that the only legal way for him was to collect it. So the property was sold to pay the debt, and the school closed."

The Ochevedan pastorate was from July 1, 1900 to July 1, 1902.

In July of 1902, Mr. Chase moved to Sargeants Bluff to supply that church in connection with the newest Sioux City mission at Riverside, a suburb of the city to the extreme northwest of the corporation. He continued in this service until November 25, 1903, at which time a severe attack of bronchitis put him out of commission for six months. Recovering his health in part, Mr. Chase supplied at Aurelia from May 1904 to October 1905; then from October 1905 to July 1907, he was in missionary service at Greenville and Harmon, taking on later South Greenland where he organized a church.

In July of 1907, Mr. Chase moved to Sioux City in order

to give proper schooling to his younger children. No church opening to him at once, he was bookkeeper for three years in a hardware store, but all the while he was preaching here and there as opportunity offered.

April 24, 1910, Mr. Chase was installed pastor of the Williams Memorial Presbyterian Church in Sioux City, having worked up the church out of a mission Sunday School. In this field he continues to this day.

In a communication received in 1910, furnishing data for pilgrims of Iowa, Mr. Chase writes:

"I do not ask any commendation in our history. I have not been very successful. I should have been glad of a little more Congregational Fellowship in my old age, but I was not in the ring."

This complaint of Brother Chase is pathetic and it distresses me a good deal. I protest, however, that there was no ring from which he was excluded. Some years ago Robert B. Marsh, coming from another state began to look about for "the ring." He supposed that of course there was "a ring" and he said: "Of course, Douglass is in it, and Frisbe is in it--but how adroit these fellows; there were indications are just finding out!" Finally he concluded there was no ring; and there was none, and there never has been, and, God grant, there may never be, but that ever we may be true to our Congregational motto and charter, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

Brother Chase was always a beloved and honored colleague of our Congregational democracy. For two full seasons he was Registrar of our State Association. He had his full share in

shaping the policy and directing the affairs of the denomination in the state. The chief difficulty with Brother Chase was that he wanted to set us a pace which we could not sustain. He was continually biting off more than he could chew, and he was biting off portions for the rest of us. In his impetuosity he went ahead of everybody, and so he was in the advance alone. And he sometimes chided us because we could not keep up with him. But he has ever been a gifted, brainy, forceful, noble man. No man among us ever put more energy and consecration into his work. Indeed, he did not know when to stop. At one of our state meetings, after the services of the day, late at night, he called at the place where I was being entertained and asked me with him to look over and correct his statistics. In the midst of the work, he literally dropped to the floor, overcome by fatigue from his prolonged and immoderate work. This was but a sample of his strenuous life. Few men have built more enduring monuments in the state than he. Though seventy-six years of age, he is still at work. Recently he furnished me some of the figures representing the fruits of his life work; twenty-five churches organized, seven hundred and twenty-two gathered into membership, five hundred and one of these on confession of faith.

Twelfth street,

A. E. Thompson.

Howard Stephenson Thompson, son of Robert and Catherine (Connor) Thompson, was born in Senecaville, Ohio, September 5, 1855.

He graduated from Oberlin College in 1863, being at the time on his graduation, twenty-nine years of age.

Before entering college, May 11, 1858, he was married to Jane Boyd, of Burlington, Iowa. The Year Book makes no mention of his theological studies, but the time between his graduation from College, and his ordination is just the time required to complete a theological course. He was ordained at Oberlin, May 30, 1865. The Oberlin General Catalogue shows that he was not a graduate of any theological school.

His first pastorate (1865-66) was at Freeport, Illinois. His second pastorate (1866-67) was at Elden, Iowa. Then he had a pastorate of three years (1867-70) at Dowens Prairie. A portion of this time he had the new Golden Prairie field, as a part of his charge, with residence, according to the Congregational Quarterly, at Hazel Green.

In 1871 and 1872, he dropped out of sight, his name being omitted from the State Minutes and from the Quarterly.

In April of 1873, he was again commissioned for Dowens Prairie and continued in service until January of 1875, at which time he was commissioned for Hollogg and Mitchellville.

In 1876, he passed over into Nebraska. In this state, he had a missionary pastorate at Sycamore and vicinity for two

years, and then returned to Ohio.

From 1881 to 1885, he was stationed at North Fairfield. Then, from 1885 to 1890, he was at Gull's Mills, Pennsylvania. His next field was Claridon, Ohio, where he served for eight years, (1890-98) and then, still residing at Claridon, he was for three years (1898-1901) the pastor of the church at Hamden.

He died at Denver, Colorado, April 15, 1909, aged seventy-five years, seven months, and eight days.

Though Mr. Thompson and I were together in the state for about ten years, for some reason I cannot recall his form or features. His name, however, is perfectly familiar. No traditions of the man have come to my mind. None of his home missionary reports were published. But he gave us good service for a decade and is entitled to a place among the builders of the Commonwealth and the Congregational churches of Iowa.

Thinking that I might possibly get further information respecting Mr. Thompson, I wrote Dr. Fraser, of Ohio, and received the following:

"Indeed, I did know Edward S. Thompson, not only as a fellow alumnus of Oberlin, but for many years as a member of the same Plymouth Rock Association. I am sending you a copy of the Ohio Congregational News for May, 1909, which contains my brief sketch of him." The sketch is as follows:

"Mr. Thompson came to Ohio in 1885, and held pastorates at North Fairfield, Gull's Mills, Pennsylvania, and Claridon. Making his home in Chardon, in 1898, he took up the pastoral care of the church in Hamden, which he continued until last

year, when, with the death of his wife and his son breaking health, he went to stay with a daughter in Denver, where he died April 13, 1908. His heart was still in the work, and he was planning this season to resume his work at Gambier.

"Mr. Thompson had a high sense of the honor and opportunity of the work of the ministry. While he was genial, and the life of a social circle, his vision of life was serious and earnest. He was ideal in his home life, a loyal friend, a beloved and devoted servant of the kingdom of God.

"While Mr. Thompson was not a brilliant man, he was very true and genuine and lovable and an ideal pastor of the rural churches which he served. Mrs. Thompson died about a year before he did, and I was present at her funeral. They left a large family of sons, and daughters, all very faithful christians and good citizens."

Thirteenth sketch,

William F. Hayward.

William Henry Hayward, son of Caleb and Sarah (Jones) Hayward, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, February 7, 1805. He studied at the Phillips Exeter Academy. For some years, he was a clerk in the Suffolk Bank, of Boston. He graduated from the Gilmanton Theological Seminary in 1836. He was ordained evangelist in Seekonk, Massachusetts, October 1, 1840. He became pastor at Salem, New Hampshire, in 1843, and continued until June of 1847. He was installed at New Salem, Massachusetts, August 23, 1848, and dismissed November 1st, in 1855. In 1856, he spent several months in European travel. From 1856 to 1863, he was pastor of the church at Gandor, New York.

He came to Iowa in 1866, and for one year served the Congregational church at Ia Claire. From this place, he went to Cass, and was there from 1867 to 1870. His last pastorate, beginning in 1870, was at Magnolia.

He died of paralysis, May 10, 1876 aged seventy-one years, three months, and twelve days. The Iowa brethren of that day gave space in their minutes for the following obituary:

"Rev. W. F. Hayward, of three-score and ten, died at Magnolia, May 12th, the present year. He was formerly pastor of the church there, but at the time of his death was without charge."

There is a conflict of statements as to the date of Brother Hayward's death. The minutes, as seen above, put his death on May 12th, while the Congregational Quarterly

has the date May 19th. I am trying to find somebody who can give me more information regarding Brother Hayward.

A communication from Mrs. Dillon, a daughter of Mr. Hayward, written June 2, 1914, enables us to complete the sketch in a fairly good way. She writes:

"My father was married October 5, 1840, to Lydia Dickey, of Epsom, New Hampshire. At that time, he was preaching at Seekonk, Massachusetts, very near Providence, Rhode Island. From there, he went to Salem, New Hampshire, a place very near the Massachusetts line, and from there to New Salem, Massachusetts. My father preferred the country villages. I think he did this partly because he loved to roam over the hills, and through the woods. He always picked the first berries, and gathered the earliest wild flowers. He always had a garden, and cultivated both flowers and vegetables. He went to New Salem in preference to the Second church at Salem, because he was urged to do so by the Home Missionary Society. The church was small and poor, while there was a large Unitarian church there, and a very flourishing academy, the principal of which was "orthodox". I think he was there about nine years. He took a voyage to England and a rest before going to Oandor, New York, where he spent seven very happy and prosperous years among a people of wealth and hospitality. The reason of his leaving was the war. My father was one of the early abolitionists and an intimate friend of William Lloyd Garrison, and he was outspoken, which made him a few enemies, so that his perfectly congenial relations with one or two influential families ceased. He went then to Lowell,

Massachusetts, so my mother could take care of her aged mother as long as she lived. While there, my father went to the army as chaplain, sent by the Christian Commission. He also supplied pulpits in Lowell and vicinity and was for a while employed as city missionary by the five Congregational churches of Lowell. When my grandmother died, my father did what he had long wished to do, moved to Iowa.

It was an effort to revive the church in LeClaire, where there were so many small churches, and still more organizations. After a year of trial, my father concluded it would not pay the Missionary Society to spend money there. From there he went to Case, a flourishing country church.

In Magnolia, my father preached as long as the people thought him able, but he was not so old and feeble to walk ten miles and hold meetings in school houses. As the society seat was removed from Magnolia to Bogen, many members of the Congregational church went also. I think the church was prosperous while my father preached there. He was very strictly orthodox--perhaps because he was brought up in the Unitarian church to which all his family belonged in Boston. One thing more, my father's education was gained in the public schools of Boston, where he sat next to W. B. Willis. He did not have a college education. When an opportunity came, he thought he was too old. He had a business training in a bank. Later came his call to the ministry.'

Fourteenth sketch,

Thomas M. Boss.

Thomas Mason Boss, son of Charles and Elizabeth (Mason) Boss, was born in New London, Connecticut, May 20, 1886.

He took his preparatory course at Millis, Wester, Academy; graduated from Amherst in 1909, and from Andover in 1912.

There is no record of his outgoings and income from 1912 to 1916.

May 15, 1916, he was married to an M. E. Lee, of Madison, Connecticut. For their bridal trip, they came West, stopping at Lyons, Iowa. Here, Mr. Boss was ordained and installed, June 6, of this year.

This was a rare occasion. It was reported in the New-Letter for July 1916, as follows:

"Mr. Thomas M. Boss, was ordained to the gospel ministry, and installed pastor of the Congregational Church of Lyons on Tuesday, June 6, 1916. The examination of the candidate was long and thorough and well sustained. The public services were in the following order: invocation and reading of the scriptures by Rev. J. Van Antwerp. Prayer by A. W. Finson, sermon by Rev. J. Whiting, ordaining prayer by Rev. C. Emerson, charge to the pastor by Rev. J. H. H. H., charge to the people by Rev. J. H. H. H., right hand of fellowship by Rev. W. Finson, benediction by the pastor. We congratulate both pastor and people on the relation so happily consummated."

Of this pastorate, Rev. Sidney Crawford in a memorial discourse delivered December 31, 1896, says:

"The following February (1868) Rev. Thomas A. Ross received a unanimous call to this church and was ordained and installed June 27th, Rev. John Whitin, then of Andover, preaching the sermon. Mr. Ross entered upon his duties under very flattering auspices, and seems to have prosecuted it with unusual vigor and determination. It is not necessary for me to enter into the details of a pastorate so fresh in your minds. It is recorded that, at the result of a memorial discourse preached by him on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, a committee of five were appointed to see what could be done to commemorate that event in the history of Congregationalism, and it is recorded also, that the committee reported recommending the purchase of a bell weighing twelve hundred pounds, which report was accepted and adopted, and the bell hung in the tower to-day--is the historian Motley said of the old bell Rolsen in the famous tower of Ghent--'a living historical personage.' During this period, the pastor's grave was added to the chapel. Mr. Ross resigned his charge in November 1870, after a pastorate of over four years."

From Iowa, Mr. Ross returned to New England. His first pastorate in the West (1870-76) was at Rainier, Connecticut, then, for another six years (1876-1882), he was pastor at Springfield, Vermont. Next, he came West again, and from 1882 to 1888, served the church at La Crosse, Wisconsin.

While pastor here, Mr. Ross read a paper before the Wisconsin Convention on "Spiritual Life, the secret of spi-

Fifteenth sheet,

George I. Woodhull.

George Lee Woodhull was born in Ronkonkoma, Suffolk county, Long Island, October 3, 1833.

From his obituary published in the Congregational Quarterly for July, 1871, we call the following:

"He was the seventh of a family of eleven children. His father, Richard Woodhull, and his grandfather, John Woodhull, also lived on Long Island. His mother was Mary Greene, a native of Manchester, New Hampshire. In his youth, George's father died, when he was placed by his mother under the care of Miss Susan Helme, a pious aunt who lived at Miller's Place, Long Island. At the age of seventeen, George, on his own accord, apprenticed himself to his oldest brother, Mr. John Woodhull, a carpenter. This brother soon removing from Greenville, Long Island, to Addison, Steuben county, New York, George accompanied him and remained with him for nearly four years. In the year 1853, during a revival at Addison, he took a decided stand as a christian, and united with the Presbyterian church in that place."

"In his twentieth year, he began to think seriously of preparing for the ministry. Being released from his brother's service, he entered the Addison Academy, 23d, October 30, 1854, the Franklin Institute, Delaware, county, New York. He left this school July 3, 1857, and resided for a year with his brother, Rev. John A. Woodhull, at Williams Mills, New York. He spent this year in teaching, and in-

completing his preparation for college. He entered the Brown class at Yale College, September 14, 1858, and graduated in 1863. He also graduated from the Yale Divinity School in 1865.

"Several of his vacations were spent in teaching at Coventry and Allynmouth, Connecticut, and other places.

"Believing that the West needed his services more than the East, he decided to go to western Iowa. He was ordained to the work of the ministry at Onawa, Monona county, Iowa, July 18, 1866, in which place he continued until his death."

The ordination is noted in the News-Letter for September 1866, and is as follows:

"On the 18th, at Onawa, Monona county, by a council convened in response to 'laters missive' from the Congregational church of that place, Brother George Lee Woodhull was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry. Introductory services by Rev. W. Tingley, of Sioux City; sermon, by Rev. R. Gaylord, Agent of the A. . . M. S.; ordaining prayer by Rev. John Todd of Labor; right hand of fellowship, Rev. J. B. Chase, of Council Bluffs; charge to the pastor by Brother W. Tingley."

Mr. Woodhull was married Aug. 28, 1867, to Miss Eleanor Bristol, of New Preston, Conn.

There is one very interesting report from Mr. Woodhull in his Onawa field. It was published in the Iowa Missionary for November of 1868, and is as follows:

"In this field to-day, with an experience of nearly two years of missionary work, we have what we are to us stricken

proofs of the superiority of the gospel over the most specious assumptions of worldliness and self-righteousness. Like most other Western towns, this began not without religion. Commercially and geographically it stands marked upon the maps, to within a recent date, as the western terminus of a railroad direct from Chicago, which, with a slight modification at this end of the route, now reaches us from the South, by means of the Sioux City and Pacific branch. Prominent among the first arrivals was that of a semi-colony from Illinois, the only social power that came organized upon the ground. This organization had the honor of being religious, as well as social--holding the faith known as Universalism. The members were intelligent, highly respectable and enterprising, and came with their minister, who at once began to preach. But shortly afterward, becoming otherwise engaged, he was succeeded by one or two other Universalist ministers, who in like manner ceased from their labors in a short time. Not so much therefore, through an established ministry, as by gaining and holding the leading social, commercial, and political strings, with little to embarrass or oppose, this mode of religious thought, and this type of religious life and character entrenched themselves for the slowing of the local religious growth, and for assimilating the inertial and unconverted sentiment.

"The Congregational Church began its organization June 27, 1858, under the encouragement and guidance of Rev. J. C. Rice. His stay was short; a large share of the active members of the organization also left, leaving a remnant, mostly

females, to represent the work began, who, with the exception of an occasional visit by Rev. Mr. Gaylord and one or two others, were left destitute of preaching and a church partially called into existence became as though it were not.

Then the roll was called at the commencement of our labors in 1866, eleven responded to the call. But with the growth of years, without a clear or well defined position, the social organism had become distorted. The elements had grown together by accretion, the whole structure must be remodelled, a substructure of truth must carefully be placed beneath, and chaos must gradually give place to order. The first grand step toward this result was taken by the ladies of our congregation.

"Few of these are members of other evangelical connections, but having practically been one of us, our entire female congregation, with the approbation of the male portion, have come to a bold stand for the truth."

"Years ago, there arose here what has been known as the Hite Society--flourishing in its day--which has accomplished some very worthy and necessary work, which was recognized religion only in a general way, and has been under Universalist leadership.

"For some reason this organization has of late been on the wane and has resisted repeated efforts for its reasci-tation. Meanwhile, the gospel has been working its way. Those activities which became the gospel have put on a different garb, and taken their position on higher ground."

"On the fifth of August, the ladies met, some twenty

five or thirty in number, when it was found that all, with two or three exceptions, were longing, yea, even fainting, for the courts of the Lord, and the result was an organization for the specific work of helping to build a Congregational house of worship. The event is one of no ordinary interest to us, especially as important names were found subscribed which a few weeks or months ago, would have been counted not for, but against us.

"They have undertaken a great work; but the feeling is that, under God, it must and will prosper in their hands. Friends in the past who generously contributed last summer, to aid our cause, may rest assured that it will go forward, though suffering some unavoidable detention which could not be anticipated."

"From his childhood, Mr. Woodhull was a model christian. The brother to whom he was apprentices sage, 'My impression is that he was converted very young. I do not think he could ever give the day and hour of his conversion. They supposed him to be a member of the church long before he was actually such. He was very different from most young men, never trifling and frivolous, but meek, quiet in disposition, always cheerful, kind, and obliging.'

"Mr. Woodhull was a man of unusually high religious principle. After he had learned duty, he never seemed to waver. This trait was prominent in his collegiate and ministerial life. He had the spirit of a martyr in him, and, in times of religious persecution, could have gone to the stake. Among prominent traits was forgetfulness of self. He made more

sacrifices, he entered more opposition in his ministerial work, than are demanded from most pastors. He literally forgot himself in devotion to his work. Many things conspired to make his life at Onawa unattractive. The church was feeble and despondent. They had no house of worship. The community was divided into sects. The Universalists were strong. In this field, Mr. Woodhall labored with a perseverance rarely equalled. He felt that God had given him a work to do in Onawa. He was determined to do that work, whatever became of his own interests."

"As a preacher, he was sound rather than popular. He was faithful in presenting the distinctive evangelical doctrines. As a pastor, he had a rare tact with children. His Sabbath school engaged much of his time, both on the Sabbath and through the week. He was never weary to welcoming the children to him, or drilling them for a Sabbath school concert, and in instructing them in the way of life."

"Mr. Woodhall's most noticeable work in Onawa was the erection of a meeting house. He himself went to New York twice to solicit funds, and collected in small sums over two thousand dollars. A task which none but a man of great experience. He advanced money from his own salary, he bought the materials in Chicago, he superintended the work on the mill, he labored unceasingly with his own hands upon the house which now stands as his monument. While working upon the house, he took a slight cold, which resulted in sickness that finally terminated his life. He died peacefully, well at rest in Christ. His influence on those

cannot be overestimated. His patient sacrifices, his unswerving fidelity to principle have left an impress upon the church and community which is lasting fruit. "He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him."

He died October 1, 1870, in the thirty-eight year of his life.

The secretaries at New York take notice of Mr. Woodruff's death in the following paragraph (see Home Missioner, December, 1870):

"The sad tidings of the death of Rev. G. A. Woodruff, was brought to us by a copy of the Night City Journal before we had heard of the sickness of this faithful brother.

"His last letter, like all we received from him was full of his hope and love. It seems but yesterday that he was in these rooms, full of his work, rejoicing over the prospect of completing his church edifice, and with the remembrance of that earnest face before us, we 'cannot bid him dead.' Nor is he dead--joined, rather, unto the great company of those who live forevermore.

"While preaching as a missionary in Hartland, Connecticut, he became interested in the new opening for missionary labor in Western Iowa, and was commissioned for Chicago, Winona county, in May, 1866, where he was ordained on the 10th of July, and served the church until his death."

"He was ill for about four weeks, with bilious intermittent fever, and seemed to be recovering when (in the first of October) typhoid pneumonia set in and he rapidly failed. He was at times delirious, but was conscious at the last, and

expressed his readiness for death, and left many precious messages to his wife and people.'

"A writer in the Sioux City Journal truly says of him: 'As a pastor, Mr. Woodhull accomplished a great work amid great difficulties. In his Sabbath School, where he was an earnest worker, he effected much. The children of Chava have lost their best friend.'

"He early made plans for erecting a place of worship, but was delayed from lack of funds. In the summer of 1881, enough money was pledged toward a commencement, and the work of building progressed slowly from lack of funds. Mr. Woodhull superintended the work, performing much of the labor with his own hands. He raised to the cost of personal efforts \$5,500.'

"He was a man of very decided convictions, and of thorough religious principles. When he knew his duty, he did not hesitate for a moment. He would have gone to the stake for his principles. He made the impression upon men of being just what he professed to be. There is a universal sadness in Chava at his death, which is the best tribute a pastor could desire from his people. Every one feels that he has lost a friend. The writer feels, what others have said, that Mr. Woodhull has done more for Chava than any other man. The beautiful church upon which he labored and whose completion he was not permitted to see, will be his fitting monument; and as in future years, it points its spire heavenward, will remind his people of the truths he professed, and the which his life gave consistent testimony.'"

Mr. Woodhall was succeeded at Chard by Brother S. P. Lyman, who, upon more than one occasion bore testimony to the splendid work of his predecessor at Chard.

Thirteenth sketch,

Charles Beard Harrison.

This unique and forceful personality was sadly lacking in this world at Edenston, Otsego county, New York, November 24, 1832. His father was the Rev. A. S. Harrison; and his mother's maiden name was Sally Betsey Sears. When about ten years of age, his people moved to Manchester, New York; and in 1844 they made another move to Bloomington, Illinois.

Of his early life, he says: "I was brought up on a farm and worked hard, and enjoyed it. Father gave me my time when I was twenty, and the first summer I saved three hundred dollars, and commenced fitting for college." He got his education mostly in the schools of Chicago and Valparaiso College, beginning his preparatory studies in 1853. He got his theology, he says, "from Christ, Peter, James, John, and other writers of the Bible."

In 1857, he commenced preaching on the frontiers of Minnesota. Being a son of the soil, he soon possessed himself of three hundred and twenty acres of land, some of which he worked, and some on which he rented. Among his fields in Minnesota, were Paynesville, Richwood, Cold Springs, and South Center.

In his booklet, "How to become an Eminent Minister," Mr. Harrison tells of some of his experiences in Minnesota:

"I went to Paynesville in 1857, and stayed there two years, preaching all the time. Sometimes, I walked seventeen miles preaching at another station. I was not married then.

For a time I kept back with a young doctor in a partially finished log house. A pair of Wrens came to live with us. They would sit on the joists above us and pour out such a flood of song that they would wake us every morning. They took possession of my coat, about the only one I had. They built a nest in the pocket. I need that coat for the nights were cold, but I let them have it. One day a ticked squirrel got in and ate up the eggs. Then we had a General at our house. Poor little things, how I pitied them.

"In the meantime, I had partly built my house of hemlock logs and had the shingles ready and the lumber for the roof. We were married in April, 1859, and soon afterward started for our destination. Wife's father gave us a colt, Billy, and mother gave us a driving mare, Dolly. We took the steamboat at Duluth and went to St. Paul. Then we had to drive 110 miles to our destination. The hotels were poor and wife insisted that they were not clean. We took a little furniture along, for I made the most of it when we reached our destination--bedsteads, tables, yes, even chairs and a rocking chair, cupboards, etc. You see, we did not have the money. Well, you should have seen the young couple plodding along that dreary way. To the young wife, it was like a long journey out into the unknown. Stopping at St. Cloud we bought some lumber for the floor and then stopped twelve miles from our destination. Then there came a fearful cloudburst which flooded all the country. The place where we stayed was an island. A small stream we had to cross was twenty rods wide and twelve feet deep. Time was precious.

I wanted to finish the house, and could not wait for the water to go down. I knew I would get wet, and so loaded down with two suits of clothes to keep from taking cold. Coming to the stream, I urged the horse in, and at the middle of the stream, he balked. He wanted to go back and I wanted him to go forward, and while he argued the case, he sank to the bottom, taking me with him; then he rose over to throw me off. I clung to his neck and he rose again, and the same debate continued. He wanted to go back and I wanted to go forward, so down he went again. This time he sank. The things lost in the presence of death. My past life flashed before me there under the water. I could not swim loaded as I was with wet clothes. When I thought it is a shame for me to die here when I was just commencing; life to be blotted out as I was entering my great work. When I thought of a corpse being carried back to the young wife. But it was all day with us unless something could be done. It all depended on the horse. If he could pull through, I could be saved. But the obstinate brute was nearly dead. As he came the last time and commenced swimming, so nearly dead that his nose was under water. He knew enough to keep his direction, and I confess he had me well broken in and I gave up the struggle. He might go just which way he pleased, so he would get out or not. Moses was not more dependent on someone to hold up his hands than I on the position of that nose. If it went under water, I was lost. If it could be held up so he could breathe, I would be saved. I was nearly dead. I had taken in enough of that foul water to last a year. I can taste it yet.

Throwing myself forward, I put my head under his jaw and raised that nose so he could breathe. I almost shouted for joy. Saved! Saved! Not dead yet! No, and I won't die! It was easy when you knew how. Finally he touched bottom and waded ashore. He was completely exhausted and trembled in every muscle. And, to keep from falling, he had to stand bracing like a beached sailhorse. For myself, I was tired and had to lie down awhile. When I returned to wife I did not have on wedding garments. I presented a somewhat bedraggled appearance. But, such as I was, it was far better than to go back a corpse. The next day with a friend, we made a raft of the lumber and crossed over and thus gained a new lease' hold on the house. We left the lumber piled up and when I went back someone had stolen it. Then I had to make a trip of thirty-five miles to get more. Finally, when the house was partially shrouled and the floor enough laid for a bed and table, before the door was any of the windows were all in, we moved into our house. That night I remember I kept awhile a long time, the tears soaking the pillow, because I felt that it was better to offer one who lived her destinies with me; but in the morning, knowing nothing of my secret, she was singing, happy as a lark, because she now had a 'home of her own.' It took several days to finish and plaster between the beams, to put in the rest of the windows and hang the doors, but after a while we had a home of comparative comfort. Behind us was a forest and a beautiful lake, but before us a vast prairie, a carpet of green, speckled with flowers, stretching as far as the eye could reach, and all around us

was work for the Master.

'Wife had saved from teaching thirty-five dollars, and we bought a young cow. When we began to feel rich. I had recently been commissioned by the Home Missionary Society, and a draft was sent for my first quarter. Our supplies were reduced to bread and butter and wife was poorly. My coat came for her. The nearest store was thirty-five miles away, and I did not know whether the draft could be cashed or not. I presented it to a merchant, and he took it graciously and handed out the gold and silver for it. I looked at it as I live and almost walked on air, I was so happy. I am afraid I urged Billy a little too fast. But he seemed to think he was carrying good news and appeared as nervous as I to get home.'

Another bit of his experience in Minnesota is told by Mr. Harrison in his report to the Home Missionary Society in July of 1861. He writes:

'I am sorry that no more could be raised here (for support of the pastor); but as people are poor, and there are not few of them professors of religion. They did well in giving so large a subscription, and so far they have been very good in paying it. But since I have been able to spare from my missionary labors I have spent in expenditures for building a house, and we have been compelled to live in a very small one, only twelve feet by sixteen, and I must quit my room for a study. (He is now visiting Mrs. and Mr. Taylor.) It has been very hard indeed for us to come away, all that we had being invested in a house in Minneapolis. Now I consider the small house we are in, as it was necessary to live here

neighbors, for the time, I built on runners; so that I could move it when I put up an dwelling house. I think that, considering the Chicago incident in Western Iowa, our example ought to be followed by our fellow missionaries. If they would live in a sleigh as we do, they would be ready for unforeseen emergencies.

"It occurs to me that I have omitted an incident which will afford your Society pleasure as it illustrated the fact that 'to the poor the gospel is preached.' During the coldest weather this winter, I was sent for to go fifteen miles to preach a funeral sermon. A family who had been in poor circumstances at the best were, by reverses here, reduced to want. A lovely boy, four years old, and a pair of twins, had just died after a long illness. The snow lay two feet on a level, and the road was poor, and for the whole distance I was obliged to pace the cruel northeast wind, made angry because there was a shelter of Minnesota woods. The attendance, however, was good; and I can never forget, in preaching to him, how listened to a sermon for the first time in Minnesota. At the close of the service, the father took me to one side and with much emotion said: 'Mr. Harrison you have had a hard time. I could not have sent for you, and we could not bury our poor boy, without a minister. But I have got nothing to pay you with but some potatoes which I hope you will accept. Seeing the crops of potatoes from my own eyes, I told you I certainly would, during this time of your loneliness, be well a right to call on me to day, time.'"

At the time of the Indian outbreak in Minnesota in June

of 1853, Mr. Harrison retreated to Illinois where he spent four years in service at Union Grove, Garden Prairie, Bentley Grove, etc.

One of his reports written from Bentley Grove (March 1854) is as follows:

"This quarter has been for the most eventful of my life. Labors and afflictions have crowded heavily upon us, so that my health has in a great measure given way. My father's people live about thirty miles from here. The typhoid fever invaded their family, in which there was a rupture on a death, and carried off my brothers, two young men of sterling christian character of the ages of twenty-four and twenty-six. My time was much occupied. At the same time, my wife was very ill. For nine months, she did not take a step; and to lighten our sorrow, our lovely and promising little daughter was taken from us. These things were enough for the strongest to endure, yet this was not all.

"I mentioned in a letter that we were within efforts for building a church. The burden fell entirely on us. It would not do to let the enterprise falter. No many efforts had been made before, which all all failed, that our people had but little faith in its success. To get to find our lumber eight miles; and this had to be done by voluntary labor. I went after six loads of wood and was obliged to oversee the drawing of the same. All this time the timber for the walls was standing in the woods. People were so busy that I could not get it cut and loaded, so I must see to that. I will

yoke of cattle and then several of the sticks myself. Then the stone must be milled; at which I worked seven days. Next collections had to be wrung from subscribers who never dreamed of being called upon to pay. But now the prospects are brightening. Our house is now up and inclosed. It is a noble building, 36x56, and with twenty feet posts; and, what is better still, the people are all firm believers in its success, and are now willing to help in. But, considering the circumstances in which I was placed, it was the heaviest burden I ever bore."

"My efforts and sacrifices for the people have met with cheering appreciation. A collection party was got up for our benefit and \$150 were raised, mostly in cash, which was better by half than has ever been done here before. Some of our leading farmers were out; and among them some who had probably never given a dollar before to such purposes, and down to our knees and expressed the greatest satisfaction that a minister had been found for Bentley who was not afraid to work."

"The attendance on the Sabbath is most encouraging; in good weather the house is crowded to overflowing, and we feel the need of a larger building. We hope to use the new church early in July."

June 15, 1856, Mr. Garrison crossed the Mississippi river, and at that date began a short pastorate at Tipton. In June of 1857, the commission was renewed, but he left the field December 15, of this year; so that his term of service in Iowa was eighteen months.

From Tipton, in March of 1857, he reports:

"With joy I record another victory. Our new house of

worship is built and dedicated. It was a desperate effort, a severe caustic treatment for a feeble church. Had I known fully the circumstances of the people, I would not have dared to make the attempt. But once in, the next best thing was to get out. So you may well imagine what my efforts have been. I have been building committee, mason, hog-carrier, and carpenter. I think half the town expected the work would be a failure, but God gave me a missionary body as well as a missionary spirit, and so the work was crowded through to the extent of my ability. It has had the effect which I anticipated. It has united and encouraged the church. What we are now looking for is the coming of the Holy Spirit to sanctify the gift we have presented to the Lord."

"I find myself well worn out. This is the third church edifice I have built in three years, besides building a school house for myself, (now used as a parsonage) and putting up an addition to the church at Tipton. So much for the manual labor of your missionary. Then, three glorious revivals in which God gave me scores of precious souls for my hire! Surely there is no place in the wide world, for honest harvests, like this great Northwest. I love the town."

A friend reports the dedication of this church in the News-Letter for January of 1867. He writes:

"Bellevue was a more difficult and unending task than accomplished in the space of six months than the one consummated at Tipton, on the ninth of December. To the indefatigable and almost incredible labors of another G. A. Harrison, a small and feeble church which was beginning to consider the question of its standing has been loved to arise and

build a new and comely sanctuary, 36x50, 20 ft, seating about four hundred persons, costing over four thousand dollars, and all paid for, by the help of four hundred dollars from the Congregational Union.

"This neat and commodious house was dedicated to the Lord on the Sabbath, December 11th. Rev. J. W. Roy, the pilgrim of the Advance, preached an admirable sermon from Isaiah 5:9. The other services were conducted by brothers J. W. Harrison and H. J. Cross, present and former ministers of the church."

"The day was propitious, and many were detained. Yet a feat was accomplished between the sermon and the formal act of dedication, by the skill and tact of Messrs. Roy and Harrison, which we have never seen surpassed in kind--viz;--the lifting of the debt, or a cancellation of last bills by the raising of more than nine hundred dollars, where it would seem as if all had been raised or pledged already, which could have been reasonably expected.

"The house is not only finished and paid for, but carpeted and furnished with one of Lewis's Cottage Organs, by the efforts of the ladies."

"An original hymn by pastor Harrison was sung at the close."

Again, in the News-Letter for May of 1837, W. Harrison reports:

"Since entering our new and beautiful sanctuary, God has poured out upon us his holy spirit, and a goodly number, we trust, have passed from death to life. The church has been greatly refreshed, and their drooping knees revived. Sub-

bath before last we received fourteen members (all adults, mostly heads of families). This makes an addition of twenty-two since June last; others are expected to join, and I think our additions will be about thirty this year. We now propose to build a parsonage, and the prospect is that this church will soon be on a solid foundation. It gives us pleasure to add that we have a very flourishing Sunday school, now numbering one hundred, though we have been under way only a few weeks. There is the best of feeling between all the churches here. About one hundred and twenty-five persons have been received by the different denominations in the town."

December 13, 1867, Mr. Harrison retreats again to Illinois, taking work in Carlville and Plano. His commission was renewed in 1868. In March of 1870, Mr. Harrison sends in a report to the Lone Missionary Society reviewing a decade of labor. He writes:

"To-day, after ten and a half years of labor in connection with your society, my relation to it ceases--the churches with which I now labor assuming my support. I commenced on the frontier of Minnesota, a timid young man in feeble health, and you gave me a tract of country along the thoroughfare of the Hudson Bay Company, nearly a hundred miles in extent. That was a time of privation and peril. In my first year, I narrowly escaped drowning--my horse sinking three times with me in a swollen stream. My hip-bone was broken, while going from one appointment to another, and soon after my wrist was crushed by being thrown from a fractious horse. I have crossed streams when standing on the bent of my back, the

water ran over the top of my boots. I have taken my buggy to pieces and ferried over the parts in a canoe, and then swam my horse over. But I look upon those days with pleasure. I went into the ministry with a bold heart. My first three years, though not crowned with the success I had prayed for, was necessary to fit me for what was to come. Two churches have been organized on the field I then occupied, both of which now have houses of worship and know how to treat an old pastor when his vacation permits a visit.

"During my connection, with your Society, I have been the means of erecting eight houses of worship; and have preached for eight different churches. My work has been to encourage those ready to perish and to cheer up the faint. At one time I formed a little band of seven persons, six of them women, and held there a series of meetings. Most of the forty converts joined the Methodists. We organized with only sixteen and built a church; myself cutting down the trees, digging the stone and tending the masons. The church grew in two years to about fifty members. In the meantime I had built a comfortable house, but as it seemed that someone else could take my place now that everything was in running order, I accepted a call from a church in Iowa, twenty-five years old, yet almost dead. We immediately built a fine house; God's glory filled it, and fourteen persons, mostly heads of families, joined at one time. I should have continued this kind of work, but my wife's health and my own forbade, and I must stop. It has been my lot to labor in eight different revivals, in which, as I hope, some two hundred persons

were converted. Thus, ten years and a half, with their joys, -
 ers, tears, and arduous labors have gone up to the bar of
 God, and I am glad that I have seen them. And now, dear
 brethren, with moistened eyes, I bid farewell.'

In the fall of 1871, Mr. Harrison passed thro Iowa
 to Nebraska, there to remain to the end of his days--though
 his days are not yet ended.

We got a good picture of Mr. Harrison in his Nebraska
 work in a report published in the Home Missionary for Dec-
 ember of 1876, which is as follows:

"It has been a busy quarter. I have organized a church
 at Arborville, a beautiful new town in the northwest part of
 this county; nine members at first, with the prospect for the
 number doubling soon. I am now going to build a church
 there. No church edifice within fifteen miles of that point.
 The people are hungry for the word. Our school houses are
 new and comfortable, but they cannot hold half the people
 who would come in there were room. I have sold a beautiful
 farm at this place, but it took every dollar to pay debts
 contracted during my church building enterprises. I am now
 building in York; and, if the money had could be sent on
 soon, it would be a great help. I travel every Sabbath
 morning here, and in the afternoon of one Sabbath, I pre-
 ach ten miles northwest on Lincoln Creek, and preach at several
 our lively churches here. In the afternoon of the same
 Sabbath, I preach at Arborville, where I hope to build a
 church. I intend to hold a court. I have often growing
 calls, and needing ones, but I don't like to go farther west

too much. There are not sufficient things to go around, and as the work grows, and the ground grows less, I shall proceed on week-day evenings. My field will soon require another man; I am greatly aided in my work by a pair of CONVERSED INDIAN PONIES.

When I purchased them, one was perfectly unmanageable, wild and vicious, and on such as I told of horses. The man on whom I bought her thought me had a good tale on the minister; but she would not drive, now. The pair weigh out about six hundred a piece, and they go like the wind. Last Sabbath, I preached here and had to drive eighteen miles to attend a funeral at Arberville, with only two hours to make it; the weather was hot, but they came in ten minutes ahead of time. These are like a pair of angels; and in you have a missionary and more, with plenty of work, and a sanguine temperament, furnish him with Indian ponies. He will save time and do a great deal more work. The colt which I call Tiger was captured very young from the Indians, and is one of the wildest and fiercest and fleetest of the horse kind, but yet he yields to kindness and firmness.

A complete story of Mr. Burdett's labors in Nebraska is told by himself in Mr. Bullock's "Congregational Nebraska," as follows:

"In the fall of 1871, while pastor of the Congregational church of Earlville, Ill., I received a request from George H. Harris, land commissioner of the Burlington & Missouri railroad to take charge of a colony. I came out to look at the ground over."

"Lincoln was but a village with plenty of room to grow. The railroad terminus was Cotton. I rode out on a load of railroad ties. The track was so rough and well kept of its own accord. Cotton had three plantations; two of these were railroads, and I noticed that trains starting that way were delayed for a long time after, if not permanently."

"Finally Work was settled upon (for the colony). The place had in sandies, and one of these was built of sod. I believe I preached the first sermon in Work, in November 1871. Services were held in an unfinished store, and it was very cold. There were fourteen persons present, and the service was short. The county was new and raw; hardly a house to obstruct the vision, and those that were seen were miserably built of sod. The Congregational Church was organized with only a few members in an unfinished land office in the spring of 1871. Soon after, a little school house was built."

"One of the inducements offered a colony was that an academy should be built. For this purpose, forty acres of land was donated, and in those early days, when the latest invasion was the worst, a fine building stood as a glorious hope in the midst of despair."

"On account of its proximity to Grete, it was thought best not to open the academy. It was used for our church. About this time, the Methodists located their college at Work, and we freely gave them the use of the building. It was eventually sold at half cost, and the proceeds went into the church building. I think, in the fall of 1873, I organized

the church at Arborville, with six members, in the parlor of Deacon Twichel, the son of a faithful, pioneer missionary, Rev. Royal Twichel, who did heroic work in Minnesota. The old man was a father to me when I was sick and discouraged. I went to that new state in 1857. I attended his funeral in Arborville. It was like burying a father.

Having organized a church, I knew it was necessary for them to have a home, and so we erected a building, 1860. That was then the largest in the county. I held, at different times, two series of meetings there, which resulted in quite an ingathering. We had to haul the lumber thirty-six miles. I gave much time and a block of land, and preached a year or two without a cent of salary. The people were very poor. But now they have a fine new church, an able and beloved pastor, and the work and sacrifice paid. Six churches were organized in York county, and those I organized and fostered are the only ones alive.

"THE INDIAN WAR."

"Yes, it was a war! I was the means of bringing in about six hundred people into the town and county, and these were mostly in favor of education and temperance. But even some also, and we were determined to keep him out, and so there was a war."

"At first, knowing the tremendous malignity of the liquor power, we were afraid to prosecute. Finally I suggested that seven of us should unite. We did so, and with such backing there was fighting in the courts. That, however, was the timidity under the first fire. Then they threatened to kill me and started out to do so, and would have killed a witness,

all fear was banished, and I moved presidential twice and fast. I raised fifteen hundred dollars one night with which to fight it out. We fought to the finish. The thing seems settled. The matter does not come up at all at our elections.

"Grete and Seward had a far better start, and far better locations, but York went ahead two to one because it kept clean. It has over six thousand population to-day. It was hard to give up the academy idea. Our educators did not yet realized the importance of having leaders for the college, and it was a long time before the present attitude was reached.

"In the last of the seventies, I was helping Rev. Mr. Strong in a series of meetings in Bloomington, Nebraska, and the idea of an academy came up. We talked till midnight over it. There should it be? 'At Franklin.' A new town with six houses, no saloon, and the right kind of people. I was so much impressed that I walked down, going through snow drifts, to the leading people together, outlined the plan, and the academy was located there. I was called in 1885 from the pastorate of Pueblo, Colorado, to become pastor at Franklin. I put in there eight years, and perhaps the most important of my life. It was a work of faith in very new and strange. The Iowa canal system failed for us, and some rains came down upon us, twice five hundred, and once one thousand dollars."

"I was called thence to be field secretary of the Educational Society at Boston. I remained in that work two years, with my health failing.

"Ripped from the borders of the grave from typhoid fever, I was called to the pastorate of New York City later

Church. There I had the hardest work of my life. The church was about ten thousand in debt, and almost ruined. The times were the hardest. The academy was worse than bankrupt. The church debt was paid, the academy was placed in the list of the Educational Society, and a good deal of money was raised. Buildings were hired and furnished, and to crown all, a blessed revival added over one hundred to the church wit in a month.

"For the nation on Thanksgiving Day, 1904, celebrated my seventy-second birthday, and I bless the Lord that He has permitted me to live and work for Him. When a boy, in 1844, I hunted the dirty little village of Chicago over for a peck of potatoes. I have seen the mighty West grow up from babyhood."

"In 1857, I began work in Minnesota; was once nearly frozen; once a horse sank with me three times, and I was nearly drowned. I have had the bitter with the sweet."

"To sum up: I have helped to found two academies; built and paid for ten churches; have been in above forty precious revivals, and I hope to meet a thousand souls in glory. I now wait on the latter shore among my flowers, adorning garden land, making it prometic of the long beyond."

"To be,

"O. E. Harrison."

Mr. Harrison records that since 1870 he has published the following books and pamphlets:
The Gold Mine in the Front Yard,

Manual on the Leon,
 Manual on the Philon,
 Manual on the Iris,
 The Evergreen and How to Grow It,
 The Extinguished Minister,
 Manglefoot Theology sermon.

At the end of his booklet, "How to become an Extinguished Minister," Mr. Garrison gives a sort of farewell to the world, at the same time reserving the privilege of living a little longer in it.

Writing from Excelsior Springs, Missouri, January 31, 1881, he says: "I have been here several weeks taking treatment for my old enemy, the rheumatism. Twice I have had rheumatic fever, and felt it coming on again. I came here to throw it off, and in the meantime finish this little book. God only knows what is before me. The menace of disease and pain of a long illness to weary my friends is something to be dreaded. I have no sympathy with the prayer, 'Deliver me from sudden death.' Much to be would be heaven's greatest blessing.

"I am waiting at the river. At times I hear the distant oar of the boatman while I linger on the farther shore. Oh, that some sweet day in June the summer would come when my beloved flowers could attend my funeral. Cover my grave with them. I am all the while receiving kind letters from distant friends, some of whom I have never seen, thanking me for my efforts of brain and pen.

"For years I have stood on the margin of the two worlds, trying to make one prophetic of the other."

"I look down to the future, and lo! A new earth--not sombre or gloomy, but transfigured with a glory unknown before. The efforts of man in landscape and garden will reveal 'the beauty of the Lord'. The vast, untraced, neglected world, lying dormant through the ages will be developed. Men, women, and children, will revel in delights their parents never knew. Places now desolate and dreary will be transformed into gardens of delight. Around all our habitations are waiting armies of flowers, shrubs and trees of rarest beauty, ready to enter our gates and glorify the home and land. As the hosts of immortals, standing guard around it as clouds of ether and sunlight, open, and fold, stand sentinel at the portals of the retiring day."

"Sometimes, I want to come back. I shall hope that some day I and my work will be woven into that web of golden threads which will adorn and glorify the earth."

"I was born in 1835. That change I have seen! This old world has evolved from its millions of centuries. Steam and lightning have been turned to the service of man. The bottled-up forces of the ages have been let loose. The old team gives place to flying machines. There are no longer stone roads, you find a highway with all modern conveniences."

"Something tells me I cannot rest. Though the old framework is crumbling, it seems as if the framework of earth, of heaven and hell, were shaking in its death. There is no old time

no more. 'I shall be satisfied when I come in my li-
ness.' I shall live as long as my Father lives. My life
has only begun. I have served apprenticeship here, and
there I shall be ready for the service of the Lord.

"Then I shall understand the mystery of the mission of
all saints' grandeur and lovefulness. Then I shall see the
Lord's glory, I feel my soul's wings ready for a
flight for a flight in its native air--the air of heaven."



and loaded up the loaders on the wagon train, and the other closed up behind and were obliged to the simultaneous shout, 'Salt!' While all except the drivers leaped from the sleds, each drawing a sled team for some of a better reason, surrounded the wagon, and in the attitude of taking aim demanded a surrender, and surrender they did. All were required to go to labor. They came in and stayed at the hotel, where they worked up, after an all night's cold ride. Breakfast was soon ready for all the company, but the pro-slavery party objected to eating with niggers--declared that they were not used to that, and did not propose to begin now. "Oh, well," said the landlord, 'you needn't'. You can sit down and eat, and the others can eat afterwards.' They sat down to breakfast, and by the time they were through the fugitives were well started on their way to freedom, and the kidnappers saw them no more.

As the fugitives had made their escape, and were gone, there was nothing further to be done but to turn the pro-slavery captives to their respective homes. This was accordingly done by escorting each of them to their residences as had no means of their own to convey them there."

In a little autobiographical sketch which Father Will furnished me when I was writing my 'Mailings to Iowa,' he says:

"I studied in labor from 1857 to 1861, when I went into the army existing in Company A, Fourth Iowa Infantry, in which I served four years and one month, serving the last part of the war as first lieutenant in command of the company.

I was in all the battles of the regiment from Fort Silas, in 1862, to Bentonville, North Carolina, in 1865, after the march with Sherman from Atlanta to Savannah, winding up with the Grand Review at Washington, in 1865.

"I took charge of the church as at Grove City and Berlin, preaching alternate Sundays in each, and also at Morrison's Grove and Oakfield in the afternoons.

"In 1869, the Atlantic church was organized and Grove City was merged into it. The rest of the story is pretty familiar to you."

I have often had a good laugh over one incident in Brother's ill soliciting, of which he has told me a number of times. He, with others, was lying in the trenches at Vicksburg, it was a hot, July day. The trenches were shallow--scarcely deep enough to protect them from the sharpshooters, who would shatter an elbow if it was lifted from the body; and kill a man with bullets if it was put up on a bayonet, as the boys often did for him. Next to Brother Will in the trenches lay a great fat man, who was scarcely able, on account of his size, to protect himself from the shots of the enemy. Brother Will says that man lay there by the hour, cursing the rebels; and he said 'I never heard anything in my life that sounded so sweet. I didn't exactly want to say those things myself, but they seemed to be very appropriate under the circumstances; and I learned then and there the significance, and, under some circumstances, the appropriateness of the imprecatory psalms.'

"The Pilgrims of Iowa puts the life story of Brother Hill into the following paragraph:

"Mr. Hill was one of the seventeen students of the first year of Wabor Academy, and was still there at the breaking out of the war. Enlisting in the Fourth Iowa Infantry, and engaging in all its battles, this swarthy, wiry youth came up from the trenches of Vicksburg and from other grim experiences of the war, to enlist in a longer and more strenuous campaign, staying by the guns at Atlantic (incorporating Grove City) for forty years, one of the most brilliant soldiers that ever battled for his country and for the Kingdom of God."

In this his only pastorate, he officiated at seven hundred and thirty-nine weddings and about two thousand funerals and left the church with a membership of three hundred and three.

Mr. Hill was ordained March 30, 1867. The occasion is reported in the News-Letter for June, 1867, as follows:

"Mr. Edward A. Hill was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry at Grove City, Cass county, on March, the 30th 1867, by an ecclesiastical council. Introductory services by Rev. Mr. Shorts, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; sermon by Rev. A. J. Sams, of same; opening prayer by Rev. Reuben Gaylord; charge to the pastor by Rev. C. W. Cooley; right hand of fellowship by Rev. John Todd; address to the people by Rev. A. E. Chase; benediction by the candidate. Brother Hill has been ministering to the churches of Grove City and Maize; both churches have been revived, and their numbers doubled under his labors.

We get a few glimpses of Brother Hill in his Atlantic field in his reports to the Home Missionary Society. The first published in October of 1869 is as follows:

"To-day closes the third year of my labors in this region. There have been years of toil and trial, of hope and discouragement, of joy and sorrow, yet I hope they have not been fruitless in the sight of the Master. During the time, I have preached more or less regularly, in six places, and occasionally in as many more. I have held four protracted meetings, in which I have witnessed about sixty-five hopeful conversions, and have received into churches sixty-eight, over fifty of whom were received on profession of their faith in Christ.

"My commission for the last year for Grove City; but Atlantic, on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific R. R., three miles from Grove City, having drawn off the principal part of its people and all the business, it seemed best to make Atlantic the center of labor. A church of eight members was organized in April. It now numbers sixteen, with ten or twelve to unite one week from next Sabbath.

"We have in course of erection a house of worship thirty-two by forty-six feet, with a tower ten feet square on the corner. The building is inclosed and shingled, and we hope to have it ready for occupation by the middle of August; we held service in it on the Fourth of July."

"We have a population of about twelve hundred. Five months ago, the prairie, where Atlantic now stands, was unbroken. The first house was built in September. Now there

are over two hundred buildings. The growth of the place has averaged more than a house per day for the last five months; and the work is going on now faster than ever before. We shall probably have to ask help from your Society for this year, after which I hope we shall be able to go alone. The people are all building this year (there not being a house in town a year old), and they feel poor, yet seem ready to work and give up to the measure of their ability. With the blessing of the Master, I think we may hope for a work here which will tell powerfully for God in all this region."

The Home Missionary for February 1870 furnishes the following note:

"ATLANTIC, 1871.***This new town, at the age of eleven months, was made the seat of Cass county, and found by actual census to contain 1,033 inhabitants--a large proportion being New England people, but too often careless of their church letters, and waiting to be hunted up. The church under Rev. E. S. Will's care has completed and partly furnished a house of worship, with a small debt, in payment of which they need help."

In October of the same year, there is another note, which is as follows:

"Rev. E. S. Will, of Atlantic, Cass county, reports the completion of the church building, with bell, organ, and everything in working order; thirty substantial members, a congregation of one hundred to one hundred and fifty, loved in the eyes of the people, and more than will settle in."

In October of 1871, Mr. Will ventures to send in to the

Society a farewell message which is as follows:

"The early months of the year were marked by a precious revival among us, which, though not including large numbers, has helped us not a little. We held meetings for four weeks, every afternoon and evening, and received eleven as the result. The church is also much quickened, and I hope will hold out so during the year. Our Sabbath school is still a center of interest, and we have four prayer meetings a week, all well attended.

"We have received during the year nineteen members, and have lost one by death, leaving our number at present fifty-three. We have raised over \$1,000, and the church is out of debt. Next year we hope to go alone."

In a more recent communication, Mr. Will writes as follows:

"To-day closes my sixth year of service under your auspices. We propose to make this seventh Jubilee year and try to go alone. The church has not so voted, but the matter has been discussed and I feel confident that will be the result. I hope we shall be able hereafter to pay our dues to the Treasury of the American Home Missionary Society from the money we have drawn from it."

"I have assisted in the organization of nine churches in this region, and without your aid they could not have had hope enough of supporting themselves without an organization. As it is, they are growing and promising in time to go alone and then help others. I shall always be proud the years of Home Missionary life be very precious ones, and shall always find a place in my prayers and labors for

'The Father of Churches.'

We may be perfectly certain that the church would go alone. The people were accustomed to being out of the windows of their pastor. Of course, this was Mr. Hill's last report to the Home Missionary. From this time we hear not much more from him, though we hear a good deal about him. He did not write for the advance. He wrote no books. But few of his productions were published. He wrote and wrote it almost entirely for the few people and for his association, state and local."

He almost never missed a meeting of his or one of these bodies. At these gatherings, he reads many papers which were always interesting and brilliant, and which he read with pleasure.

In 1890, he was the president of the General Association; and in 1898, he was a co-president.

For nearly forty years he wrote, "Hill, of Atlantic," We called him, "The Overlapping Hill," of him we said:

"Then he, come and then he, go,

But Hill goes on forever."

Some of the incidents of this wonderful pastorate were recorded in Congressional form. A notable occasion was the dedication of Atlantic's second house of worship, December 15, 1891. The report of it (January, 1892) is, in part, as follows:

"This is the Atlantic church as it looks this afternoon of an improvement upon the old building. The walls are of brick. The inside walls and ceilings are of American folio-

pine, oiled. There are seats--open chairs--in the auditorium, four rows, numbered and built--four people, and there are two limited chairs in the lecture room. The lecture can be made a part of the auditorium. The new building stands where the old one stood. The old bell which did service when the church was dedicated some twenty years ago, now rings in the new church tower. The cost of the building with furnishings is twelve thousand five hundred dollars. Another ill was assisted in the services of dedication by the pastors of two Atlantic churches and by Pres. Brown, Brother Clark, of Lewis, and Brother Mills, of Kent. The pastor preached the sermon from the text 'Will God in very deed dwell with man upon the earth?' * * * * * Is God especially to be found in the house we build and dedicate to him? He was in the temple, is he equally present in our christian churches? Are there better places for worshipping than our homes or the hills, or the groves, or a rock beside the sea? We keep building them. Where must be some reason for it. We have just built this. We made no plan build, and finished before we set down. Let us answer the general question in the particular one. Will he build.

1. First to our homes, the closest associations of our lives are connected with the House of God. There is some house, at least, a school house, a log church, a plain country meeting house, or some ambitious village church. These pictures remain along the shore of childhood's remembrance, hallowed and full of inspiration. Let your little own heart be true, to these things and words will be in need of words. The hymns, the singing, the faces of the ministers, the psalmists, and so-



even though every sister has a home of her own.

3. We have built low. Some of you, perhaps, have heard of this before. We are a low church. We believe in the apostolic succession of apostolic faith and spirit. We are all priests. Our ministers are all presbyters or bishops, if you like the word better as a garment for the same thing.

3. We have built honestly. I don't think there is a bad board in the building, nor a very bad brick in a place which needs a better one. I think it is an honest building, from the bottom brick to the ball on the top of the spire.

4. We have built extensively. We waited to begin until we thought we could build a house that would meet our needs for many years. This house will outlast a good many others. It will still be here when 'this house of our tabernacle shall be dissolved,' and we shall enter the building, on God, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Some of us will have come here before long, to halt a little on our way to the grave. I think we have not built too extensively. We can pay for it. We are better able to pay for this than those who built the old house were to pay for that. They paid it, and there are some here to-day who know how it was done."

After the disco rse, Pres. Brooks stood up to tell the people how it could be done again. He had it all figured out on a blackboard. He called for \$5000, and got it all and two hundred dollars more.

He followed the formal act of collection. The exercises concluded with the singing of the following hymn written

For the occasion Mr. Will:

Tune:--"Home Sweet Home."

Our Father in heaven, O, hear this our prayer;
Make this house thy dwelling, thy treasure thy care;
O, meet with thy children as hither they come,
Where the child meets its Father, the soul is at home.

Chorus:--

Home, home; glad, dear home
Where God meets his children
The soul finds its home.

Here sit they that ransomed once lovingly meet,
With Christ in their midst, while they listen at
His feet;

In fellowship holy the soul finds its home
A joy like the glory when Jesus shall come.

Chorus:--

Here wandering spirits, estranged from their God,
Worn weary and sin-sick and dreading the Lord,
Beholding the peace of the children may come,
And wandering find where the soul finds its home.

Chorus:--

A few of Brother Will's associational papers were published in Congregational Iowa. In October of 1887, we find an article on "Permanent Association." No one in Iowa had a better right to speak on this theme. Some of the closing and interesting parts of the article are as follows:

"Let us begin to consider, first, what is involuntary, precarious itinerancy which we have made a custom of."

making it a system, suits needs."

"Second, that the brief terms of pastoral office common-
as, however accounted for, is in itself, neither to our ad-
vantage, nor our credit."

"Third, that the life long pastorate is the highest
ideal."

"Fourth, making allowance for human infirmities, and
conditions, that can be neither controlled or ignored, we
may insist upon longer pastorates, carefully begun, and end-
ed only for obvious and honorable reasons."

"How may we secure this last object, aiming all the
while at the higher ideal?"

"The first point is to be sure that we wish it. Have
we gone as far as that? Do our ministers long and yearn
for permanence in their settlements? Does the average young
minister seek a field in which to spend his life? Do even
a fair minority of them want that organization so institutional,
with a view to staying? Do our seminaries hold up the life-
pastorate as the ideal? Do not our churches feel that when
they ordain a bright young man they cannot keep him very
long? We feel that he is taking them to practice on. They
know that the theological professor who recommended him to
them is watching for a chance to recommend him to a richer
church in a bigger town. He expects to outgrow them.

"Do the churches ask for ministers? or they can keep as
long as they live? A good woman here said, 'I believe I will
never try to like another minister; the more I know of him

come to know and love them.' She voiced a growing sentiment in our churches. Do our ministers and churches speak this which has been set up as the ideal? There is no sense in asking how to do a thing we have no intention of doing.

"In a general way: if we had more ministers of the sort people like to keep; and more churches of the kind we like to stay with, we should have a good start in the matter. The facts in this respect are the first great obstacle."

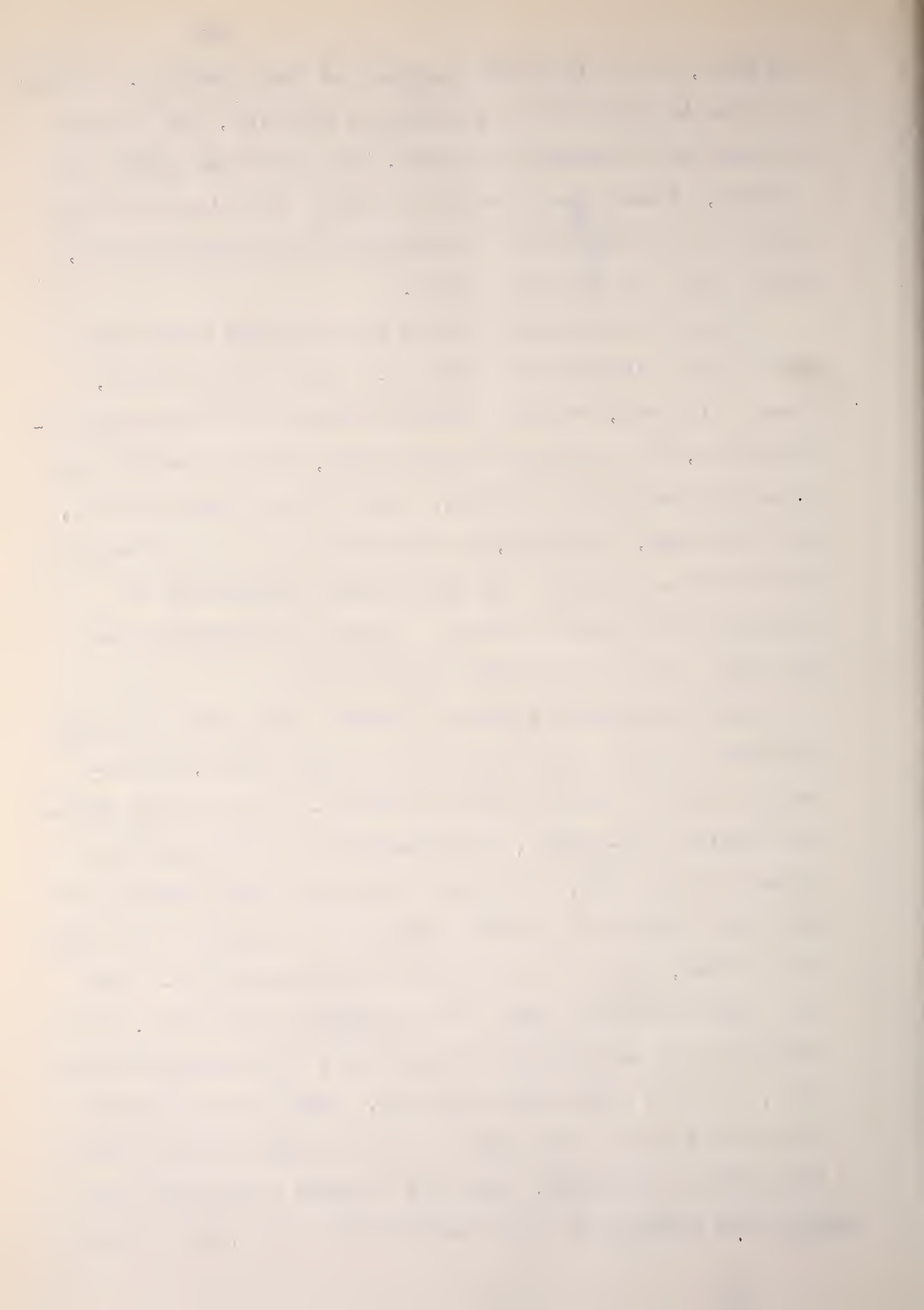
"It is not well for a minister to be or seem to be too anxious about staying. The very sweetest things can be got sticky we want to get out. A sticky preacher is as poor a stay as a slippery one. He may say 'I want to stay' and as long as it is best, and when it ceases to be best, I want to be among the first to find it out.' If he builds a house, he takes his own risk, and does not let it hinder him from going when it is time to go. The fact that he is willing to go if it is best, helps our people to want him to stay."

"On the other hand, the man who stands with his hands spread, who talks about coming in fields, is always ready to leave his pulpit empty to supply for a coming church. He is seeking a pastor, and occasionally resigns to bring the people to terms, will get a chance to move. A pastor should resign only upon mature, careful thought; searching his own heart for his real motive, and when he resigns, he ought to go—subject always to the caprice of a new will. Let him sit down in the shadow of calvary, weary, living and needing of his people, and let his will and truth and not some new ideal, be his consolation. The relation must be real and permanent."

and kind, or it will never keep nor be worth keeping. Let the minister be as little as possible an official, and as much as possible a brother and friend. If a minister would have friends, he must show himself friendly. Let him stand every member of his church and congregation as a personal friend, and he will not have long to wait.

There are churches to which it is a great relief to have a minister to be called. They want his blood, his zeal, his pastoral office as all its individual instructions, his life and death, and he goes and does all the rest for his line. If he is not wise and kind, and a Christian, and true, he never gets over the effects of that first experience. It is painful, unnecessary, to describe that field in detail. Too many ministers have paid too much of the best of their lives in it.

"There is another sort of a church. They want the minister to bring up. They want the best of him, and encourage him to use the best of himself. They want his wisdom and special hand-shakes, and sometimes they want his special sympathy in work. They want to know what he is doing, and that they appreciate him as a person and a minister. They want to be human, and that his life is his personal life. They want that minister to have the ring in his hand, and in his heart, and in his private experience. They want to know from the best, and are confident to the best. They want to know his private life and how he draws his strength from the wells of salvation, and will remember that God's love must come through his heart on its way to them, and if they



have found out that his heart is really and truly, happy all
time it all the better.

'If his life is glad, the heavy-hearted rejoice that he
has not had to learn by experience how to raise them. They
know, in the matter of visiting, that he is not afraid of
and in this respect only a man. If he leaves that field,
he will never look back to it as a bright, warm spot, a
happy, carefree corner. In such a position the first years of
his pastorate are, to him, the best and the best one in the world,
to have him a wife, and children, and to him, peace and power.
Many of our changes come from these considerations. The lack of
comfort and comfort, the equilibrium and contentment, leads
to changes for the mere sake of change. This restlessness
leads to a habit, a chronic psychological fact that most
people are not aware of.

"Again, changes are looked for, perhaps, rather than
more the best of the imperfect. 'Our grass is not per-
fect.' In a way, the people are full of goodness and love.
At least, the people don't know, and it's better, in a way,
as we know. The people are not yet ready to have the
unpleasant thoughts that we have. The people are not
yet ready, and; so generally, and the people are not
yet ready, in a way like that, and they are not ready.
Only love, the bond of perfectness, can only give the people
peace and joy in every way.

"What can be found in a general way to be a good
thing in this world?"

"1. Be careful about encouraging men to work for the
city, the law, and the law; the people are not ready to do

your men; let all hands collectively, in the line of work you are likely to be successful."

"3. If we have laid hands on the wrong man, then turn him off. Let dismissing councils consider his position, if they will not advise him to change his calling. Applied to the church, to the members, to the situation, name of the minister, and to the man himself, remove him from his position from the ministry, should follow conclusive proof of unworthiness for it. If a man was put in where he does not belong, he must be got out. If a man has the moral qualities that fit him for the office of preacher and pastor, he will be anxious to leave the work, if for any other cause he cannot succeed.

"4. Minister's installation. Let the council insist as to the purpose of the candidate and the church. Let the candidate and the church. Ask the candidate if he desires a settlement, or only a license, as a person who will be wise to higher things, seeking a larger field and wider. Ask if the church has looked the man over enough to feel that they will give him a permanent position. Let the council proceed upon the idea of permanence.

"5. Insist upon the dismissing councils, and let them, in their rulings, tell the truth, as they find it. It is not in fact--it is not always done. Let them tell the men and pastors the church has lost, and the average worth of the pastorate. Let them tell the man, like the pastor or has had in his average. Let these councils, in so far as they are pertinent, to the church, have all tell the truth."

"8. After all the question turns on the length of long pastorate. There is something to be said on both sides. Short pastorates may be made usual in many cases, and some long ones may be noted as well for their length; but other things being equal, it must be disappointing to be yearning for twenty or thirty years. I don't believe anybody likes it."

"Perhaps nothing keeps more of our shrewd, self-suggesting men out of the ministry, than the ministerial vagabondage, of which they see so much, and want to try so little. Is not this something like the ideal:

"A young man, planning to be a minister all his life, looks for such a field as he is willing to wait in as long as he lives. He looks the people over, and lets them look at him. He brings honest credentials. They agree to go together. He is ordained pastor, which means installation. He builds a house if there is no parsonage. He gets a wife, if he is a sensible man, and does not let the parish marry her. He becomes a citizen; takes a hand in public affairs; gains the confidence of the community in all its ways; manages the young people; baptizes the children; and in time the children's children; goes into the home of the people in times of joy and sorrow; binds them to him as a trusted friend; becomes the sermons of his life; convinces men that he is sincere though sometimes mistaken; he brings down and corrects all mistakes where he finds them; he pleads with men to come to God; and their love for the messenger leads them to heed his message; all men love him as a life-long friend; young men love him as

an ideal man, in nothing more unmanly for being a minister; young women trust him as a guide, his counsellor; the children who have known no other pastor give him abundant reverence.

"He is exemplary in business; fervent in spirit; he is at all social gatherings and the social meetings of his church; he is entertaining at the Lord's table; he is loved by all at home, but to them, for he knows them."

"His prayer is for not a few people from his flock; there is no dead-line in his service. Finally, having shown as well as taught the meaning of a complete, self-sacrificed Christian life, old and young carry him to his rest where he has so often been with their dead. He rests from his labors and needs no monument, for his memory is ever fresh and honorable. He speaks, though dead, and is a living honor for good."

"Alas! Alas! I cannot ever, here and for every church and every preacher thus be done. Rooms evacuate, and so do preachers. Changes of population and other causes are necessary. Nevertheless, to those who can receive it, his lifelong pastorate is the true ideal toward which all churches should be turned."

In November of 1891, there is another article on "The Twentieth Century Christianity" which is in part as follows:

"What is the outlook?"

"1. Christianity will be a fact in the twentieth century. Religions that are true and that are long-lived. A religion that is all true will never die. If a religion was all untrue, it will sooner or later die. Is Christianity all true? Can it all be true? Human ideas, the truth of it are not all true."

"The full conception of it was not carried upon the minds of men. We think Christ said it all; but we have not loved it all. Good men found Christ the best of all, better prophets and sages had said their best word. But they said in fragments, he uttered fully. He gave the world a finished creed. It looks as if though Christianity might be taken as the ultimate religion."

"Christ's creed will never need revising."

"The love God and love men are the two leading lines of a full-creed rule of life. This is the source from which all good thoughts are drawn. The great creed-quarrels of the world are over points of which Christ gave no hint. God will not let his church have peace until it goes back to the simplicity that is in Christ."

"When the religions of the world got together the other day in Chicago, they bought a world's prayer for their world's parliament. What would it be? What, but the prayer of a God-man taught his risen Lord? Henceforth, by decree of the greatest council of all time, the Lord's Prayer is the world's prayer. All gods could can do it. Nobody can improve it. It could not be said any other way."

"How long will it take the world to get all the meaning out of the Golden Rule? Will there ever be a call for its revision? Will there ever be a problem in society so hard that it will not be the Golden Rule for its solution? Like Christ's world prayer, it cannot be said any other way. The survival of the fittest gives place to the law of the fittest survival of the eternally fit."

"The sermon on the Mount grows newer and gladder with its centuries of study. Among the noblest utterances of godly souls, it stands like Mont Blanc among the Swiss mountains; higher than all of them, to be seen from the top of them all, white and changeless, save the tinge of changing light in which it is seen."

"The sermon of sermons can never be out-reached, nor preached out. Its apples of gold have lost none of their luster in their untarnished picture of silver. It stands out like a special creation thrown off from the light of heaven. It needs no revision. There was no other way to get it."

"The parable of the prodigal, a picture of God leaning toward the world with a broken heart, and running from heaven with help, stands at the head of all effort to condense theology, Man's need, God's pity, repentance, forgiveness, peace, and all in the little lost parable."

"The universal craving for immortality, the common protest against going out or being, is met in Christ. It is not in assurance of being too weak to bear out. It is the regenerated soul's sense of having touched God, and direct fire, and knowing that we are partners of the divine nature. The true proof of immortality is the experience of eternal life which is the privilege of the child of God."

"The Christianity will of more than 1800 in the twentieth century than ever before."

"I doubt not through the ages the increasing majesty of the truth, and the thoughts of men are quickened by the presence of the Spirit."

"They are getting a tremendous stretching just now. The World's Parliament of Religion in Chicago is the greatest event since the day of Pentecost. The whole world is in town-meeting to try to settle the question of the world's religion. What will be the result of it? Will it reduce all religion to a dead level of indifference? Will some part consent with conscience and judgment. Will the spirit of eclecticism prevail and all learn something from all others? Or will christianity show itself from comparison the incomparable religion? Or will christians be broader, kinder, kinder in their judgments on non-fellowing other faiths, and wiser in turning back to the true way."

"The glory of the world, and God's glory in the world, is his God-people. They have come in all ages, and to all lands of the earth."

"Any religion is better than no religion, and any religion is better than atheism. Real men, hoping for something, trying to find to their altars the unknown. To seek, to grope after and see things, I know, and will come to class to you."

"5. Christianity is to be a comparative power in the twentieth century."

"When the universal will have the ten standards for the world's ten religions at the opening of the parliament, and nine of them such as Islam, etc., etc., and the tenth, a note of victory for the true religion we shall see. The forces of Christ are getting together. The walls of separation are being removed. That is how Christ-builds all orphans."

Like the face of the mountain rose;
 Fairer than spring in the summer cheer;
 Richer the flower when autumn is here.

Thus we grow old,
 Our souls unfold,
 From green to gold;
 From gold to crimson changing slowly;
 Crimson to whitest turned divinely;
 Richer in love and wisdom and cheer,
 The harvest store of many a year.

The age brings a riper love than youth,
 With less of passion and more of truth,
 With quieter joys and less of strife;
 Less scepticism,
 More memories;
 A steadier light, a holier fire,
 The blessed peace of a wise desire,
 And a rose the morning has not known--
 Rest never gained till the sunset's glow."

As the years went by, "Father" will came to be regarded as the witziest, naughtiest, most brilliant preacher in Iowa. His sermons mainly sparkling. They were full of jokes and quaint sayings. They were sententious and epigrammatic in the extreme; and they were always short. Twenty minutes was his rule; and he said more in twenty minutes than most men in forty.

He was the model pastor described in his article. He loved his people and told them so; and they loved him and were not ashamed to acknowledge it.

Mr. Will also was a great force in the advancement of his own parish. For many years he was on the executive committee of the Iowa Missionary Society. For a number of years he was a trustee of Iowa College. His alma mater honored him and herself by giving him the title of Doctor of Divinity.

But all things must come to an end. One day he fell

to me: "The Will at Atlantic is not resigning. I am going to resign." He did not resign at once, for he was persuaded not to, but he did soon after. The July issue of Non-Resistional Love for 1905 reports his resignation as follows:

"At last; we are really prepared for it. Of course, it had to come sometime, but that time was always far further away. But of a sudden it is here, and Brother Will at Atlantic has resigned! He did it and there was no perceptible jar in the earth's motion. All again remained as they had been before. But there was a jar in Atlantic in the hearts of the people, a jar of which had been with them ever since those first days at Green City, where the young man, not long out of the army, an inexperienced preacher, and an unpractised pastor, began with them. They went with him to Atlantic, when that town sprang up on the railroad. They have stayed with him ever since--a total of thirty-nine years. But there are two things--the very best. The large Atlantic congregation has been building up, and Brother Will through these many years--the people gathering there to improve the business opportunities of a growing town, having been drawn out and held together by the ministrations of this faithful man, and their children also. They have been led to Christian faith through his work, and the church has become strong and influential."

"He was known as a good citizen, honest, with an old soldier's spirit to good and dignified respect of evil which was so ready to steal into and surround themselves in the life of a young city. He was both a teacher and a sympathetic pastor and

"From the little town of Tabor, students have gone to many parts of the world. On coming to California, I found large number of old students in business: The Superintendent of schools in Redlands; the county superintendent in this county; the superintendent of missionary work among the Spanish-speaking people; the superintendent of an orphan's home in Los Angeles, all were Tabor students."

Mr. Brooks was ordained November 7, 1866. This occasion was noted in the News-Letter for January 1867, as follows:

"Prof. W. M. Brooks of Tabor was ordained to the work of the ministry at Tabor by a council, November 7th. The sermon was by Rev. J. B. Chase, of Council Bluffs; ordaining prayer by Rev. O. W. Cooley; charge to the pastor by Prof. J. Wright; and fellowship of the churches by Rev. John Todd."

Of his other work in Iowa, Mr. Brooks says:

"Besides carrying on the work in Tabor, I did many outside things. For some years, I was president of the county temperance society, and made many temperance addresses during the campaign for the prohibitory amendment in 1882. I was county superintendent of schools in Fremont county from 1861 to 1865. I was presidential elector in 1876; and I was a member of the House of Representatives in Iowa in 1876-78."

"I was president of the Tabor and Northern Railroad from 1891 to 1899. Twice I was moderator of the Iowa State Congregational Association."

"I was once president of the Iowa State Teachers' Association. I was delegate to the National Council in 1871, and

to every council except one after that until I left Iowa. I was ex officio a member in 1898 by virtue of being a Trustee of the National Council, and one of the Provisional Committee.

"By addresses at teachers' conventions, political conventions, Sunday school gatherings--once at the state Y. M. C. A. meeting--and many times at religious gatherings I came into touch with a large number of people in Iowa. One year I spoke in forty different churches in Iowa."

Notwithstanding the various activities of Pres. Brooks, the literature concerning him is rather meagre. The only mention of him in the News-Letter is the paragraph already quoted, although at this time he had been in Iowa for ten years. His name does not appear at all in the "Annals of Iowa;" and not often in Congregational Iowa. I find no contribution from him in this paper.

He had been in Iowa ten years before his name appeared in the State Minutes. The first mention of him was made in 1867 at the meeting held at Muscatine, the record being:

"William M. Brooks, president of Tabor College, made a statement of its condition and prespects."

The rulers of our Israel--Pres. Magoun, etc.--in early days would not permit a word from Tabor College in the meetings of the General Association.

In 1872, at the meeting held in Sioux City, "by vote of the association, Prof. Wright and Pres. Brooks made some statements in regard to Tabor College." This was a special concession by special vote.

In 1877, Mr. Brooks had grown large enough to be the Associational preacher--and that at Des Moines in the Plymouth Church.

In 1878, the meeting was at Tabor. Of course, Pres. Brooks and the Tabor College were a great deal in evidence at this meeting. The president made a somewhat extended statement respecting the college.

I have occasion to remember Tabor in 1878, for I was moderator of the Association; and Brother E. Adams--that saintliest man of the Iowa Band--pushed me off a fence, and tore my coat, and I was conscious of an extra seam up my back as I sat in the moderator's chair with the great college choir behind me.

Again in 1879, at Grinnell, Pres. Brooks spoke for the college, and was chairman of the committee on resolutions.

He was twice moderator of the General Association--at Dubuque in 1883, and at Grinnell in 1888. The president comes into a good degree of prominence at the Semi-Centennial of the General Association, the meeting being held in the Plymouth church in Des Moines, in May of 1890. At this meeting he read a paper of fifty years of education in Iowa. The article was published in the supplement of the Minutes. Some of the points and paragraphs of the paper were as follows:

"The history of half a century of education in Iowa, if fully written, would fill many volumes. Details cannot be given, personal histories must find a place elsewhere, only a picture here and there of what was and what is. In a state

which has grown in fifty years from forty-three thousand to nearly two million, second in intelligence and character to the people of no other state, it takes a vivid imagination to get even a faint glimpse of the work accomplished.

"It would not be far out of the way to say that the educational history of Iowa began fifty years ago. Yet there are indications that those who found homes here previous to 1840, were not less fertile in educational plans than those who came after them."

"The first school was taught in what is now Lee county, almost sixty years ago (in October of 1830, by Berryman Jennings.)

"The territory legislature not only gave attention to public schools of lower grade, but with less hesitation than the legislators of to-day was ready to make large plans for higher education. Acts were passed incorporating nine institutions of learning, when as yet there were in the territory scarcely young people enough to sustain one."

"From 1840 to 1853 may be called the age of the log school house, for up to that date, although Iowa is a prairie state, there were more log school houses than those of all other materials. For the present purpose, I divide the subject into the following heads: 1, the public schools; 2, the private schools; 3, the Congregational schools.

"The public school system of Iowa is one in which we may justly take pride. The results, though not all we could wish, are tending toward perfection, and the excellence of our public schools has been largely owing to the institutions of higher education."

"Through the teachers sent out by academies and colleges, the spirit of these higher schools has permeated every grade below them and lifted them to a plane of usefulness they never attain when these higher schools are wanting. The higher education of youth has been left largely to private schools, and it might safely have been all left to them."

"The private seminaries, academies and colleges, many of them may have been started without counting the cost and some have failed. They have ceased to be known; their doors have been closed and their names dropped from the record; but possibly the success of even some of these dead institutions may be written in letters of gold, when the "Book of Life" is open. In the higher spiritual realm of thought, there is no failure worth noting except failure in character. Suppose Denmark Academy should open its doors no more. Would its influence therefore cease? That influence that has gone out from that little country village off the railroad where this Association was formed, since Prof. Edson first went there in 1852, is not bounded by Iowa, nor by the civilized world. Many in heathen lands who never heard the name of Denmark or its teachers have learned to sing the songs of the new light and the joy of heaven has been greater because a christian academy was started there. What is true of Denmark is true of every school where christian teachers have poured out their lives in training students. Thousands who have never heard of school or teacher have entered into the spirit of their lives through those who have first felt its transforming power. It would be a fruitless task to find even the names of all the schools for higher education which have

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the result of a new system of education and instruction
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had an existence in Iowa in these fifty years."

"Of the denominational and private schools in Iowa, there are now reported seventeen academies, four normal schools, and twenty-one colleges, not counting Roman Catholic institutions. Only one of these academies (Denmark) and one of these colleges (Grinnell) existed previous to forty years ago. Sixteen of the colleges were incorporated previous to 1870, and two of the academies. In general, the academies and normal schools are of recent origin."

"What part have the Congregational churches had in the higher education in Iowa? As is usual we have had a larger share in the management of state schools than our numbers would warrant."

"What has made Denmark Academy a power in our state and in the world? Many influences have contributed to it; especially should be named the work of Rev. Asa Turner; but indefinitely more than all else, its life and power for good under God has been due to the patient, persevering, devoted labor of Prof. H. K. Edson, and his wife, who found, in September of 1852, one small room and eighteen pupils ready for them. With no endowment, they built up an academy of high grade, fitting students for college, until they enrolled three hundred for the year, from fifteen different states. For twenty-seven years they rejoiced in their work, bearing burdens which none can understand except by experience. They had an important part in molding the character of more than two thousand three hundred students who went out from Denmark, some to occupy prominent places, as Pres. Adams, of

Cornell University, and many less known to the world, to make happier homes and better citizens because of their life at Denmark. In 1879, they left a flourishing school with one of the best buildings in the state, and the beginnings of an endowment. When they left, the shock was so great as to threaten the life of the school; but the past three years have been years of steady advance, and its friends hope that foundation so well laid may be permanent."

"It is not necessary for me to speak at length on Iowa or Tabor Colleges. The story of their beginning and work has been widely published; yet this paper would seem to lack in an essential part without something more than the mere mentioning of them."

"Iowa College, the oldest in the state, has had a history in the devotion of its founders--the planning for large and permanent work when means were limited, which has been repeated in the establishment of many of the christian colleges of the country. The college began in 1848 at Davenport, was removed to Grinnell in 1858 to secure a more central location, and the surrounding influence of a sympathetic christian colony."

"In 1871, its building was burned and was soon replaced by a more substantial one. June 17, 1882, its two buildings were completely destroyed by a tornado, but the storm did not destroy the courage of its friends. The prosperity of Iowa College, indeed, dates from the tornado. All its facilities have been multiplied. The whole number of students from the opening of the college in 1848 is between five

thousand and eight thousand; they have gone to all parts of the world."

"The names of men who have made Iowa College what it is would fill a long column. After the names of the Iowa Band and some of the early preachers and trustees, probably should be placed side by side in most honorable and conspicuous mention, the name of George F. Magoun, D. D., and Hon. J. B. Grinnell."

"It was most fortunate for the college that to Prof. Leonard F. Parker and wife, who came to Grinnell in 1856, fell the larger share of the educational work and responsibility of laying the foundations of Iowa College at Grinnell, previous to 1864. Prof. S. J. Buck has given faithful and efficient service as a member of the faculty for twenty-six years, and Prof. Jesse Macy, for twenty years. Others who have done equally faithful work for a shorter time cannot here be named."

TABOR COLLEGE.

"In the summer of 1847, the year after the admission of Iowa to the Union, and the year before the opening of Iowa College at Davenport, was the time when a few christian families in Oberlin, Ohio, were praying and planning for a college, and if you had listened, you would have heard that the burden of their prayer was for Iowa and for the millions that were to find homes in this rich interior land they then called the "far West".

"Their plan, like that of the Iowa Band, included a college. They counted not the cost any more than they counted

the cost of bringing up their children. It was a necessity for the civilization they sought. Western Iowa and all beyond them to the Rocky Mountains was an unoccupied field in college plans."

"A board of trustees was incorporated in 1854, and an academy opened in 1857, and a college in 1866. I need not recount the story of the gifts of the people to the college. If any community in this country has ever given for any public object so large a part of their means as the people of Tabor have given to Tabor College, it has never been published or has escaped my notice. When Pres. Fairchild, of Oberlin was consulted about the wisdom of opening a college department at Tabor, he replied, 'If you establish a college at Tabor, somebody's bones will ache.' He was a true prophet. Some unusual obstacles added to the burden, but did not take away the joy of success. If it were not true that colleges die hard, probably few of the christian colleges of the country would have survived the early struggles.

"The enrollment of different students each year for fifteen years at Tabor has exceeded two hundred, a large percent of these have gone out to teach. Eight, whose names appear in the first catalog, became ministers. A very large part of those who have studied for any length of time have been helped to a truer view of life, and most have become Christians. Not far from three thousand students have gone out from Tabor. The influence of such men as Rev. Dr. Hill, of Atlantic, Rev. L. L. West of Winona, Minnesota, or Rev.

A. B. Case of Parral, Mexico, or such woman as Miss Townshend, who laid down her life for India, cannot be estimated by material standards."

"Conspicuous among the early men who labored at Tabor, were Prof. Johnson Wright, and Deacon George B. Gaston, who have passed on to their reward. They were rare men in their consecration. With these men should be named Rev. John Todd, who is still an honored father among us."

"Tabor College was so poor at its beginning that it took the principal of the academy for president and has not yet been blessed with another. The three years previous to the last have been years of more than usual discouragement, but ~~new~~ railroad connections controlled by friends of the college (toward the building of which the people of the town voted unanimously a five per cent tax and then purchased nearly four times as much stock) and with increased endowment the outlook for Tabor College is brighter than for many years."

To this paper was added a supplemental note, which was as follows:

"The modest historian is likely to slight his own fame in recording events in which he acted a conspicuous part.

"Pres. William M. Brooks came to Iowa in 1857 to be the organizer and head of the educational interests which brought the founders of Tabor College to the West. That position he has held for thirty-three years. All this time he has held the love and honor of the thousands of students who have come under his care, the unwavering confidence of trustee, both/as to soundness of judgment, and kindness and purity of purpose,

and held the position before the public of being a necessity to the life of the institution. His influence upon general educational work in the western part of the state is beyond estimate. No good movement has been without his personal interest and effort."

"'College President' is our highest title of American nobility because fo a few well-known names, honored by all scholars and intelligent, loving, good men. In this class Pres. Brooks belongs. Large gifts, drawn by faith in his wisdom and integrity, reveal a part of the estimate in which he is held. The influence of such workers will not be known until the day when the secrets of the earth shall be revealed."

"Signed By E. S. Hill,

Thomss McClelland."

Only three years later, in 1893, at the Muscatine meeting, Pres. Brooks had another state paper on the topic, "Congregationalism as a Factor in our History." A little portion of this is here recorded:

"The United States of America is unique in its origin, its development, if not in the quality of its civilization. The history of our nation is never to be repeated; for if times made it possible, there is no room on the face of the globe for another such nation to arise, unless the Lord should lift another continent from the bed of the ocean. Our beginning was marvelous; our history a constant wonder to the nations of the Old World. We have successfully met difficulties which seemed to them unsurmountable. We must look for the

explanation of our history in the development of individual character; and for this development of character to the principles upon which was built the faith of the Pilgrims."

"In speaking of Congregationalism as a factor in our history I speak of one element without which there would be an appreciable loss; without which our civilization would be something less, something different from what it is."

"Congregationalism at its birth renounced spurious creeds and meaningless ceremonies."

"Our Father asserted freedom of conscience to worship God. They read their Bibles literally, 'call no man Master;' they denied the authority of the ruling government, and of the established church, over the spiritual thought and life of the individual. The polity they adopted exalted the individual, and developed character, by placing upon him new responsibilities. It went back to the old Hebrew idea of God, as head over all; the one supreme sovereign, to whom every human soul owed allegiance; and, in spiritual things to him only."

"The experiences of the founders of our faith and polity in England and in Holland were more trying than words can describe. Such experiences this country does not know. The persecutions, the imprisonments, the martyred lives, developed a sturdy band, with the characteristics of the early christian martyrs. Fidelity, unquestioned obedience to the call of duty, wrought out in them an unwavering faith in God, and a loyalty and love for each other. From that band of Pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock, the chaff had

been winnowed. There was no place among them for hypocrites or doubting ones.

"Amidst the storm they sang,

And the stars heard and the sea!

And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang

To the anthem of the free!

What sought they thus afar?

Bright jewels of the mind?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?

They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod!

They have left unstained what there they found

Freedom to worship God!"

"Our American republic itself is the best exhibition of a great people governing themselves the world has ever seen; is a direct outgrowth of the principles for which the founders of our Congregational polity endured persutions and exile; principles for which they gave their lives."

"It is a well-known fact that the organization of a Congregational church in Virginia gave to Thomas Jefferson the idea of the kind of a republic which should be formed, and this idea was wrought into our organic law. But this fact, though an interesting one, is of far less consequence than this other fact that the ideas and principles for which our Pilgrim Fathers contended have entered into the thought and life of the people, showing itself not only in the national and state governments, but in the organization of societies

of every description, and it has greatly modified the systems of government of all religious denominations."

"Sometimes there has been a boasting of greater numbers in some other denominations as shown by the census than in the Congregational body, as indicating a wider influence. All such boasting is vain; for have not the principles which lie at the foundation of Congregationalism entered into and modified them all? The sons of the Pilgrims have been taught to adhere to principles, rather than to maintain any particular form, so that they have entered into their surroundings with such spirit as to secure the best possible results."

"In talking with a Presbyterian elder in Indianapolis, I said, 'I should think a man who holds the sentiment you do in matters of reform would be a Congregationalist.' 'Well,' said he, 'I was a Congregationalist in New England, but I came here before there was a Congregational church. I believe still that Congregationalism is best for people when they know enough.' It is the glory of our training that true Congregationalists are first loyal to Christ, and where they do not find surroundings to exactly suit their church preferences, they do not stand aloof, but help to build up the churches of Christ, of whatever denomination seems to promise the best results. I care not for statistics, whether large or small, only as they are an indication of the progress of Christ's kingdom."

"Congregationalism is nothing except as a factor to build up that kingdom. Christianity is everything; for its spread only are we Congregationalists. In so far as the principles of Congregationalism have helped to lift men up and to help

to bring out the Christ-like character, has it been successful under whatever name it has been wrought out. The Savior said to his disciples, 'He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.'

"Look at the educational history of the country. Who were the first to found colleges, those fountains of knowledge which from their commanding heights have sent streams of influence to the minutest parts of society, giving better teachers in the remotest log school house of the land, touching the rough life of the miner's camp, reaching the family life on distant provinces, giving power to the church to reach the city slums as well as the higher walks of our civilization."

"Whence comes the names American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; American College and Educational Society; American Home Missionary Society; American Missionary Associations? They were pioneers. They were organized not to spread Congregationalism, but on such a basis that all christians might unite in the spread of the gospel. Those American societies, are Congregational only because other denominations have organized societies each for itself, and left. The American societies organized on a basis which may include any and all without regard to sects, without regard even to the Congregationalists."

"When those students met under the haystack at Williams College, to pray that God would open the door for them to preach the gospel in heathen lands, their thought was not to spread any sect. The fire which burned in their hearts was a

consuming fire; other hearts must be kindled to a flame. The light God had made to shine in their lives must light the dark places of the earth, or they could not rest."

"Those who founded the American College and Educational Society and the American Home Missionary Society did so under a pressing sense of the needs of the West, altogether superior to any denominational considerations. That the civilization and thrift, and type of character which landed at Plymouth have entered into and given tone to the growing empires of the Interior and West is too well known to need remarks."

"In the providence of God, the American Missionary Association was formed not to organize a society to do a specific work, but under an overwhelming sense of the need of an organization to unite the efforts of all who would help God's poor and lift up the oppressed races."

"The history of the organization of the benevolent societies under the control of the Congregational churches of our land is unique. They were not sectarian organizations. There is nothing in other denominations with which to compare it."

"The best civilization to be found in all this broad land can be traced directly to New England; and the founders of New England were Congregationalists."

"Whenever you find a man especially distinguished for his ability, the chances are ten to one that he or his father was from New England. If there is a state university specially successful and widely known, you may without in-

quiry take it for granted that a son of the Pilgrims is at the head. The richest university in the land, said to have an endowment of twenty millions, looked up a Congregationalist to take charge of it."

"The Y. P. S. C. E., the mightiest christian movement of the present century was started in a Congregational church, not in any sense as a sectarian movement, but to develop loyalty to Christ, and for his sake loyalty to men in building up each particular church. It is as well adapted to the churches of one denomination as another; but, as our American benevolent societies have become Congregational by the withdrawal of other denominations, so the organization so well adapted to unite the efforts of the young people of every name have been left by large numbers in some denominations, and other Unions and Leagues have been formed. For the spread of christianity, to be sure, but for its spread under sectarian forms. If this organization which has had a growth unparalleled, is not finally left to Congregationalists alone, it will be another proof of the prevalence of the ideas which gave birth to the Congregational system.

"Congregationalism is not independency. The fellowship of the churches is an essential element. I would not, in any sectarian spirit, boast because the founders of our civil and religious liberty were Congregationalists; because they gave to us our system of schools and colleges; because they were pioneers in our benevolent organizations; because the ideas for which they contended have become so wide-spread that many now do not recognize them as Congregational ideas.

No, but it is fitting that now and then, on occasions like this, we recall the facts of history. Without doubt, the Congregational polity follows closely that given in the New Testament; but since the principles for which our fathers gave their lives have entered into and modified other denominations, we may clasp hands with them and heartily unite to hasten the dawning of the day, when the Master's prayer shall be fully answered: 'That they may all be one, as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee; and that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me.'"

There is some reference to Mr. Brooks in Congregational Iowa, although nothing from his pen was published in this paper. In the July issue of 1892, an article on Tabor College speaks of the president on this wise:

"Rev. William M. Brooks has been at the head of the school from the beginning, giving thirty-five years of continuous service. Very much of the success of the college is due to his untiring work and splendid executive ability. He now devotes his time to the finances and to the managements of the larger concerns of the school, while the local management is in the hands of a vice president; this office being created at the suggestion of Pres. Brooks, one year ago."

In 1902, the Tabor church observed its fiftieth anniversary. Pres. Brooks came on from California to take part in the exercises. He gave the main historical address. In this, discourse, he spoke of the eventful character of the past fifty years, abroad as well as locally. He eulogized Father Todd and his able work; also Deacon George B. Gaston, so

prominent in church and college life in the early days; Origin Cummings, who tramped across the country from Ohio in pioneer days; and of Prof. Johnson Wright, who came to Tabor in 1866. He spoke of the prominent part that Tabor had in making Kansas a free state, and quoted Mr. Richardson in his history as saying: "Tabor, according to its ability, did more to make Kansas a free state than any other place in the country." In the life of John Brown, recently published under the title of "Time and Change," the author says: "Tabor, Iowa, should be remembered in history as giving more men and treasure in behalf of freedom in proportion to population than any other town in the United States. The President, also, spoke of the six hundred and thirty-four, who since the church was organized joined by letter, and eight hundred and one on confession of faith; of the fact that the church had sent out thirty ministers, one hundred and eighty-three teachers, and twenty-seven who had become wives of ministers.

He named two of the church member still living who went as nurses in the Civil War. He suggested as chapter titles in a book that might well be written about Tabor: "Tabor and the Free State Cause in Kansas;" "John Brown and Tabor;" "The Conductors of the Underground Railroad;" "The Church and the College." He said that no one would be a better writer for the chapter of the Underground Railroad than Rev. E. S. Hill, D. D., who was in the audience.

As we have seen, Mr. Brooks left Iowa in 1896. He went to California, locating at Redlands. He did not go from Iowa of his own free choice. He was obliged to go--not to escape the clutches of the law, but to escape the clutches

of an invisible hand which sought to throttle him. He was the victim of the asthma. Often he would rise from his bed in the night time and start off to find a place where he could breathe. Sometimes a trip of a few miles would bring temporary relief. Sometimes he traveled far before the grip upon his throat relaxed.

In 1907, he came back to Iowa to attend the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Tabor College. After his address, gasping for breath while he said it, he said to me: "I would not spend another day in Iowa for five hundred dollars."

In these references and writings, we get a fair picture of the man. Physically, he was large and strong. He was rather moderate in movement and in speech. His eyes did not often flash. He was a son of thunder only on rare occasions, though he was always plain-spoken and bold for the truth as he conceived it.

Pres. Brooks was preeminently a practical man. He was not a great scholar or teacher or preacher. He had but little imagination, poetic insight, or philosophic grasp. He was plain and practical, but a clear-eyed and hard-headed man. He was a great administrator. He had a genius for construction. He was a master builder. Everything he touched prospered in his hands.

He was a great financier. He was the boss beggar of our fraternity. He had this reputation not only in Iowa, but also in New England. He found fine gleaning where other college presidents found nothing. He had a way of assurance and

humility which opened the hearts and the pocket books of the people.

He once asked the general manager of a railroad for an annual over his line. "On what do you ground your application?" said the railroad official. "On the ground that I do not wish to pay my fare," responded the president. "A man so frank and cheeky as that, is entitled to a pass" said the manager.

The assignment now made to others was first made to Pres. Brooks by Dr. Frisbe when he said: "If there is room for another beggar in Abraham's bosom, he is to have the position."

Pres. Brooks, though a plain and hard-headed man, was also a man of fine sensibilities. He had a very tender heart. He was easily moved to tears, and he was not ashamed of them. I have often seen his big manly face suffused and wet with tears. His heart made quick response to any tale of suffering or heroism, or any appeal for sympathy and help.

He was a man of great humility and simplicity of character. He never sought the chief seat in the synagogue. He did not push himself to the front. He did not presume to take the platfrom unless he was specially invited. He had no desire or inclination to compare Tabor with Grinnell. He did not resent it when Iowa College was called "Our College," and Tabor not mentioned. He was perfectly content to stand in his lot and place and do the work assigned him.

He was, also, preeminently a brotherly man. He was a brother to everybody, and a big brother to many. In his

thought and feeling and conduct, he had no inferiors. He had a large capacity for fellowship.

A big, rare, fine, splendid, faithful, forceful man, was this William Myron Brooks, President of Tabor College. In the eightieth year of his life he is still in the flesh residing at Los Angeles, California.

Nineteenth sketch,

Stephen D. Peet.

Stephen Dennison Peet was born in Euclid, Ohio, December 2, 1830.

In 1851, just as he had reached his majority, he graduated from Beloit College, and from Yale Divinity School in 1853. He was ordained February 27, 1855.

His first pastoral work was in Wisconsin. August, 1855, he was commissioned for Genesee, Eagle Center, and Antioch. From this field he reports (March 1857) a visit from Rev. Mr. Foote, of Delavan, who assisted him in pastoral and missionary work in the regions about. He speaks especially of the difficulties in the way.

In October of 1857, he was commissioned for New London and Hortonville, and continued in this field for two years. From this parish he reports in November of 1858, still dwelling on the hard things of the service. He writes as follows:

"I have endeavored since I came here to supply this region with Sabbath School and other religious books. There is great need for such books. A great many families here are destitute both of Sabbath and gospel privileges, and of religious books, who would be glad to secure them. A great many foreigners are gathering in this region, who would willingly take and read tracts and books published in their own languages. A great many young men go every winter into the woods from this point, who would be glad to get religious books to read on the Sabbath. A great many travelers, too,

in passing up and down the river on the steamboats, are destitute of anything to read, and are ready to take a tract or a religious book if it is placed before them. But we have been deprived of religious books entirely. I have spared from my own library all that I could to supply the Sabbath schools in the vicinity, and to give to those who needed them. I have also received a few from the agents of the American Reform Tract and Book Society; but some of our great publishing and book selling societies seem to be of no possible advantage to regions like this, where the influence is most needed, for they demand the money for their books, and the money we have not. I sometimes feel as a mechanic who is obliged to work without tools. If I had the means or the books in my hands, I might accomplish very much good by distributing and depositing them in the right places.

"One of the great barriers in the way of accomplishing good in this place has been the want of a church building. During the winter, everything seemed ready for a revival. The congregations were large and solemn, but we had no church building. The hall which we occupied was engaged nearly every evening in the week, and we had no place to go for religious meetings. The need of a church building was then felt so much that an effort was made in the early spring for the erection of one. Every one seemed willing to do what he could. Lumber was subscribed, and labor enough offered to build it, but the money was wanting, and here the matter stands. If we had three hundred dollars in money, we might have a church building very soon. But now I fear that for want of

a little money, we shall have to go without for another year or perhaps longer.

"Will not some of those christians who go every Sabbath to their rich and splendid churches and enjoy their cushioned and carpeted pews and sit listening to the strains of the organ, and the music of the well-paid choir, as well as the preaching of their well-read minister, think occasionally of their brethren in the wilderness, who have to go every Sabbath up a crazy pair of stairs into a long, dark hall over a store, with about half seats enough to accomodate the congregation?

"Every Sabbath, the view of our increasing congregation and of strangers in the place, as well as the knowledge that a large number do not attend meetings on account of the want of a church, convinces me more and more that we must have one; and yet we have no money. There is no money in the place. I do not receive any money from my people, and do not expect it. If it were not for your remittances, I should no doubt have suffered for many of the comforts and necessities of life; and yet the people give of what they have willingly and freely."

From 1860 to 1863, Mr. Peet was stationed at Fox Lake. In 1864 and 1865, he was at Racine; and in 1864 and 1866, at Elkhorn.

July 22, 1866, he began a short pastorate at New Oregon, Iowa. He was in the field when this country village moved up to Cresco, the new station on the Milwaukee road. His coming to Iowa is noted in the News-Letter of August 1866, as follows:

"Rev. S. D. Peet, lately of Wisconsin, has accepted an invitation to labor with the Congregational church at New Oregon; Father Windsor having been constrained by the state of his wife's health to seek a location in the southern part of the state."

In December of 1866, there is in the News-Letter another item respecting Mr. Peet which reads:

"Rev. S. D. Peet, of New Oregon, writes us of a marked temperance revival in that place. Meetings are held weekly and all the saloons are closed except one where only Lager beer is professedly sold."

In 1867, two of Mr. Peet's reports were published, both of them complaining of the hardships of the field. The first published in April is as follows:

"The difference between a missionary life and an ordinary pastorate is just the difference between working upon the raw material and upon the manufactured fabric. Both are necessary but very different. The man who, in Wall Street, buys and sells his gold "Change", who buys and sells his wheat by the carload knows little of the work of him who digs alone in the mountains, or who sows his grain into the open furrow. So the city pastor, with all the strain of nerve and mind, with all the activity of thought and readiness of manner required, knows little of the exposure of body, the vexation and care of mind, the wear and worry of life which the missionary on the frontier experiences; before the one is the work of man, the progress of history, and the advancement of civilization. Before the others there is the wilder-

ness of nature unbroken, the unformed state of society, and the very rudiments of morals to be taught. Rough loads, a rude state of society, and but little regard for religion --these are the common obstacles in missionary life.

"The comforts of his sanctuary, the privileges of society, the access to new books, time, and incentive for study, are privileges for which the missionary sighs, but often in vain. Struggling to keep himself up to the standard of a high christian cultivation, and to an intelligent christian activity, he finds little to encourage and much to hinder his progress. The sympathy he received from kind christian friends, the assistance from gifts and goods sent from a distance, the donation of new publications or periodicals, help to keep his heart alive, his mind fresh and vigorous, and his family comfortable, so that even in the wilderness of the far West, he may carry the ripe fruits of christian learning, the polish of cultivated manners, the freshness of the heart, ever alive and vigorous.

"The missionary rides over rough roads; he goes into the school house, rude as it is; he sits on the chair without a back; he administers the sacrament from a bottle, with a tumbler and a plate. He comes in contact with the rough and uncultivated in manners, and he feels the uncongeniality of his circumstances. But, silently and unconsciously, his plastic hand is molding the fabric of society into the polished and beautiful statue, and by and by it will appear that the divine model has been wrought out unseen. How many of these obscure artists have wrought out works which the skill

of Phidias, and the genius of Michael Angelo could never equal! With a divine spirit to give life to the work, those models of character leap out from the canvas, they break the bonds of marble, they become living angels in time, and glorified spirits in eternity.

"The work may be left unfinished, but other workmen shall complete it. With so many places demanding labor, only the corner stones may be laid; but like Paul, the missionary says: 'According to the grace of God, which is given unto me, as a wise master builder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon.'"

Reporting again in October of this year, Mr. Peet magnifies, at least he does not minify, the discomforts of the service. He writes:

"Though I have had an experience on the frontier of Wisconsin, yet I may say that I never knew so many hardships as have crowded into the past year of my missionary life. The failure of the crops brought such destitution into this country as no one could have anticipated or thought possible. From the month of March to the middle of May it seemed as if we should all starve. The first question with everyone was--how shall we live? Hundreds of cattle died, and there were cases of extreme suffering."

"One family consisting of four children, the youngest one not six years old, walked two hundred miles, begging their bread, until they could get to the railroad and so to their friends."

"Your missionary suffered with the rest. The expense of getting here and beginning housekeeping, combined with the destitution, made our circumstances very embarrassing. Had I not borrowed about two hundred dollars from friends, my family would have suffered for want of the necessities of life."

"Through the season, too, the wet weather has made it very uncomfortable to drive about, and the many rainy Sabbaths have made it difficult to keep up the congregations. The sloughs have been so bad that once I was obliged to get a team to pull my horse out of the mud by putting a chain around his neck. At another time, the water from a mud-hole came into the buggy, and my wife caught cold and was sick for several weeks."

"One abundant harvest would relieve present destitution, and all would be more hopeful."

From Iowa Mr. Peet returned to Ohio, beginning in 1869 a pastorate of about three years at Chatham. In this field, we have from him a cheerful communication, in which he tells of the transplanting, and so the perpetuation of religious institutions. In the Home Missionary for 1871, he writes:

"On the twenty-seventh of September last, a church of twenty members was organized at Covert, Michigan, by Rev. Mr. Anderson, and Rev. S. D. Peet, of Chatham, Ohio.

"One thing is worthy of remark concerning this church. It is the second colony which has gone out from the present church at Chatham. The first was organized at Wauseon, Ohio, some years ago, and Rev. M. N. Longley, now a Home

Missionary in Illinois, then pastor at Chatham, was present. The church at Chatham was itself a colony from the old church at Plainfield, Massachusetts, of which Rev. Moses Hallock was so long the pastor."

"Four members of the new colony at Covert were directly from the old church at Plainfield, and when one of these was selected to receive the right hand of fellowship from the pastors at Chatham, the coincidence was very striking. Here were three generations of colonies, and a recent missionary, and a son of a missionary was permitted to join their hands--the past with the future--New England and the Reserve with the West. Thus are covenant mercies transmitted and christian influences extended."

From 1873 to 1878, Mr. Peet was located at Ashtabula, the last two years without charge.

In 1878, he was in service at Unionville and North Madison.

In 1879, we find him back in Wisconsin in charge of the church at Clinton.

His next pastorate (1887-1891) was at Mendon, Illinois. From 1891-1893, he was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Avon. Then, from 1893 to 1895, he was located at Good Hope, and in 1895 began a residence of a decade or more in Chicago. Since 1910, he has been reported year by year in the Year Book as a citizen of Boston.

The records show that Mr. Peet was a good deal of an antiquarian. For a number of years he was editor of "The American Antiquity and Oriental Journal." Later he was con-

nected with the "Oriental and Biblical Journal;" and he was author of books on "Prehistoric America." He was honored with a Ph. D. from Beloit in 1890.

Mr. Peet's pastorate in Iowa, lasting only a few months, at Cresco, was without much significance. Father Windsor came back to Cresco in 1868, and found no cause for discouragement.

Evidently Mr. Peet was not quite at home in Home Missionary work. His interest was in books, and study, and literature, and not so much in missionary labors.

This venerable man is still in the land of the living, privileged to spend his last days in Boston. If he lives to December next, he will be eighty-four years old.

This brother did not live until December. He died at the home of his daughter in Northampton, Massachusetts, May 24, 1914, aged eighty-three years, five months, and twenty-two days. He was the son of Stephen Peet, the pioneer apostle of Congregationalism in Wisconsin, who organized fifty-two churches in that state, assisted in the founding of Beloit College, Rockford Seminary for Women, and the Chicago Theological Seminary. The son served churches in Ohio, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa, for over forty years. The Congregationalist, of June 4, 1914 says:

"The Wisconsin Indians early attracted his intellectual and religious interests, and he became known on both sides of the Atlantic as an authority in this field. He wrote the "Mound Builders," the "Cliff Dwellers," "Myths and Symbols,"

"Ancient Monuments and Ruined Cities." Doctor Peet started and for thirty-two years was sole editor of the American Antiquarian, and the pioneer American Journal in Archaeology. He was a member of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain, the Society of Biblical Archaeology, American Oriental Society, and others. His life was an inspiring combination of apostolic fervor and scholarship.

"He passed the latter years of his life in quiet retirement, living with his family in Salem, Massachusetts. Dr. Peet is survived by his widow, and sons and daughters who revere his memory. The funeral service was held at Northhampton, and the interment was at Beloit, Wisconsin.

Twentieth sketch,

Phares B. Harrison.

Phares Buck Harrison, son of Charles and Adeline (Buck) Harrison was born in Syrecuse, New York, June 22, 1822.

In early life, he was a sailor. He began his ministry as a Methodist minister at Lansing, Michigan, having graduated from Northwestern University, at Evanston.

In 1861, he enlisted in the army. He was ordained in 1862. The News-Letter for September 1866 has this item:

"A Mr. Harrison, formerly of the M. E. connection, was licensed to preach the gospel at the recent meeting of the Northwestern Association."

The report of this action by the Association is found in the News-Letter for November, 1866, and is as follows:

"Mr. F. B. Harrison of Webster City presented to the Association a request for licensure to preach the gospel. After satisfactory examination on points of christian experience and doctrinal belief, the candidate was approbated to preach the gospel for three years. The spirit of a sermon, by Brother Harrison, from I Corinthians 3:16, and his general demeanor as a servant of Christ, encouraged a strong confidence that he will show himself 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.'"

His first commission was dated September 1, 1866, and was for Otisville, Oakland, and Belmond. With the record of the commission was a note: "No church organization at Belmond, but hope soon to have one." The commission was re-

newed in 1867, and in 1868, but Mr. Harrison closed his labors in September of 1869.

From Iowa, he went to Buena Ventura, California, and was there for a part of 1870.

From 1871 to 1879, he was pastor at Bellingham Bay, Washington; and in 1880 and 1881, he was at North Seattle. After this last date, this was his home, without charge, until the day of his death.

He was twice married. Fanny Cook, to whom he was married in 1856, died in 1864. In 1865, he was married to Mary J. Butler, of Cascade, Iowa.

Of his ten children, only four were living at the time of their father's death. He died June 2, 1892, aged sixty-nine years, eleven months, and ten days.

Personally, I knew nothing of this brother. Evidently his education was limited. In a measure, he prepared the way for Father Sands at Belmond. The record of the organization of the Belmond church, found in the News-Letter for April, 1867, is as follows:

"A Congregational church of thirteen members has been organized at Belmond, Wright county, as a result of a series of meetings held there under the direction of Rev. P. B. Harrison. Some eight or ten more will probably soon unite with the church."

The church was organized March 3, 1867.

The result of Mr. Harrison's work at Otisville went into the making of the Presbyterian church at Dowes. He was in our Iowa service less than four years. More than any where else, he belongs to the state of Washington.

Twenty-first sketch,

John B. Lowery.

Here is another case in which I sought the living among the dead. I first made out a sketch from our denominational records which cover only a few months of the man's life. Then I wrote Brother M. P. Brace, of the Dunlap church. He could give me no certain information beyond the fact that Mr. Lowery was called to the Dunlap church for one year, October 17, 1866, at a salary of two hundred dollars; this amount to be raised by the church, expecting three hundred dollars additional from the Home Missionary Society; that he united with the church January 26, 1868, and was dismissed by letter July 2, 1886, his residence being on a farm about half way between Dunlap and Woodbine. Mr. Brace surmised that Mr. Lowery, after leaving our fellowship, united with the Presbyterian church at Woodbine.

With this suggestion, I wrote to the pastor of the Presbyterian church at Woodbine, asking him if he could give me any information respecting Mr. Lowery--the date and place of his birth, and when and where he died, etc. From this brother, I learned that Brother Lowery was still living an esteemed and honored citizen of Woodbine, and a Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian church.

Of course, my next step was to write to Mr. Lowery himself. This brought a lengthy reply, with a superabundance of material for the following sketch.

John B. Lowery, son of John and Nancy (Wilder) Lowery, was born in the little town of Oswegatchie, New York, March 27, 1841. His father, a native of Ireland, (born in 1809), was a Methodist preacher; his mother was a Vermonter.

"At the time of my birth," says Mr. Lowery, "my father was a Methodist Episcopal minister, having charge of what was called the Hammond circuit in the same county. After filling two more pastorates in Gouverneur, and Macomb, and having completed eight years' service in the M. E. church, he withdrew on account of slavery, intemperance, and episcopacy, and with several others who had seceded from the M. E. church, assisted in organizing the Wesleyan Methodist Connection. Father attended the first General Conference in 1844 of the Wesleyan Methodist church, and took work in Greenville, Washington county, New York. His next station was at Troy, New York, in 1845 and 1846.

"In 1847 and 1848, he was at Albany. In 1849 and 1850 and 1851, he was the conference missionary. In 1852 and 1853, he was stationed in New York City."

"My memory commences at the time when we were living in Troy, and was very vivid as we moved up and down the Hudson. In Albany I followed father about his pastoral work, and joined the Sunday school for the first time. At eleven years of age, I joined the church, and as I had inherited the gift of song from mother, and father could not sing a note, I was able to help him a little in his work."

"In New York City, I attended the public schools. When we moved from there, we went into the Catskill Mountain

country, twenty miles back from Kingston. We moved our furniture by boat, and thence by wagon to Woodstock. This was a picturesque country. It was settled by the Dutch in an early day, dating back to anti-renttimes. The trip was interesting to us children, and brought us face to face with a class of people we had never met before. The young people there never saw upholstered furniture, and called it stuffed furniture, and thought we were dressed too well. The four oldest were boys, in our family, and the native boys became somewhat jealous and threatened to mop the roads with us, but they did not. Matters were soon adjusted. The native boys wore jeans pants, and straw hats, and went to Sunday school and church barefoot until they were quite large. The girls wore coarse shoes, calico dresses, and gingham sunbonnets. After we got acquainted, we had the time of our lives visiting back and forth, attending parties, apple bees, and corn huskings, making cider, maple sugar, fishing and hunting. When we left, we sold our mahogany furniture at auction for a song. My oldest brother and father went to Kansas. I, with the rest of the family, went to Saratoga Springs, where father owned a small farm. Father had rather a rough experience in Kansas. He went up the Missouri in a boat with some ruffians. They threatened to throw him into the river; he dared them to do it, but they did not touch him. He was hunted by Quantrel's Band, but managed to escape them, and returned to Saratoga Springs, and engaged in missionary work and street preaching. He was once arrested for blocking the public highway, but was defended free of charge by a noted judge of the town. About this time the war feeling was very

tense, and it became unsafe to express one's opinions in public. Men were often knocked down and murdered outright. The demand for troops was very great. Our town being a rich one provided money to buy substitutes when a draft was made. My father having a large family and a small salary was unable to send his children to school.

"At this time, I commenced to work on my own account, and provided for myself thereafter. I made home headquarters; however, and having attended the singing school, I procured a tuning fork and led the choir. I also organized Sunday schools in the country."

"The next spring, I attended Conference and got an exhorter's license. The next spring after that, I got a preacher's license, and filled a vacancy in Cedar Street Church, Staton Island, New York. Some of our members were formerly members of Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn.

"During this time I was taking a course of study prescribed by the Conference for candidates for the ministry. The course was three years with annual examination by a committee appointed. The text books were prescribed and examinations were thorough."

"The next year I traveled a circuit near Libertyville, Sullivan county, New York. They were raising a regiment of soldiers at that time in Liberty. Most of the able-bodied boys enlisted. I was invited to go with them, and they offered to elect me to a lieutenancy if I would go. One young preacher did go for the sake of the good he thought he could do among the soldiers. His head was shot off in his first

battle. I did not seem lack physical courage because I had already been tested, but I was too much of a Quaker, and was thinking at that time of 'peace on earth and good will to men.' After the bodies of the soldiers began to come back for burial, the people were distracted and grief-stricken. It was not much use for an able-bodied young man talking religion to the people when quite a few of them blamed the abolitionists for bringing on the war.

"The next season, I passed a credible examination for ordination, and was ordained in the Bethel Church, Albany, New York. I left my ordination papers with the Council Bluffs Association, and I have nothing to refer to, but think the year was 1862."

"The contrabands were gathering thick around the soldiers about this time. I got appointed by the American Missionary Association to labor among them. I visited the Virginia coast at old Point Comfort, where there was a school already established; and went on to Fort Yorktown, and organized a school of colored children and adults in the oldest church building in America. During my stay in Yorktown, thirty thousand soldiers were camped on the grounds."

"Returning from my visit to the Fort, I failed to reach it before the sun-down gun was fired, and was held up by the sentry on the walls. I was led in by an orderly squad, and made to report to the captain, and was released. There was so much malaria on the coast that I returned home in the fall, sick."

"The next season, however, I tried ti again in a differ-

ent locality. I went to Camp Nelson, Kentucky and joined John G. Fee, a prominent educator in Kentucky, whose school building had been burned because he took in students from both races. He was located in one end of a white regiment's barracks, and four of us formed a mess and hired a cook. We received rations from the governor the same as the soldiers. The camp was nine miles in length, and devoted to organizing and drilling colored troops, mostly. Our business was to teach the colored soldiers to read and write so that they could handle passes. We also preached to them on the Sabbath.

"Several native farmers were living within the bounds of this camp, having taken the oath of allegiance to the government. They disliked to have anything done for the colored people or troops, and when passing over those farmsteads one day, I was fired upon but did not report the incident."

"Two had already been murdered, and no one seemed to be able to find out who did it. In Fort Yorktown, I could hear the boom of cannon at the time of battle, and saw Gen. Custer for the first time, and saw bodies piled up like cord wood when it was time for burial, also saw something of the hurried movements of troops at night. The climate there was very bad, and I returned home in the winter, much out of health. In the summer of 1864, August 6th, I was married to Helen M. Deuel, of Greenfield, Saratoga county. The following winter we made preparations to go West."

"In the spring of 1865, we found ourselves in Tabor, Iowa. I put in some crops, and preached some in the adjoining villages. By attending the Congregational church, I got acquainted with the Rev. John Todd, and Deacon Gaston. Father

Todd induced me to attend the Association that fall. I joined it, and took work in Harrison county, near Dunlap. I preached in school houses, on Mill Creek, and Picayune. The Northwestern Railroad was being graded that year between Dunlap and Woodbine.

"My wife had the typhoid fever that year, and I was still bilious from the effects of my trip south. The Harrison township society became interested in building a new church in the little town of Dunlap just starting."

"Then I went to farming, having bought a forty-acre tract of raw prairie. When our little house was built, we did not have any more money, and not a furrow was broken on the land; but we were able to rent three acres of ground for a garden. After my place was improved, it was too small, and I traded for one hundred and sixty acres, and kept on buying until I had four hundred and forty acres in one body."

"Our church letters were kept in Dunlap, and I acted as deacon for a while, and preached in the new church building once by invitation. It was too far for human endurance to attend church in Dunlap, and our letters were transferred to the first Presbyterian church of Woodbine. I was elected elder, first, and held the office nearly up to the present time."

"During my stay on the farm, I was engaged in Sunday school work the most of the time. The last five years, I acted as superintendent in one school house continuously. I carried the Presbyterian preacher out from town, and established a regular appointment. Forty members were taken into the Woodbine Association. My children were grown up and wanted

both founded on the same principles in all cases. I
 found it, and took care to preserve it, from falling, I
 visited the school house, on all days, and especially, the
 first day of the year, and found that the school was
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to go by themselves, so I deeded one hundred and twenty acres of land to my boy, and gave my daughter one thousand dollars to help her husband buy a farm near Woodbine.

"My wife's health was so broken at that time, I, rather than to hire help, sold my land and moved to Woodbine."

"When we moved into Woodbine, they were trying to build a new house of worship, and I was able to contribute with the best of them for that purpose."

"Our church here was mostly Congregational, except in form, but was served by Presbyterian ministers. At one time, we had five elders from the Congregational church, and only one Presbyterian. Our relations were pleasant."

"Perhaps no two persons think alike in religious matters. Since coming to town I have bought and sold two pieces of land, and now own two hundred and forty acres in Lincoln township, besides my property in town, and am able to live off my share of the crops."

"I am an old man, now, seventy-three years of age, but I am still able to work some; and in looking over the past have no regrets, unless it might be that I have not been more useful to humanity. I lacked a little in literary training, but did not want for theological knowledge. At least I have heard nothing new or better in the fifty years past. The difference in my early days and more recent years is this: preachers seemed to believe what they preached in the early days, but they can hardly convince the people that they do now."

"In these days of criticism of church dogma, it is per-

haps the best preparation for service for humanity is a strong love for God and man."

Rev. S. X. Cross, the pastor of the Woodbine church testifies; "Mr. Lowery has preached occasionally all through the years, and has always been a force in the church work here. He is one of the most highly esteemed men in the church and the whole community."

Twenty-second sketch,

Francis Fawkes.

Francis Fawkes, son of Samuel and Sarah (Austin) Fawkes, was born in the parish of Kingstanley, Gloucestershire, England, December 20, 1838.

Both his father and his mother were natives of the same village in which he was born, and were of genuine English ancestry. For many years they were employed in the cloth factory located in the town. Following their son, in 1867, they came to the United States, locating at Durango, near Dubuque.

The boy Francis entered the village school of Kingstanley at the age of seven, and continued in the same for about six years; and this was almost the sum total of his schooling. He became an educated man, but he did not get his learning from academy or college. He picked it up along the way. He got it by persistent self-training; by a most careful use of the spare moments; by seizing every opportunity.

At the age of thirteen, the boy was taken from school and put to work in the factory of the village along with his parents. Here he was kept for four years. Then at the age of seventeen he left home to take a position as a druggist clerk in the town of Sheerness, and held that position without intermission for eight years. Sheerness, as Mr. Fawkes explains, "is a seaport town, where the British government has a large naval depot, not far from the mouth of the Thames river."

When about twenty-one years of age, Mr. Fawkes became ex-

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pecially interested in religion, and began at once to labor as a lay preacher in the suburbs of the city. He associated himself with what was known as the Bible Christian Methodist Church.

In 1864, Mr. Fawkes came to America, and settled at Dubuque. Here, also, he served in the capacity of a druggist clerk. In 1865, he united with the Congregational Church of Dubuque, Dr. Lyman Whiting, pastor. Here he fell in with Dr. Jesse Guernsey, Superintendent of Home Missions, whose eyes ran to and fro in the earth seeking for preachers for his Home Missionary fields. One day the superintendent and the clerk met on Main Street, and, placing his hand on the young fellows' shoulder, the superintendent said: "You are the man I am looking for. I want you for the Home Missionary service, and to begin at once." The young man was never more surprised, and seriously doubted Dr. Guernsey's judgment. The arrest, however, led to a consultation and finally to an agreement on the part of Mr. Fawkes to supply the church with gospel preaching for a few Sundays. The result was a call to this church, and the neighboring one at Concord. There is a notice of Mr. Fawkes license in the News-Letter of October 1866, as follows:

"Mr. Fawkes was approved as a lay preacher by the Dubuque ministerial association in its late meeting in Waterloo, and has accepted an invitation to labor with the Congregational churches of Durango and Cottage Hill."

He was ordained at Durango, November 21, 1867, Dr. Whiting preaching the sermon, and Sup't Guernsey offering the ordaining prayer. His commission for Durango and Concord is

possessing a certain degree of religious, and perhaps of moral, freedom
 as a condition of the exercise of the right. The association
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dated September 5, 1866. The commission was renewed year after year up to 1869.

In December of 1869, Mr. Fawkes moved out into Wright County, becoming a neighbor to Father Sands. He took charge of the Otisville and Oakland field, serving these churches for something over four years.

In June of 1873, Mr. Fawkes accepted a call to Otho, and Tyson's Mills, and continued in this field until June of 1878. At this time he returned to Durango for a pastorate of a dozen years, making the church self-supporting by supporting himself. Of this pastorate he writes:

"In April of 1878, I entered upon my second pastorate in Durango, and stayed in it for twelve years. For eight of these years, I was playing the rote of a self-supporting Home Missionary. It was hard work, the hardest I ever did. In these years I never stipulated with the people for any definite salary; but they brought in free-will offerings averaging one hundred dollars a year."

"At the end of eight years, my burdens became so heavy as to be almost crushing. Then it was that good old Dr. Ephraim Adams interceded with the American Home Missionary Society and secured an appropriation of one hundred dollars a year to the close of this pastorate."

"Looking back on this backwoods labor, I do not regret, or think it was lost time. I believe God sent me to minister to those few sheep in the wilderness, and now as I am drawing near to the terminus of life, I have the joy of knowing that a goodly number of those Durango boys and girls

are filling positions of trust and usefulness as members of the Church of Christ in many parts of our country."

In 1889, Mr. Fawkes was invited to return to Otho, and so urgent was the call he did not feel at liberty to refuse. This pastorate was continued for fifteen years. He then, in 1904, retired; but his people made him pastor emeritus, and his home is with them to this day. (1914)

Brother Fawkes is living with his third wife, her maiden name was Margaret W. Martin, "a genuine product of old Scotland," says Mr. Fawkes. They were married in Fort Dodge, November 20, 1890, Rev. Edwin S. Carr officiating.

Of his present status, Brother Fawkes writes:

"We two old Pilgrims are living in the hope of immortality and eternal life; which hope includes the expectancy of everlasting companionship in the presence and service of our Lord."

"As to temporal matters, we are in health fairly well for people our age. Wife is seventy-four, and I am seventy-five years old. We keep our own house and do the housekeeping without aid. Of course, we have our infirmities, but we have learned to manage them. We live in our own house, which is convenient and comfortable, heated by a furnace. I am aware that I have spun far too big for the place you design it to fill, but feel sure your haypress and pruning knife will reduce it to proper dimensions. I wish you success in deciphering this poor scribble."

If there ever was an old Home Missionary hero, Brother Fawkes is that man. For thirty-eight years, he was in the

field working in obscurity, often in stress and strain and great privation, doing faithfully and well the work committed to his care.

Twenty-third sketch,

George Diah Alonzo Hebard.

From the obituary written by Dr. Magoun, and published in the Congregational Quarterly for 1871, we copy the following:

"Mr. Hebard was born at Brookfield, Orange county, Vermont, September 6, 1831, ten days after the death of his father, Diah Hebard, son of Zebulon Hebard of Randolph, in the same county, one of the largest and wealthiest landholders of that region. The family descended from John Hebard,--who followed the Pilgrims Fathers from England--and were farmers in successive generations. The subject of this sketch was of the sixth generation. Most of the numerous descendants of John Hebard, and of his two brothers, write the name "Hibbard." Diah Hibbard was a Baptist with a Congregational leaning; Sarah Avrill, his wife, was a Methodist; their sixth son, and eighth child, George Diah Alonzo, was fitted for college in a Vermont school (at Randolph Centre) by a Congregational minister Rev. George Nutting, since missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in China, and at Bakersfield and Thetford Academies. He was converted in one Congregational College, Amherst, and graduated at another, Dartmouth (1854); studied theology in a Presbyterian Seminary, Union, New York; married an Episcopalian, Miss Margerat E. Marven, of Woodstock, New Brunswick, May 13, 1856; preached at Clayville, New York; Clinton, Iowa; and Iowa City to Presbyterian churches; and was last pastor of Congregational churches in Iowa City and Oska-

loosa. He was ordained at Iowa City, at the meeting of the Iowa Synod in September, 1858."

Some of the incidents of the Iowa City pastorate are recorded in the News-Letter. The issue of September, 1866, tells of the organization of the Iowa City church with which he had to do:

"The Congregational Church at Iowa City was organized by a council July 31, Rev. S. D. Cochran of Grinnell, moderator. This new enterprise started with eighty members, of whom twenty comprise the remainder of the former First Congregational Church, and fifty-five are from the New School Presbyterian Church which voted to disband to take part in the new united organization. After hearing all the usual papers, with the preliminary proceedings in the Presbyterian church, the public exercises held in the evening were opened by Rev. H. L. Bullen, pastor at Durant. The sermon was preached by Pres. Magoun; the public recognition of the church with adoption of articles and covenant was conducted by the moderator, and Rev. A. B. Robbins of Muscatine gave the fellowship of the churches. This movement is one of peculiar interest. A considerable portion of the Presbyterian church members have always been Congregational and the house of worship was built in part by Congregational contributions. It is now by change of the population in an undesirable location besides being unattractive, and dilapidated, and encumbered with debt to about the amount of its value.

"The first want of the new church is a new edifice, pleasant and spacious, in a central locality, and steps are to be at once taken to secure one. It is seldom that a

change of this kind is made with such deliberation, wisdom and kindness of feeling. There are two other Presbyterian churches in Iowa City, with new houses of worship, and prosperous, and it was manifest that the New School church could not succeed, nor any other church save as Congregational. The minister, Rev. G. D. A. Hebard, goes with the new church, and also Prof. N. R. Leonard, of the University, and Rev. Prof. Talbot, of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, all brethren highly esteemed."

A paragraph in the December issue of 1866 is as follows:

"Rev. G. D. A. Hebard has been called to the pastorate of the Congregational church of Iowa City. The ladies of the church recently presented the wife of the pastor elect a sewing-machine,--Grover and Baker's--obtained by a club of the Independent."

In the June issue of 1867 is a communication from Mr. Hebard in which he writes:

"Last Sabbath was an interesting day to our church in this city. Thirty were then received to membership--who, with nearly the same number before received since its organization, July 31, 1866, make a present membership double that which then constituted the church, i. e., over a hundred."

"The church was formed by a harmonious and voluntary union between the former Congregational and New School Presbyterian churches. After this action, certain outsiders endeavored to disturb and embarrass the new enterprise. The officers of the New School Presbyterian church retained their office and membership in said society and church for the pur-

pose of settling up in a fair and honorable way the pecuniary matters of the society, in accordance with the church and society's unanimous vote in favor of disbanding. Said New School Presbyterian Church rented their house of worship to our society for one year for one hundred dollars. The house is a very poor one--too small, and badly in debt. These facts, when we remember that there are annually seven hundred students now in the state university--and that the original Congregational church here nearly died out for want of a place to worship, show our need for a church building.

"We have raised a subscription in our congregation of over seven thousand dollars. We hope to get ten thousand dollars in the city. Our lot will cost us two thousand dollars, and our church building fifteen thousand dollars. Where is the balance to come from? The Union will give us something. Could not some of our churches help us in this important movement, and save our organization here from a second failure for want of a church building?"

The Home Missionary published one report from Mr. Hebard in his Home Missionary field (March, 1868) which was as follows:

"We have been practicing economy in every direction, that we might live and pay our five hundred dollars subscription to the church. You can easily imagine how thankful we feel to you, to Mrs. ---- and others who have remembered us. Every box sent out raises just so much weight from the back of each missionary who receives it, and as this one weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, you can see how much lighter we feel.

The church building still lies upon us, however, making us sometimes to groan, though we do not wish to murmur. We have received and paid four hundred and fifty dollars for our plans, specifications, and details for the church, and the building committee has advertised for proposals to enclose the building. We have, in our society, some good business men, several of our best educated and most influential citizens. But it is hard to row up stream all the time. Other churches have their nice houses that draw in young and old, while we have to worship in a box and be knocked from pillar to post. Sometimes it seems as though I could not, with my poor health, bear up under it. But then I go to God and pour out my soul to him, and I hear songs in the night, My people, too, are as kindly, careful as parents of a child; and then comes the blessed 'Missionary Box' and we feel that there is nothing so good as to be right in the midst of these cares and privileges. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!--especially His grace that leads noble men and women to send the good things of this life to the toiling and trembling missionary. God alone knows whether this church will ever be built, or whether I shall live to see it; but if he will give me help and grace, I will work more cheerfully than ever. Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

The closing paragraphs of the obituary are as follows:

"Mr. Hebard was an earnest, laborious, studious man, and an able, energetic, and successful minister of Christ. The intensity of his convictions, and his enthusiasm and self-

denial in carrying them out, wore upon his slight physical strength; he probably brought with him to the West the seeds of lung disease; he was sometimes disabled by this, and nervous prostration. He had recently visited Colorado and California for rest and invigoration. The Congregational church of Denver invited him to become their minister, but the task seemed to him beyond his strength. Two months among the mountains, however, gave him renewed health and hope; but exposure in pastoral work brought on inflammation of the lungs, of which he died after a brief illness.

"While he was at Iowa City, his church--started and sustained largely with Congregational materials and aid, and never successful as a Presbyterian organization--decided, nearly unanimously, to unite with a former Congregational church, decimated by removals, and become Congregational. Mr. Hebard saw that two churches were not needed; that Congregationalism would be more acceptable to the people, and that this movement and this alone, promised a strong, useful, and prosperous church; and he was by birthright and training an unsectarian, liberal man. He entered into the responsible and delicate work, made more difficult by sectarian jealousies and fomenters, with his whole heart. Trials and sickness were his lot in it, as well as self-denials and toils; he had his share of misrepresentation and abuse; but he bore himself discreetly, and in a christian spirit; and though health and strength endured a sever strain, his spiritual character was manifestly deepened and improved. He gathered a strong church, and built a beautiful house of worship, and then went for (comparative) rest to Oskaloosa. His

ministry in his new field was devoted and zealous, as elsewhere. The church at Clinton, had grown in his three and a half years' ministry from thirteen to sixteen members; the increase at Iowa City after the union was large and cheering; and in not quite two years of service in Oskaloosa, he saw the congregation doubled, and the church membership greatly enlarged."

"Mr. Hebard was a somewhat vehement preacher, overtaxing often both lungs and nerves; direct, unhesitating, impulsive in address; active, restless, and unsparing of himself in outdoor and pastoral labor; and yet fond of certain early studies, the pursuit of which he habitually maintained. He was uncompromising and fearless on questions of duty. In his first work of nine months at Clayville, he refused to marry divorced parties, though an unusually large fee was offered. He went to this work the day after his theological graduation. He reached Davenport a few hours after a request from Clinton for a minister had come to Rev. Jesse Guernsey, of the A. H. M. S., and the next day, he was Clinton. In the trials of the church reorganization at Iowa City, he never paltered or faltered. When his wife protested against his excessive overwork for the new edifice, he was accustomed to reply, 'That church shall be built if it costs me my life.' He did not mean to rust out, and he did wear out in the service of the Master and His church."

Mr. Hebard's pastorate at Iowa City covered a period of two years and two and one-half months--from November 1, 1866, to February 15, 1869. His Oskaloosa pastorate beginning in

February of 1869, closed with his life, December 11, 1870. The day of his short pilgrimage was thirty-nine years, three months, and five days.

The character and work of this good brother has been set forth clearly and strongly in the foregoing paragraphs. His working days in Iowa and in the world were few, but in these days he did the work of many years. The church building he started in Iowa City still stands as one of the monuments of his energy, devotion, consecration, and zeal.

Twenty-fourth sketch,

Merritt Fayette Platt.

The records respecting this good brother are very meager. He was born at Milford, Connecticut, June 4, 1822. I have no information as to his schooling, but surmise that He was neither a college or a seminary graduate. He was married in 1851 to Miss Tirza Parsons, of Oberlin, Ohio. She died April 15th, 1888.

From 1851 to 1863 is a blank, so far as our records show. Probably Mr. Platt was in secular employment during those years, for he was not ordained until 1863. November 11th, of this year, was the date of his ordination, and it took place in Tabor. He was then past forty years of age.

There is no record of his whereabouts or employment in 1864. In November of 1865, he was commissioned by the A. H. M. S. to labor at Weeping Water, Avoca, Salt Creek, Salt Creek Ford, and South Bend, Nebraska.

In 1866, he returned to Iowa, locating at Pacific City. In a recent letter, Father G. C. Rice tells the story of the rise and decline of this city, as follows:

"Pacific City was a flourishing town two miles north of Pacific Junction. Leading business men of Council Bluffs and Glenwood believed that the Union Pacific Railroad would start from that point. In the years 1858 and 1859, it became a town of several hundred people, with comfortable homes, some quite costly. Mr. Phelps--a New England man who built the railroad from Council Bluffs to St Joseph was one of the

founders of the town. Its collapse some twelve years later was more sudden than its rise., and the town site went back to farming land."

It appears that this man, Mr. Phelps, had a great deal to do in locating Brother Platt in that part of the Missouri valley. Sup't Reuben Gaylord, in writing to the Home Missionary, in 1866, says: "The track is begun on the Council Bluffs and St. Joseph road, and will be finished in twelve months. Mr. Phelps, who is the head man of this road, offers to head a subscription paper with one hundred dollars for the support of M. P. Platt, for six months, to labor in a field along the line of the road in the Missouri bottom. He also offers a lot in Bartlett, and five hundred dollars toward the building of a church, providing that one thousand dollars more can be raised." I am quite certain that Mr. Platt assisted in the planting of a church, and the building of a house of worship at Bartlett.

Mr. Platt's commission for Pacific City is dated November 1, 1866. Of the work there, Father Rice writes:

"Rev. Fayette M. Platt came to Pacific City, organized and built up a flourishing church. Two brothers of Prof. Wright of Tabor were in this church, and they had a very neat house of worship. Our Association held one of its meetings there."

Mr. Platt was in this field, working also, as I understand it, at other points, about seven years. As the bottom fell out of things at Pacific City, Brother Platt closed his

work there in 1873, and again crossed the Missouri river over into Nebraska.

In 1874-76, he was located at Hastings. From 1876 to 1878, he was at Waverly. In 1879 and 1880, he was at Juanita; at Rock Creek, in 1880-81; Syrecuse, 1882-83; Greenwood, 1883, and Beatrice in 1884. From Beatrice in March of 1885, Mr. Platt writes:

"I began labor at Beatrice the twelfth of June, 1884, and closed the twenty-second of December of the same year, making a few days over six months. On the 5th of August, we called a council and organized a church of thirty members. During my stay after that, we had two communions, ten uniting each time. The next communion was on the first Sabbath of January, at which time fifteen were united, some by profession, and some by letter, but I was called home to Lincoln to the bedside of my wife who was very sick, who has been a grand helper in all the trials and labors of thirty years. Thanks to God, she is now better, and I want to buckle on the gospel armor anew. You see some of the results of the past six months' labor; but the half cannot be told. In sunshine, with the thermometer at 110 degrees; in cold at 18 degrees below zero; in storms of rain and snow, I have plodded my way from house to house, no matter what denomination, or of none. I did not stop to inquire until I went into the house. All this was done without giving offence to either of the ministers; rather, they gave me Godspeed, saying their congregations were increasing, and they took courage, and I am sure increased to a marked degree.

"Beatrice has now about 7000 inhabitants. Our church has a foundation laid for a building which cost them a thousand dollars. As soon as they can, they will put a four thousand dollar church upon it. They feel joyous over the result, trusting that he who has just entered into these labors is the Lord's man for the place; that the good work will go on, and that we shall soon have a strong church there. Brethren, pray for me, that God may give me strength to carry on the good and blessed work."

The Year Book reports that from 1887 to 1892, Mr. Platt was located at San Diego, California, engaged in general missionary work in that region. Later we find him at National City, where he died, July 11, 1898, aged seventy-six years, one month and seven days.

Of Brother Platt, Father Rice says: "Mr. Platt was not strong physically, but he was energetic, fluent and easy in speech, spiritual, kind, winning in his social life. His church was the leading, if not the only church in the city, and he was the only pastor the church had before it began to scatter.

"I know but little of him after he went to Nebraska. He came from business life into the ministry, and if he dropped out, I think it must have been from his health giving way."

Even with these scant records before us, we have no special difficulty in getting the measurements and general features of the man. He came late into the work. He had an indifferent educational preparation for it. His health was poor. He was not equal to a protracted pastorate. His

place was in the pioneer home missionary field. There he did what he could, and he did well.

In a recent communication from Dr. Harmon Bross, of Nebraska, I have the following:

"In his later years in Nebraska, Mr. Platt had an invalid wife, and could not move from parish to parish, so he bought a little home in Lincoln, and supplied from place to place, generally having three appointments at a time. This broke up habits of study, administrative tact, etc., He was a devout, earnest, consecrated man, whom we all loved."

Twenty-fifth sketch,

Henry S. DeForest.

Henry Swift DeForest, son of Lee and Cynthia Storrs (Swift) DeForest, was born in South Edmeston, New York, March 17, 1833. He studied at the Franklin Institute; graduated from Yale College in 1857; and spent one year (1857-58) in the Yale Divinity School.

In 1858-60, he was tutor of Mathematics and Latin in Beloit College. In 1860-61, he attended the Union Theological Seminary; and in 1861-63, tutored at Yale.

He was ordained in New Haven, August 2, 1863. During the last two years of the war, 1863-65, he was chaplain of the Eleventh Connecticut Volunteers. In 1866, he was called to the pastorate of the Plymouth Church, Des Moines, Iowa. The call to Des Moines is noted in the News-Letter for February, 1867:

"After remaining about a year without a settled pastor, very much to its detriment, the church at Des Moines, about two months since, gave a unanimous call to Rev. H. S. De Forest, recently tutor in the college at New Haven, to become its pastor. The invitation was promptly accepted, and Mr. DeForest has since labored very acceptably in the church. Eleven persons joined the church by letter at its last communion. The installation services have not yet been arranged. Salary of the pastor, \$1200."

Here, Mr. DeForest labored for a little more than three years. He was a laborious pastor, respected and beloved by

his people, and honored by the whole city as a public-spirited citizen, and a devoted minister.

While in the Des Moines pastorate, August 25, 1869, he was married to Anna M. Robbins, daughter of Dr. A.B. Robbins of Muscatine.

Mr. DeForest closed his work at Des Moines in 1870, and spent a year in Andover Theological Seminary; after which he accepted a call to Council Bluffs.

Here he was regularly installed, January 14, 1872, but the pastorate was none the longer on that account. He was dismissed December 31, 1876.

Of this pastorate, M. P. Dodge speaks as follows:

"Rev. H. S. DeForest, who had resigned his pastorate in Des Moines and atken a year to study in Andover Seminary, had preached here while in Des Moines, and left so favorable impression that the church invited him before he left the East to succeed Rev. H. P. Roberts. He accepted the call, and arrived here with wife and infant daughter and commenced his ministry the first Sabbath of November, 1871. The Sabbath attendance, prayer meeting, and Sabbath school grew in numbers and interest. A revived missionary spirit swelled the benevolences of the church. The second year was a season of spiritual quickening, and forty-five were added to the church. This second year of his pastorate, the main audience room of the church building was completed and dedicated. The Congregational house of worship was at this time the most attractive and best equipped of any house of worship in the city. A debt of five thousand

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dollars was a heavy burden for many years.

"The first Sabbath in November, 1876, Mr. DeForest preached his fifth anniversary sermon, and at the close, to the surprise of all, he read his resignation to take effect December 30th. The beginning of January 1877, he entered upon a pastorate in Waterloo, Iowa. His strong personality and decided convictions made him influential in the city, and his services were much sought by other churches in revival meetings."

In confirmation of this last remark of Mr. Dodge, Father Todd, of Tabor, writes:

"Brother H. S. DeForest, during his ministry at Council Bluffs, conducted a series of religious meetings in Tabor twice, with good results."

The pastorate at Waterloo was brief. Mr. DeForest was there only one year. Dr. Stevenson, in his history of the Waterloo church, makes no specific reference to this pastorate, but incidentally gives one reason for its brevity. He calls this "The Partial Eclipse" period of the church history:

"Financial difficulties appear in the fact that the salary of Mr. Ellsworth, (the former pastor) which was \$2,250 at the beginning, was \$2000 at the close, and this was cut down to \$1500 for his successor, H. S. DeForest. The causes of these financial difficulties are apparent to any one who remembers the depression which followed the great financial panic of 1873, a depression rendered especially severe west of the Mississippi by the great plague of grasshoppers that ate up every green thing and completely destroyed all harvest

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in 1876, and partially destroyed the crops of 1877. Few remember to-day the complete discouragement of those years, and the financial difficulties that overwhelmed many a man. Then, there was a social maladjustment in Waterloo that grew out of the differing development of the two sides of the river. Owing to the coming of the Illinois Central Railroad, and its location away out upon the prairie, development was drawn eastward and northward, whereas all the churches were westward and southward, which created a problem how to redistribute them."

Following this short pastorate at Waterloo, Mr. DeForest put in a few months as financial agent of Iowa College.

Then came the great opportunity of his life, a call to the presidency of Talladega College. "There," says Dr. Salter, "the whole man found scope. His originating ability, his decision of character, his loyalty to all manly and Christian ideas and practices, made him for the colored youth a grand example, a wise director, and a most useful teacher. The College, under his supervision, greatly broadened its scope. He was thoroughness itself. His plans were intelligent and large. His courage was high; his devotion absolute. The students and the people for whom it was planted were deep in his heart. Students of the institution revere him as their real and noble friend."

In the midst of his great career at Talladega, he was cut down. He died from apoplexy, January 27, 1896, aged sixty-two years, ten months and ten days. At this time it was said, "Alabama joins with Iowa in grateful recognition of his work and in sorrow for his early death."

So far as I know, Mr. DeForest left few memorials of himself in the shape of publications. He wrote no books. One of his Associational papers was published in the Minutes. This was a plea for Home Missionary self-support in Iowa. The paper was read at Burlington, June 2, 1876. It gives us a little glimpse of the style and the spirit of the man. It was in part as follows:

"Forty years ago, in the tenth year of its existence, The American Home Missionary Society began its work in Iowa by sending two men to what was then the territory of Wisconsin. Ten years afterward, in 1845-46, it had twenty-four missionaries in the field. The second decade increased the number of missionaries to seventy-three, and the third to one hundred and four; while in 1860-61, the middle year of that decade, one hundred and twenty-seven men were employed. In the last decade, every year but two has found one hundred or more men bearing the commission and drawing the funds of the A. H. M. S. The grand aggregate of missionary years since the Society began its work in this state is two thousand, five hundred and sixty-six. Surely if any family ought to speak well of their mother it is the Congregational churches of Iowa who rested so long on the breast of the Home Missionary Society.

"During the forty years of Home Missionary work in Iowa, we conclude that something more than half a million of dollars has been expended; and yet according to the report made at Muscatine last year, out of two hundred and nineteen churches, only sixty-four were self-supporting. By the same

reports, our contributions for the year had been four thousand four hundred and ninety-three dollars and twenty-three cents, which gives an average of between thirty-eight and thirty-nine cents for a resident member. By reports made to-day, our contributions are five hundred more, and out of two hundred and thirty-one churches, sixty-nine are self-supporting.

"Such facts as these show the foremost importance of the double topic before us, namely "The importance of self-support to a Congregational church, and the duty of our Iowa churches to assume the support of our Home Missions."

"Brethren, when I look at the cross of Christ, and see the Divine Redeemer ending there the life begun in the manger; when I hear from that cross, sounding through all the ages, and the yet unfulfilled command, 'Go and disciple all nations;' when I think of the great world writhing in anguish and in sin, undone in time, and undone in eternity, when I consider the position and influence of our own nation, now passing its one hundredth milestone, and whirling on into the possibilities and risk of the future, and know what a mighty factor in evangelizing the world it may become; when I think of the work of the Home Missionary Society which has been spreading the best fruitage of the christian religion and christian civilization like a belt of light across the continent; when I think of New England where this light first arose as sending so many of her children and so much of her industry to the West, that she is herself wasting, like a good mother in child-bearing; when I think of the great and

receding frontier that has climbed the Cordilleras, and now from the heights of the Sierra Nevada, with the overflow of Europe at its back, confronts the polytheism of Asia, and from all these territories and states hear the cry: 'Come over and help us;' when with all this in mind, I look at Iowa, the Mesopotamia of America, rich, hopeful, ambitious I cannot but feel that the time has come for us to support our own Home Missions. Are we christians? Do we follow him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many? How does it happen, then, that in this good cause of Home Missions, where farsighted patriotism and the wisest philanthropy unite with pure benevolence and urge us to christianize America for the sake of the world, we give so stingily? Isn't it stingily?

"According to the reports of last year, we gave an average of nearly thirty-nine cents a member. This is for each of us, four-fifths of one cent a week. Is that liberal? Is that following him who though rich yet for our sakes became poor that we through his poverty might be rich?"

"Think of the new fields of this Society, how its work grows beyond its power of grappling with it; then, of the heathen nations waiting for the day-star to rise upon them, and ought not nearly one hundred members to see to the support of a minister? In this matter, the strong ought to help the weak, and the weak should expect ankle-bones that will soon enable them to go alone. How easy to forget the hole of the pit whence we were digged. Easy to forget the good hand that took us out. Some churches forget the Home Missionary

Society as soon as they get in front of a pipe organ and between stained-glass windows, and sometimes the new bishop, whose salary seems fabulous to the self-denying home missionary is willing to have it so. Our oldest and strongest churches ought not only to give liberally to the cause, but they should spare their pastor to go out and help in the Home Missionary undertakings. It would be well for the metropolitan sermon to be sometimes heard in the county lying round about. Let us bear one another's burdens. It should be said of us, 'How these brethern love one another.' Nothing would do us more good than to band together in this undertaking and say: henceforth we in Iowa will support our own Home Missions.

"The responsibility of this work, however, does not rest entirely upon the stronger churches. We must not only give more, but spend less in Home Missions. When a coach is overloaded, it is necessary for someone to get out and walk. That has often been done on this soil, and must be again. The Home Missionary Society must unload, and some who have been complaining of a hard seat and abundant jolting must get down and go afoot. This may seem hard at first, but it becomes easier by getting used to it."

"Furthermore, this struggle for independent life bands the church together and compels it to pray over its finances--a thing which christians and churches are slow to do. Enlist everybody in the undertaking. Men who give to the support of the gospel soon feel the need of going to hear what kind of a gospel is preached. Putting the name to a subscription paper often leads to recording of the same name

in the Lamb's book of life. The children gather wood, the father kindles the fire, and the women knead dough to make cakes to the queen of heaven, so let all ages and classes unite in the support of the gospel.

"Again, self-support should be striven for as a matter of safety. It is hard to train a dependent church to habits of benevolence. Often the dependent church is unwilling to hear, or to help outside of its own pent-up half-acre. Selfishness does not need any encouragement; but I believe that no church, either independent or in debt, can be induced to do what it ought in beneficence.

"But for a special reason, a Congregational church, should, from the first, aim at self-support. It has a mind of its own, and in somethings is independent. Plant an acorn and a tree will soon root itself in the earth, and lift an independent stem to the sky. Many a tree has chafed itself to death against the stakes which mistaken friendship has driven. An oak should stand unsupported; so should a Congregational church.

"Other considerations must be passed by. But looking at our own resources and then at the wants of the world lying in sin, I cannot but feel that it is our duty in Iowa to at once become self-supporting. Nor am I sure that duty cannot be done and that to realize this is an impossibility. In the new school language addressed to sinners, 'We can if we will; we can if we won't.' This fair state resembles more the well-watered plain of Sodom than the hill lands on which the godly Abraham pitched his tent, who paid tithes of all.

Our danger is not in giving too much; it is rather that we should follow Lot towards Sodom. Our churches are driving their stakes and stretching their cords in that direction. Nothing would be better for us or more prepare us for a blessing that to bring all our tithes into the storehouse, as God has commanded. Let us do this and Iowa is more than self-supporting."

Mr. DeForest also read a paper before the Association of Tabor in 1878 on the topic: "The Pastorate versus Stated Supplies," and abstract of which was published as follows:

"In general, permanency is to be sought and frequent changes are to be avoided. Still, the temporary absence of a pastor, the foreseen inability of a minister to continue beyond a certain time, doubt concerning the ability of the church to afford an adequate support, doubt concerning mutual adaptability, and other like causes, may often make a temporary engagement the best. A pontoon is better than no bridge. To hire by the day is better than no help; yet the industry of the world is best promoted by permanent service, and, in this respect, spiritual is like other husbandry."

"Evangelists may well rotate; but the office of pastor or teacher is different. The best schools do not get a new master every term; the best flocks are not fed by tramps. The essentials to success in the pastoral office are secure only through permanency. For one thing, confidence is of slow growth. Well-established fruit does not grow like Jonah's gourd. Nor does knowledge of a people, of its peculiarities and wants, come by simple introduction. An ascending prophet may leave his mantle to his successor, but

he cannot leave his experience. The stranger must draw his bow at a venture; but it is better to see the mark and then take aim.

"Nor does affection develop sooner than confidence or knowledge. A minister cannot love his people at sight, and while some may be captivated, and even put into ecstasies, by a single sermon, it is also true that love for a pastor does not get well rooted in an hour. The very essentials to a successful ministry are developed only by time and acquaintance. As Dr. Todd once wrote to an Iowa minister, 'You must not lose the water which your dam has gathered. If you have money, you can transfer it, and it will be worth as much in one place as in another. It is not so with character; it takes a long time to become in a new place what you were in the old.'

"Other considerations are not less apparent. The expense of frequent removals; the wear and tear of heart; the liability to vacant churches and idle ministers; the risk of division both in settling and in unsettling men; the fickleness induced thereby in churches, as well as the blighting of scholarship and prevention of well-matured and far-reaching plans of usefulness on the part of ministers, are all weighty reasons for seeking permanence in the pastoral office. Churches, not less than minister, suffer from frequent changes. It is a miserable farm that seeks a new tenant every year. It is a sorry church that changes ministers with every second visit of the sun to Cancer or Capricorn.

"Next, formal installation is urged because, among other

things, it tends to permanence. This might be inferred from the nature of the service; it is affirmed by statistics, and far-reaching observations, and we know that both churches and ministers often object to installation, because it makes divorce more difficult. A duly registered marriage hampers free-lovers. It does not always make the union life-long, but it gives especial sanction to nuptial vows. So a judicious council may prevent ill-advised settlements, and perhaps check petty removals. The reasons for a change may look very small to a council; they may look smaller still at the judgment. The minister and church are to be pitied and blamed that every twelve month inquire, 'Shall we continue together for another year?' To thus raise the question often makes continuance difficult, if not impossible."

"This may be avoided, and yet no council called. But that church is not alone. We are a denomination, and there is such a thing as fellowship, though not nearly enough of it, and the council promotes it. The calling or dismissing a minister concerns the brotherhood, and it is well that they come together in loving council, or if need be, in tearful sympathy."

"Furthermore, examination of a candidate by a judicious council is a needed safeguard. Heretics and imposters, men with no papers except forged ones, and with no gifts but those of utterance, may thus be detected, while real worth and hidden virtue will only be made more apparent. The history of some of our churches gives great weight to this consideration."

"Besides, the endorsement of a council, with the services of installation, make a happy introduction to any pastorate. The occasion is unusual, and unusual impressions are made. The statement of belief, with reasons for entering the ministry; the sermon, often like a nail in a sure place; the prayer, resting like a benediction on the pastor; the charge, and the right hand, quickening his pulse and confirming his purpose; the address to the church, in which they are best told of their duties in things pecuniary, their duty in co-working, their duty in hearing in praying for the standing by their pastor--all these services anticipated by special heart-searching, and shared by the brother-hood of churches, beautifully befit the beginnings of a new ministry. They tend to make the pastorate more enduring, more fruitful while it continues, and more blessed in its ending."

These are the only publications of Dr. DeForest within my reach. There are other enduring monuments. To perpetuate his memory friends erected that noble structure, the DeForest Chapel, at Talladega, the most conspicuous building on the campus.

Dr. Salter closed his obituary of Mr. DeForest with the following paragraph:

"None could fail to respect him who came to know him. He was a christian stalwart, exemplifying everywhere and always the robust christian manliness of a servant of the Lord, whose purpose was single, honest and earnest."

If I were to comment further on the character of Mr. De Forest, I would say: Life with him was a tremendously serious

affair. I do not remember that I ever heard him laugh or saw him smile, though of course he did both. I am certain that I never heard him crack a joke, though he probably did that, too, though it is certain that he was not given to foolish jesting. In memory I see him only with a very sober face, and I hear him calling us to duty with the authority, and sometimes with the austerity and sternness of an old Hebrew prophet; but we all respected and loved him, and counted him as one of our strongest men. He lived on a high plain intellectually and spiritually. He was a tremendous force for truth and righteousness in the world. We are proud to number him among our choicest and our best.

His monument at Talladega is an Iowa monument, too, for Iowa people, for the most part, furnished the money with which the DeForest chapel was erected.

Twenty-sixth sketch,

John H. Morley.

John Henry Morley was born in Hartford, Connecticut, January 3, 1840. He graduated from Williams College in 1863. In 1864 and 1865, he was in the service of the Christian Commission in Virginia. This was in the midst of his Seminary course. He graduated from Andover in 1866.

Mr. Morley came to Iowa directly from Andover Theological Seminary in 1866, beginning at Magnolia December 1st of that year. He was ordained January 2, 1867; the occasion being reported in the February News-Letter for 1867:

"Rev. John H. Morley, late of Andover Theological Seminary, was ordained to the gospel ministry at Magnolia January 2d, by an ecclesiastical council. Introductory services, Rev. J. B. Lowery; sermon, Rev. Reuben Gaylord; ordaining prayer, Rev. John Todd; fellowship of the churches, Rev. J. B. Chase; charge to the pastor, Rev. G. L. Woodhull; address to the people, Rev. A. H. Johnson, benediction by the candidate."

This pastorate covered a period of two and half years.

Physically, Mr. Morley was a conspicuous figure, and in other respects he loomed up large in the midst of his brethren like Saul the son of Kish. It was not surprising that when, in 1869, the Sioux City church was pastorless, they should covet the young preacher down at Magnolia. Of course, the city church secured their prize. He began at Sioux City

in June of this year, 1869, and continued for seven years. These were years of growth both for the church and for the pastor. Mr. Morley took strong hold upon the city, and he was recognized as a man of force and strength in the state.

In 1873, at the Muscatine meeting of the General Association, he preached the Associational sermon. Only those counted exceptionally good preachers were given this honor.

At the end of ten years of service in Iowa, Mr. Morley had grown to such a stature that he could be seen beyond the boundaries of the state. Wynona, Minnesota, wanted him; and did to Sioux City as Sioux City had done to Magnolia.

In 1884, it came Wynona's turn to lose its pastor. He was wanted for a still larger field. The state of Minnesota called him to her Home Missionary work. We begin to hear from Brother Morley in his new work in 1885. In his report for this year, he says:

"The year has been a broken one, three different men having acted as superintendents. Rev. M. W. Montgomery, who for the last three years has given our churches so faithful and vigorous and administration, was absent on account of impaired health for several months, and finally resigned to take the Scandinavian work. Much of the great progress of Congregationalism in our state during the last three years is owing to his wise administration. The Rev. George A. Hood acceptably filled the superintendency during Mr. Montgomery's absence. Two new churches have been formed during the past year in Minneapolis, making the whole number ten, with the promise of two more in the near future. The state society

In June of this year, 1901, and continued the same year. There were years of growth both for the nation and for the people. The nation took strong hold upon the life, and in the meantime the man of letters and thought in the state.

In 1873, on the immediate occasion of the opening of the school, he presented the Association, and only then, when the Association was organized, and the first year.

At the end of the year, when he returned to the school, he found it much a better place than he found it when he first came to the school. He found it much a better place than he found it when he first came to the school. He found it much a better place than he found it when he first came to the school.

In 1891, it was found that the school was much a better place than he found it when he first came to the school. He found it much a better place than he found it when he first came to the school. He found it much a better place than he found it when he first came to the school.

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has purchased a portable chapel to be used in inaugurating new enterprises.

"Our country work has some features of interest. Some of our missionaries emulate the old-fashioned circuit-rider. One has four churches and five stations. Another has two churches and four stations. Many of our smaller churches can be supplied only in this way, and also by the aid of students from theological seminaries who spend their summer vacations with us. The student aid has been helpful. One student organized a church near the headwaters of the Mississippi; another inspired a dying church; all of them did faithful work which we could not have spared."

In 1886, Mr. Morley reports:

"Fourteen churches and thirteen Sunday schools have been organized. Three churches have reached self-support. Eight houses of worship have been built, nine repaired, and ten parsonages provided."

"The work of students, fifteen of whom were employed, was helpful. Two built houses of worship; one secured a parsonage; another organized a church. Several of the students left their churches so encouraged that permanent ministers followed at once."

The superintendent in his report of 1887, says:

"The financial stringency of the Society has compelled retirement which has caused suffering, but has not yet seriously impaired the work. Some new openings have been neglected, and some churches have gone pastorless. The pressure of the debt is stimulating our people to generous giving, and our

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churches to self-support is welcome. But the debt, as causing suffering among our poorly paid missionaries some of whom cannot remain on their fields unless enlargement comes, as well as in contracting our work which ought to advance with our growing population and wealth, is an unspeakable calamity."

"A series of Home Missionary conventions was held in the autumn for the purpose of giving information as to the needs of the work and stimulating our churches, both the independent and the aided, to more generous giving. Messrs. Maile of Nebraska, Wiard and Simmons, of Dakota, and Albreacht, of the German work, assisted the superintendent. The weather was adverse, but the results were so satisfactory that the conventions were renewed in connection with the sessions of the district conferences in the spring. We expect during the Associational year to raise at least ten thousand dollars for the Home Missions."

In his report for 1888 he says:

In many respects we can report a favorable year's work. We felt the diminished appropriation, and depression of debt, but fifteen new churches have been erected, four parsonages have been secured, three churches have been brought to self-support, and ten new churches have been organized. Missionary conventions in some of which Rev. W. G. Puddefoot assisted, have been held in several of the larger churches. We are straining all our energies to raise fifteen thousand for home missions against ten thousand raised during our last Association's year."

In July of 1889, Mr. Morley reports again:

"Two features in our work for the past year deserve notice. One is the formation of new churches as the result of revivals. Of the fifteen new churches reported, eight were formed as an outgrowth of evangelistic services held in destitute communities. The building of a church by the conversion of sinful men and the revival of dead christians, thus giving the gospel in organized form to new communities has distinguished our work."

"A second notable feature is the formation of churches where there are few Congregationalists, but where the community appeals to us self-moved, because we are the solvent of the sects. Into at least five communities we have gone by invitation of the people, because they could unite in our free polity more easily than they could in any other. In one community, thirty-two people, of whom but one was a Congregationalist, banded themselves together as a religious organization, secured a minister, appealed to us for help, and were organized into a church. They are already building a meeting house."

In his report for 1890, Mr. Morley speaks particularly of consolidations:

"Our work," he says, "has been consolidated during the year. Some places have been abandoned on as unprofitable to hold in view of our financial condition. More places about which there was doubt have been so developed that their future is secured. We drop few churches feeling that when Congregationalism once enters a place, it remains. Several

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churches which had had only a name to live, have been revived, and in some marked success is promised. In this line, we have grouped our Home Missionary churches as far as efficient prosecution of the work allows. There are few aided churches outside of the cities that are not yoked."

The report for 1891 has the following paragraphs:

"Among the cheering indications of our work is the fact that most of our churches have been supplied with pastors. Partly by the employment of men not fully prepared, whom we are training by a course of study, and partly from regular sources, the supply of ministers has been nearly adequate. This has enabled us to fill some of our smaller churches which have been commonly unsupplied."

"There has been much material progress in securing parsonages and meetinghouses and repairing them. Contributions have increased. Two Home Missionary days have been observed with gratifying results in contributions from churches both small and large. This is especially pleasing as the financial depression has been severe."

"We feel sorely the need of money. Our churches think that they are crowded to self-support too soon. Six and possibly seven have accomplished self-support during the year, in a majority of cases, heartily, but in some cases feeling that they were entitled to longer care. We have been obliged to reduce aid in a few instances more than we felt was proper. The calls for new work are imperative."

In January of 1893, we find an article from Mr. Morley published in the Home Missionary, on the topic, "A Minnesota

Problem." which is a report of an address delivered at Washington, D. C.:

"I want to speak of one of the problems that confront us in Minnesota--a problem which lends seriousness to our Home Missionary work throughout the Union. In Minnesota the figures of the Census of 1890 give us a percentage of native population less than twenty-four. One-half of our population is Scandinavian; that is, born in Scandinavian countries, or the children of those so born. Then come the Germans, and people of other nationalities, making over seventy-six per cent born in foreign countries, or the children of those so born,---seventy-six per cent and more. The other day I asked a young man, a Minnesota boy who had just graduated at the Chicago Theological Seminary to take one of the little churches out on the frontier. There was a good church there and a parsonage. It was a good average field. He went out and looked it over, and came back and said to me: 'Now, Mr. Morley, I don't want to take that field. It will be my first church, and if I don't succeed there, everybody will say of me, that I am a failure. There is a large perscentage of foreign born people there, and I don't see that I can make a success of it.' That is the problem that confronts us. In every small town there is a large percentage of foreign born people, or the children of those so born. It must be so, for less than twenty-four per cent are a native population. Hence the work of this Society in Minnesota--and Minnesota is in this respect like the other states of the Northwest--must be among the immigrant population. We are doing church work, and we influence the

Trojan. This is a report of an address delivered at

Washington, D. C.

"I want to speak of one of the conditions that confront

us in America--the condition which makes it impossible for us

to deal with the world as it is. The condition is the

division of the nation into two parts, a part which is

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immigrant population first by sustaining our own English-speaking churches and inspiring and assisting the foreign churches like the Lutheran, for instance. In one town in Minnesota where we have done work for over thirty years, our English-speaking church is not yet self-supporting, and probably never will be because there is so small an English-speaking population there. Noble work has been done among the young men and young women who have attended the Lutheran church. We have done just the same work that they are doing in foreign countries, and yet an uncounted work.

"Then, secondly, we are, in all these churches, getting hold of this immigrant population. We plant an English-speaking church, and the children of this foreign population inevitably come to us. You can easily see that here is the hope of these little churches. To me it is not discouraging; all things come to him who waits, especially if he waits in hope and in activity. The children of these foreign-born parents love to come to our English-speaking school. When there is a Scandinavian school and an English-speaking school in the same church, the Scandinavians will prefer the English-speaking school, because they want to learn the English language, and in the time these churches will be strengthened by the incoming of these children of the foreigners.

"Then, as you know, we are doing a work among the Scandinavians, the Norwegians, and the Swedes, among the Bohemians, and among the Germans. We have, in Minnesota, some twenty-five or thirty Scandinavian churches which we are aiding. We have one German church in St. Paul, a church

organized during the last year, of which I would like to speak to you for the whole of my ten minutes. We have also a most interesting Bohemian work. This condition of things in Minnesota, and equally in the other states of the Northwest, where there is so large an immigrant population, makes it necessary that our churches be helped more. We cannot bring the church to self-support as soon as you in the East want to have us, because there is so large an immigrant population there. You must be patient while we are molding this population, and making it homogenous with the church and the state.

"We have been laying foundations for the last six or seven years among the Scandinavian people. It was a superintendent of this Society (Montgomery) who discovered that the free mission churches were naturally to be affiliated with us. We have been laying foundations, and we are now at the point where we could naturally make some enlargement. I sent the other day, to Sup't Montgomery telling him that a Scandinavian church had been formed in Minneapolis, and that we wished to form one in our suburb, St. Paul, and to have a student come for the summer, I wanted him to pay for it out of the Scandinavian apportionment. He sent back word to me that if I would pay it out of our American apportionment, I could put the student in, but that he hadn't a dollar to put into it. Now, to lay these foundations, to be ready to reach out to a neighboring community, to put in a church there which is needed--and that is the state of things all over Minnesota--and then to refuse to take the natural outgrowth

of our work, is not statesmanship. It is not good policy. It is not loyalty to Jesus Christ. It is not statesmanship in Congregational churches to compel the executive committee and the secretaries of the Society to send out orders that, whoever suffers, and whatever suffers, the expenses must come within the income. The income should meet the expenses."

There is one more communications from Mr. Morley published in the Home Missionary (1894) which, in a special way gives us a view of his literary style, and the qualities of his mind and heart. In this communication, he is pouring out his soul in a tribute to his friend and predecessor in office, Marcus Whitman Montgomery, who died February sixth, 1894. Speaking at the funeral, Mr. Morley said, in substance, this:

"He was a large man. He had a large frame, a large head, and a large brain. His mind, his will, his heart, were large. He had large views. He looked at any subject at all sides, and his judgment was valuable. Succeeding a successful superintendent of Home Missions in Minnesota (Cobb), he was still more successful. He appreciated the need of enlarging our work in cities. The movement of Congregationalism in St. Paul began with him. For years it had but one church of our order. It soon had four. In Minneapolis, where a church had not been formed for several years in affiliation with us, Wine, Como Avenue, Union, Open Door, and Lyndals churches were soon formed, and experience attests the wisdom of their formation."

"He had marked executive power. He did not fear difficulties. I have frequently heard him listen to the objections of men who showed that a thing could not be done, and heard him say: 'Nevertheless, we will do it,' and then point out the way of successful accomplishment. His discovery of the likeness between our Swedish mission friends and ourselves; his two journeys to Sweden; his wise conduct of the movement which has brought so many of our Swedish friends into our fellowship; his resolute surmounting of difficulties in early life and in his professional career show marked power of execution."

"He took broad views of everything. No subject was before the denomination, or before the nation, on which he had not thought, and upon which his opinions were not valuable. There is no man in the denomination who is just like him. No man was more fertile with expedients, more abounding in resources for improving our denominational work. There was nothing narrow or petty about him. Talking with smaller men with narrower views and with some prejudices, it was a pleasure to turn to him and get inspiration from his largeness. There was a broadness in him like the broadness of the sea.' Large-minded, large-hearted, whole-souled, we shall miss him always."

"He had the courage of his convictions. He never hesitated to take a step felt to be right, because he would be criticized. In a company where different views were advanced, and where someone was needed to say a thing that might give offence, he was the man who naturally and also by

our choice, said the thing; and so winning was he in his way, so manifestly sincere, that he commonly gave no offence. Indeed, he never made an enemy of a large man; for all large-minded men could appreciate his worth, his wisdom, and his sincerity."

"Another characteristic was his genuineness. He despised shams, and superficiality. His intellectual work was thorough. He learned facts, all the facts bearing upon the point before he gave his opinion. He went to the bottom. It was his nature to do so. He was genuine in his friendships. His religious life was genuine. His experience was unartificial; it was as natural as that of a child. He was religious rather than pious. There was something so hearty, whole-souled about his religion that he drew men to him. He was not a recluse; in the dark ages, when most good men were retiring to the convent in despair of bettering the world, he would never have gone to a cloister, he would have been in the cabinet of state, or at the head of an army, planning or fighting to let in the light of heaven. He could not help being active, and his religion was to do good."

"As a preacher, he was unlike the average minister. His business life had given tone to his preaching. He was apt to go outside of the usual subjects, to speak upon the relation of the church and working men, and similiar topics which touch every-day life. His sympathy with men affected his preaching. He knew their convictions; he knew how early working men had to leave their homes; and how late they re-

turned; how small were their wages, and what were their evils. His broadness, his largeness of heart, were illustrated by his sympathy with working men. In his preaching, he naturally took some topic in reference to which he thought the church had not yet adjusted herself to society. There was something in the vigor, the warmth, the uniqueness of his views, which made a sermon from him an event to be remembered. He has preached sermons as superintendent in Minnesota which are still remembered. His preaching, which was practical, which often wandered outside of the ordinary range of topics, always made the impression of a deep religious life.

"I would say a word of his friendliness, of the affection in which all our Minnesota churches hold him, of the sadness which will come to them as they hear of his departure. So warm and genial was he that his friends are everywhere. A smaller circle who were associated with him more intimately, the little circle of his own household, where he was the stay and the comfort--but the mist comes to my eyes, and I cannot speak."

"Take him all in all, we shall not see his like again. Large-souled, large-hearted, genuine, strong in execution, with so many plans for making the world better; having in the fifteen years of his public service accomplished more than many do in a long life; with so many of his plans unaccomplished, and yet having so large an influence upon the denomination, and through his work of bringing our Swedish friends, and indirectly other foreign peoples, into closer

fellowship with our national life, having had no little influence upon the nation--he has left us and we shall see his face no more until the day of the new heavens and the new earth. A master has fallen in our Israel.

"But there are joyful things to-day. To have achieved character; to have been identified with so much that is best in our denominational progress; to have laid so many foundations; to have made so many suggestions, some of which will yet be adopted; to have left such an impress of himself upon human souls; to have left such an abiding memory in all our hearts; and to have gone up from earth's labors and anxieties, from our sympathies and prayers and tears, into the heavens where he has become a king and a priest unto God--this is not death, but translation."

For a decade and a half, Mr. Morley was superintendent of Home Missions. His administration was a very strong one. His masterful personality was stimulating and all-pervasive. He had his hand upon the helm all the time. He was autocratic, perhaps, but he was so in the interests of efficiency. He closed his work with the Society in 1899.

Another position of honor and of hardship awaited him. He was called to the presidency of Fargo College, North Dakota. Here, also, of course, his dominating personality was felt in all the departments of the College, and in all the circles of its constituency. He wrought efficiently in this field for about five years. While at Fargo, he received the title of L. L. D. from his alma mater.

In 1906, after forty years of continuous labor in the middle west, Mr. Morley went back East, and took a pastorate

in Springfield, Vermont.

In 1910, he made a change to Waldoboro, Maine, but in 1911 returned to Minnesota.

The Year Book for 1913 located him at Turner's Falls as pastor of that church.

Of course, I have known Mr. Morley quite intimately through all the forty-five years of my ministerial life. He was two years before me in the state. He attended the meetings of the General Association, and so did I; so we met frequently. In the years that we were fellow Home Missionary Superintendents, we came into intimate association in the field and at the annual gatherings of the National Home Missionary Society. Once we traveled together for a month, conducting Home Missionary rallies every day, and sleeping together at night, a good deal oftener than we wanted to do, for we both were disposed to say with Bishop Peck, "I feel crowded when I am alone." I remember to this day some of the jokes and funny stories which Brother Morley got off in that campaign. At Charles City one night at the parsonage, he cracked one of his jokes with such explosive force that the pastor, Charles Noble, half-dressed, came running up stairs to see what was the matter. He thought the bed had broken down. One of his stories was one of Prof. Park's annual and perennial which he got off from generation to generation of his Andover students, illustrating the slow-wittedness of some people: A New England farmer was breaking a yoke of steers. He had a rope around the horns of one of the oxen.

Wishing to use his hands, he tied the rope around his foot. Of course, the natural thing happened, the oxen ran away, giving the old deacon a fine drag over the road and many bruises. Telling of it afterward to a neighbor, the deacon said: 'I saw my mistake before we had gone ten rods.'

The quality of his humor is illustrated in an incident which occurred in his pastorate at Sioux City. Mr. Morley was playing croquet, a neighbor passing called out: "Aha, Mr. Morley, I see that you are playing Presbyterian billiards," Without looking up and striking the ball a vigorous whack, he replied: "That's what the profane call it."

But Brother Morley did not introduce much levity into his missionary addresses. They were great, strong, massive, logical, earnest, impressive appeals for a great cause. He had one funny, but telling gesture, which was certainly unique. When he reached a climax he would make a low bow, bending his body from the hips, to the figure of a triangle.

A massive, masterful, magnificent, man is this John H. Morley. Of course, he would be called autocratic by some, but I always found him brotherly and kind. A Boanerges he was, indeed, at times, but he was also and for the most part the beloved disciple John. Further remarks must be postponed until he is out of hearing.

Twenty-seventh sketch,

Amasa H. Houghton.

Amasa Hendrick Houghton, son of Amasa and Polly (Haskins) Houghton, was born in Springfield, Vermont, October 9, 1801. His early ecclesiastical affiliations were with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He became a local preacher at Bethel, Vermont, in 1824. He was ordained elder at Lynn, Mass., July 25, 1828. November 3, 1828, he was married to Miss Charity S. Ormsny, of Bradford, Vermont. She died September 11, 1854.

Mr. Houghton held charges in the New England and New Hampshire Conferences. From 1835 to 1841, he studied and practiced medicine at Springfield, Vermont. For some years, he was in the South, practicing and preaching. December 31, 1856, he was married to Eunice Barrows of Mansfield, Connecticut. He came to Iowa in 1856, locating at Lansing. He became a Congregationalist in 1863, and in 1864, was a chaplain in the army.

Residing at Lansing, and engaging in medical practice, he was also a Home Missionary. December 1, 1866, he was commissioned for Sand Cove and Beach. This commission was renewed in 1867 and 1868. He continued his pastoral work here and there as he had opportunity up to 1875, his residence all the while being at Lansing, up to the day of his death. He died of old age July 23, 1884, aged eighty-two years, nine months and fourteen days. There is no mention of his death in our State Minutes. His ministerial work in Iowa was of

no special significance. But he gave us some service,
and his life may be counted as one of the forces of the
kingdom of God within our borders.

Twenty-eighth sketch,

Edwin E. E. Webber.

Edwin Ellis Efford Webber, son of Joseph Efford and Eliza (Webb) Webber, was born at Cawsand, a suburb of Plymouth England, February 7, 1835.

In an autobiographical letter which he sent me in December of 1909, Mr. Webber says:

"In educating their children in those days in England, it was very common for parents in fair circumstances to hire a tutor who sometimes resided in their home. During the last seven years of my school life, my parents engaged at a stipulated salary, the Rev. Prof. Bowey as my exclusive tutor. Under his direction, four years were spent in general English studies and in the study of the above languages in connection with the study of theology, homiletics, and pastoral work. This latter course was due to the fact that I had been led to chose the christian ministry as my vocation in active life. Born as I was in a christian home and consecrated to God by my parents from my infancy, and hearing prayers constantly ascending to God from the family altar and from my devoted mother's private closet that God would accept of their boy and make him a useful minister of the gospel, had a mighty and controlling influence on my young mind and heart. Then, the Rev. Prof. Bowey being at the same time that he was my tutor, the pastor of the Congregational church of our suburb, was a factor in leading me to think of the christian ministry as the work of my life.

"As one of my youthful companions had gone from our village and had entered the Wesleyan Methodist ministry in Canada, and as he was constantly writing urging me to follow him, and as the way was open to me, I, with the consent of my parents, concluded to do so."

"Before leaving England I was married to Jané Adams, daughter of Capt. Edwards, of the British navy." The marriage took place at Kingston in June of 1857. "Soon after our marriage we embarked for our Canadian home. I was examined and approbated to preach at a Wesleyan Methodist Conference near Toronto, and for some years I was associated with the denomination as a local preacher and general church worker."

"As my attention had been called to the need of ministers for Home Missionary work in the state of Iowa, and as both my wife and I had a desire to locate in this state, I attended the meeting of the American Board at Chicago in the fall of 1865, and was introduced to a number of Iowa ministers, including Father Turner of Denmark, Dr. Slater of Burlington, and the Home Missionary Superintendent of the southern half of Iowa, (Julius A. Reed). After the latter had examined my credentials, he wished me to visit the newly organized church at Agency City, and the church at Glasgow, in having been arranged to unite these two churches under one minister.

"Coming into the state I visited at the homes of Dr. Salter and Father Turner, and was put in charge of Rev. J. C. Cooper, who was then a sort of Home Missionary pastor at large in the southeastern part of the state, and his salary was paid by a rich Boston merchant."

"With his steady-going horse, and his deomcratic wagon, Mr.Cooper took me around among several churches, most of which were under his care, including Fairfield, Clay, Washington, and Brighton. During the two weeks I was with him, I preached three times on the two Sabbaths, and nearly every week evening. After visiting the churches at Agency and Glasgow, I accepted their call, and was ordained at Glasgow October 10, 1866--sermon and ordaining prayer by Rev. John M. Williams of Fairfield. I was subsequently called to the church at Fairfield, but as the work was prospering and encouraging at Agency and Glasgow, it seemed best as well as a duty that I should remain with them."

"After serving the Agency and Glasgow churches three years, I was called to the church at Durant. Several reasons seemed to indicate that I should accept the call, and so after providing for the supply of the Agency and Glasgow churches, I moved my family and was soon hard at work on my new field." The date of his commission for Durant was January 1, 1868."

"Sixteen years before (May 25, 1856), the Durant church had been organized by a colony coming from Connecticut and bringing with them their minister, and after faithfully serving the church for eight years, he died, and was succeeded by Prof. Bullen, formerly of Iowa College, when located at Davenport. Prof. Bullen also served the church eight years, and was dismissed by council." (The name of the first pastor of the Durant church was John S. Whittlesey. Brother Webber is mistaken as to the length of his service. He was pastor

there only three years, later he served the church at Wilton. He died in May of 1862, on account of disease contracted in the army.)

Soon after arriving at Durant, Mr. Webber reported (January 1868) to the Home Missionary Society as follows:

"My first quarter with this church has been a quarter of much anxiety, prayer and labor. I found the church here in rather a cold and formal state, and in the community there seemed very little interest manifested on the subject of religion. The congregations (as I have been told) have been very small compared with the population of the vicinity; many habitually absented themselves from church and became indifferent to divine things, and the stated services of the sanctuary appear to have been conducted with very little visible effect. By the help of God, since my arrival, I have endeavored to bring about a better state of things. I have visited many families at their homes, and have been very cordially received. There is quite a circle of excellent people in this neighborhood--intelligent and industrious, presenting an encouraging and promising field of usefulness. I rejoice that already there are signs of revival; the faithful preaching of the truth, administered, as far as my own ability is concerned, in weakness, but in faith, and in dependence on divine influence, has not been without its fruits. The congregations have increased, the attention has been good, many have been seriously impressed, the church has been greatly encouraged, and the majority of its members are earnestly desiring, praying and hoping for the enlargement

of the borders of Zion in this place and for a more progressive and practical christianity. Yesterday was our communion season, and a very profitable one it was. Many, I believe, were led to reconsecrate themselves to God, and three were added to our number. I therefore thank God and take courage."

Mr. Webber's letter continues:

"During my administration the Durant church was greatly prospered. The church edifice was enlarged to double its capacity to accomodate the increasing congregations, and a fine, large bell was procured, to the delight of the people. Beside this, a good parsonage was secured, and a large lot of ground adjoining the church property, and over two hundred members were added to the church."

In confirmation of what Mr. Webber has here written, is a note in the Home Missionary for October, 1870, as follows:

"The church in Durant, Cedar county, Iowa, (Rev. T. E. Webber) has received thirty members since January 1st. Though the house was enlarged only a year ago, changes have been necessary to increase its capacity still further."

Mr. Webber continues: "Seventy-five were gathered in after one precious revival, in which I was assisted by the devoted Rev. J. C. Cooper. The good work done at Durant during the five years I was pastor made these the most pleasant and encouraging years of my life."

"A large proportion of the Durant church, however, subsequently moved into the central and northwestern parts of the state, and while it greatly weakened the mother church,

out of her scattered children, several new Congregational churches were organized, and churches already established were greatly strengthened, and the Lord's work went on.

"During the last year I was at Durant, the State Association having recommended that each local association should endeavor to establish within its bounds an academy, as a feeder to Iowa College, the Durant church, with two other churches in the Davenport Association competed for the prize; and as Durant offered ten acres of land and had already raised twelve thousand dollars toward the erection of suitable buildings, the committee of the local association located an academy at Durant. The association had pledged twenty thousand dollars toward an endowment, but as it was not provided, the Durant people got discouraged, and refused to commence operations, and so the project fell through. It was a great disappointment to me, as I had worked hard to secure the academy, and the failure had much to do with my leaving Durant to accept a call to Central City. (This was in April of 1872.) As soon as I was on the ground and had got fairly started in my work, we secured a large parcel of land, and commenced the erection of a parsonage, mostly at my suggestion, after the plan of the Durant parsonage; but as soon as the building was completed and ready for occupancy, the Lord saw fit to take from us our second child, a conscientious and promising boy twelve years of age. This was a great trial to us, and my wife took it to heart so much that she could not reconcile herself to the idea of continuing on the field. Church matters looked encouraging, congregations

were increasing, and many members were being added to the church, so that the people very reluctantly accepted my resignation.

"After leaving Central City (in 1873), I was out of the state for a while, but returned to accept a call from the church at Elliott. (In 1873, Mr. Webber was at Des Plaines; in 1875, he was located at Watega; and in 1877, at Seneca, Kansas.) Here, also, at Elliott we were encouraged by the increasing congregations and additions to the church. While there a call came from the church at Reinbeck, which I accepted as it seemed to offer a larger field for usefulness. In commencing work with the Reinbeck church, I took charge of the church at Hudson, also, which had been recently organized, preaching once at each place each Sabbath, alternating the morning and evening services. In the afternoon of each Sabbath, I preached at Lincoln, midway between Reinbeck and Hudson. At Hudson, services were held in the Brethren church, which was always well filled, as the Brethren people always united with our folks in the congregation. The congregation at Reinbeck so increased that it was difficult sometimes to accommodate the crowds within the church building. Prayer meetings at both Hudson and Reinbeck were unusually well attended, and the Sunday schools were larger than ever before. Good feeling prevailed, and there were progress in all lines of church work. Many members were added to the Reinbeck church, and several to the church at Hudson. The three years that I spent on this field were therefore successful and encouraging years in my ministerial life."

"After leaving Reinbeck, I was again out of the state for a while. (At Mantorville, Minnesota, 1887-89; Appleton, 1889-93; Ipswich, South Dakota, 1893; Custer, 1894; and Centerville, 1895-7) .

"On returning to Iowa, I supplied the church at Moorland for a time, but desiring to be near my family at Calva, I accepted a call to the church at Kingsley. I was pastor of the Kingsley church about three years, and these also, by the divine blessing, were years of encouragement and success. Congregations grew so rapidly that the ushers could hardly find seats in which to place the people, and extra chairs had to be put in the aisles and around the rostrum. Brayer meetings were well attended and a number were added to the church. The Kingsley church was the last served by me in this state. Since then I tried to do some work at Appleton, Minnesota, but while there I became so troubled with cataracts in my eyes that I was obliged to give up my active labors. For the last five years, though physically able to be still useful, I have had to live in enforced retirement at Reinbeck."

Mr. Webber died at Reinbeck, December 16, 1911, aged seventy-six years, ten months, and seven days. The foregoing autobiography gives us a clear-cut picture of the man. He was not thoroughly educated; he was not fitted for an extended pastorate; all the time he struck an evangelistic note. This was the staple of his message to the people. He scattered his work over five states of the Middle West, but Iowa

was his home. He was a good preacher, and he had uniform success in his work. He had a fair measure of self-assurance. He was faithful, energetic, and useful. We are glad to recognize him as one of the honored men of our fellowship.

Twenty-ninth sketch,

Asa Farwell.

Asa Farwell, son of Gordon and Anna (Farnsworth) Farwell, was born in Dorset, Vermont, March 8, 1812. He studied at Burr Seminary; graduated from Middlebury College in 1838, and from Andover Seminary in 1842. In 1839-40, he was a teacher in Topsfield, Massachusetts, and he was principal of Abbot Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, in 1842-3. He was ordained at West Haverhill, April 21, 1853, and served that church from that date to September 5, 1866. While pastor here, December 10, 1845, he was married to Hannah Sexton, of Windsor, Connecticut. She died September 4, 1848. August 10, 1849, he was married to her sister, Mary Ann Sexton. Closing up this pastorate of thirteen years at Haverhill, he came out to Iowa, in December of this year 1866 beginning a pastorate of four years at Bentonsport. The town was very prosperous in those days, and had great expectations. The church was self-supporting during Mr. Farwell's administration, and paid a salary of one thousand dollars. A good deal of the financial strength of the church, however, was centered in one man--Seth Richards--who was a host in himself. Later, the dam went out of the river, and the town went down. The church survived until 1913, and gave up the ghost at that time. If I remember correctly, the church did not have a pastor more than two years during all the quarter century I was secretary of the Home Missionary Society.

From, Iowa, Mr. Farwell went over into Nebraska, and

was pastor at Ashland from 1870 to 1876. For a year or two, he was Professor in Doane College. Then from 1879 to 1882, he had his residence without charge at Ashland. In 1882, he returned to Ludlow, Vermont, to spend there the remainder of his days. He died of heart disease, May 16, 1888, aged seventy-six years, two months and eight days. We get some little idea of the quality of the man by reading his two reports from Nebraska. In February of 1872, he writes:

"I make my first report as a Home Missionary with peculiar feelings. From my earliest christian experiences, the American Home Missionary Society has been a cherished object of prayerful regard, and I have aided it by word and deed whenever I could. Now one of its heralds, fairly on missionary ground, I pray that I may fulfill in some good measure what I have desired and hoped for others of its workers. We have been providentially favored in making a fair beginning. I commenced preaching about seven weeks after the organization of the church.

"There being no suitable tenement to be rented, nor the means to erect a parsonage, I was obliged to build a house, for my family. We have secured the court house for a place of worship, organized a prosperous Sunday School, favorably started the monthly concert and weekly prayer meeting, and the congregation has nearly doubled. To-morrow we hope to hold the first thanksgiving sermon that the place has known. This is an important post for missionary labor. Many of the immigrants to the Northwest leave the railroad here and make this for a time their 'base of supplies'. Our little church

hopes to do much for the spiritual guidance of these pilgrims to new homes. I have explored the country around us, and shall have other appointments as far as the weather will permit yhe people to assemble."

"On the whole, our expectations have been fully realized. There are, of course, some privations, as we anticipated; and we sympathize deeply with the thousands of immigrants just beyond who must suffer greatly from the inclement winter weather. But we shall endeavor to do, patiently and faithfully, all that the Master bids. These walls of Zion must be built, and it is blessed work. We lived ten years on Andover Hill, and found there, of course, a delightful home. We had very pleasant settlements and kind people in Massachusetts for thirteen years, and five years in southern Iowa; but I and mine agree that we were never so happy as in our new missionary home."

Mr. Farwell reports again from Ashland, his communication published in the August issue of 1872. He writes:

"During the last month, I have traveled two hundred and twenty-five miles, chiefly in private conveyance and on foot, on my parochial duties; which I suppose is about an average amount of monthly travel, except in the severe weather of winter. I am surprised at the number, intelligence, and apparent interest of the people."

"A christian man from the East told me that when he came three years ago, to his present residence, twelve miles from here, he was on the utmost limits of civilization in that direction. Now, within a circle of four miles from his home,

he could count two hundred dwellings, and still this was but a farming community, having no post office as yet, and eight or ten miles from the railroad."

"The church at Ashland has grown from seven to eighteen in these three quarters since I came. There will soon be a score or two of school houses, within fifteen miles of us, any of which are open for religious meetings. I expect to have appointments for preaching statedly at three different places on week days, distant respectively twelve, fifteen, and seventeen miles; besides occasional preaching at points nearer."

"I have been called recently to attend funerals in two of these places. At one of them there were between ninety and one hundred attentive hearers. At the other, there were about one hundred and twenty. In each case these neighbors and friends were called for the first time since leaving their homes in the East to bury their dead. It was good to preach to them 'Jesus and the Resurrection.' We hope and pray that our labors among them may not be in vain. A more promising missionary field we could hardly expect to find."

"The roads here, aside from the occasional loss of bridges by a freshet, are delightful. A fleet horse easily makes seven or eight miles an hour. This may sound strange to those who have been accustomed to associate little else than 'sloughs and mud' with Western travel when away from the railroads, but so it is; and for this help to our work we are devoutly thankful."

I had no association at all with Mr. Farwell, although

he was in the state for a short time after I came. Evidently he was a strong man, well educated, with an attractive personality and fine social qualities, and he was an excellent preacher. He belongs to the East rather than to the West; and to Nebraska rather than to Iowa.

Thirtieth sketch,

James Malcolm Smith.

Here is another brother whose life story has neither beginning nor ending in our ecclesiastical records. His name was carried for a bout thirty years, and was then without ceremony, note, or comment, dropped.

He came to Iowa from Southwold, Canada West. He was ordained April 4, 1863, and from that time to 1866, worked in Canada and Michigan. January 1, 1867, he was commissioned for Sabula, and served in that field for two years. The News-Letter for February 1867 has the following paragraph: "Rev. J. M. Smith, late of Canada, has taken charge of the church at Sabula, Rev. O. Emerson having given up this portion of his field in order to give more attention to other needy fields in the surrounding region. He says: "he is not sent, but to the lost sheep of the house of our Western Israel."

Mr. Smith left Sabula, June 9, 1869; and, July 1, following, took charge of the work at Monona, and continued in this service through 1870 and 1871.

I remember a sermon which Mr. Smith preached at a meeting of our Association in the fall of 1867. It was an attempt to give an interpretation of the big and little horns of prophecy. I remember that Mr. Guernsey made the remark that he avoided such cattle, fearing that he might get hooked by them.

Apparently, Mr. Smith returned from Iowa to Canada; but in 1874 he was back in the State, located at Carson City, Michigan. In 1876, he was at Cedar Springs; at Old Mission in 1879; and Leslie in 1882. A little later we find him at Olivet without charge. In 1887 he was again in active service, located at Hancock, Minnesota, and in 1889, at Janesville. In 1890, he is listed as residing without charge at St. Paul; and here in 1893 his name was dropped from the Year Book.

It will do no good to storm at the compilers of our statistics. Brother Smith is but one of scores summarily turned out of our ranks by those who occupy the "Seats of the Mighty" there in Boston. I judge that the ministry of Brother Smith in Iowa was of no great significance. He got no foothold here; and made no deep impression on the state.

Thirty-first sketch,

John Wesley White.

John Wesley White, son of Robert and Mary (Johnson) White, was born in Cavendish, Vermont, May 18, 1826. Of his childhood and youth, I have no record. He was married May 1, 1849, to Harriet R. Ewer, of Sandwich, Massachusetts, who died August 22, 1854. He was married again September 1, 1857, to Mrs. Elizabeth Bonar, widow of John A. Reed, of Oberlin. In this year, 1857, he graduated from Oberlin Theological Seminary. He was ordained at Morrison, Illinois, December 22, 1858, and was pastor there from 1858 to 1866. In January of 1867, he began a pastorate of four years at Clinton, Iowa. The call of Mr. White is noted in the News-Letter in the following paragraph:

"The Congregational church at Clinton has extended a call to Rev. A. W. White, for several years minister of the Congregational church at Morrison, Illinois, with a salary of twelve hundred dollars. We are glad to learn that the call has been accepted and that Brother White has entered upon his labors. The church at Clinton was organized last June with fifteen members, and now numbers thirty-four. They intend to erect a house of worship during the present year."

I have the impression that I supplied for Mr. White while he was candidating at Clinton. I am sure that I supplied for him one Sunday about that time, and he was absent in Iowa.

From Clinton Mr. White went to Boonesboro, and was pastor of the church for three years (1871-1874).

In 1874, he returned to Ohio, and had a four years' pastorate at Belleview. Evidences of tuberculosis now beginning to appear, he sought to prolong his working days in Colorado; and succeeded to such an extent that he had a pastorate of seven years (1878-1875) at Longmont. Then he was obliged to give up his work, but his life was prolonged for four years still. He died of consumption, February 10, 1889, aged sixty-two years, eight months and twenty-two days.

I cannot lay my hands on any review of his life or appreciation of his character. We get just a little impression of the man from two reports of his work at Morrison, published in the Home Missionary. There is no report of his work in Iowa, or Colorado. It appears that he was not under commission of the Home Missionary Society at Clinton. Probably he had help from the A. M. A., but of this I am not at all sure. His first report published July 1864, is as follows:

"In my last, I think I mentioned that we, in connection with the other churches, were holding a protracted meeting. That meeting, with some slight interruptions from storms, continued about nine weeks. About twenty persons professed conversion; christians were quickened, and a general feeling of christian liberality was secured. The results of the meeting were of a highly satisfactory character. The quickening which christians received, I trust, will not soon pass away. Indeed, I am endeavoring to bring my people up to a point where they shall not only feel it a duty but a privi-

lege to work for God constantly.

"In addition to my extra labors, I have been enabled to attend to my regular Sabbath ministrations. I have commenced a regular course of visiting, intending to call upon every family in the place. In doing so, I think I may extend my influence for good, besides gaining some facts that may benefit me in my preaching."

In his second report, Mr. White writes:

"As I have before intimated, we shall--at least while I am connected with the church--make no further application for aid from the Home Missionary Society. We are able to support ourselves henceforth. I trust we shall never forget the gratitude we owe the Society for its liberal aid in the past, and that we shall do what we can to repay it by generous contributions in the future. The Lord has greatly blessed and prospered us, and it is my prayer that we may not prove unworthy of his goodness."

I regret that I cannot give a fuller sketch of this good brother. He gave us seven years of excellent service. He was Clinton's first pastor, and assisted in laying well the foundations of that splendid church.

Thirty-second sketch,

Loren W. Brintnall.

Loren Williams Brintnall, son of Prosper and Amy (Johnson) Brintnall, was born in Windham, Vermont, January 10, aged 28. He studied at Townsend Academy and Oberlin College, and graduated from the Oberlin Seminary in 1855.

September 19, 1855, he was married to Abby Hurd Willey, of Grafton, Vermont. She journeyed with him from this day to the end of his life. The same year, November 17, he was ordained at Lafayette, Ohio, where he was pastor from 1855 to 1862. From 1862 to 1867, he was pastor at York; and then came to Iowa. He began at Winthrop in March of 1867, where he served this church and other communities--Buffalo Grove, and Pine Creek--for about eight years. His first commission dated March 1, 1867, was for the First Congregational church, Byron Township, which was the early name for the Winthrop church. Winthrop became quite a Brintnall settlement, a number of the name and kin locating there. One of the great events of this pastorate was the dedication of a house of worship in which the Brintnalls, pastor and all, had a generous share. This event is noted in the Home Missionary for May 1870 in the following paragraph:

"Rev. L. W. Brintnall of Winthrop reports the dedication of a house of worship on the thirteenth of February, when pledges were given to cancel the entire indebtedness of three hundred dollars, with the aid expected from the Congregational Union."

In November of 1873, Mr. Brintnall added Independence to his field, and the two churches together were self-supporting. A report of this is found in the June issue of 1874, and reads as follows:

"The next year I expect to divide my labors between Winthrop and Independence, the two churches sustaining me without aid. This will compel me to leave Buffalo to some one else. It was a long ride for me every other week to that place, (twelve miles) after preaching in the morning.

"It is with feelings of sadness that I step out from my state of partial dependence upon the Society. Seven years I have labored under your commission, and in all this time I have not been aware of the slightest misunderstanding between us, and have always found you full of earnest, brotherly, sympathy. May God bless you abundantly in your great work, and all the dear churches over which you have a provisional oversight!

"The barrel from New Britain, Connecticut supplied many of our necessities, and was a valuable and pleasant expression of their interest in Home Missions. We have had great help from these donations; indeed, without them I do not see how we could have made ends meet. I hope the interest of the churches in this direction will not grow less while the missionary work holds its present proportion. Let none be disheartened, if silly things are written, or even if a gift is now and then unappreciated."

In 1875, Mr. Brintnall gave up the Winthrop end of the field but continued at Independence up to 1877, at which time he became pastor of the church at Monticello. He was here,

At present we are in a very difficult position.

The first thing we must do is to get our bearings.

We must find out what is going on in the world.

It is a very serious situation.

I am sure that you will find it very interesting.

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however, only two years; and 1879 found him back at his old field at Winthrop. For four years in this second pastorate, he served the church; and then beginning in 1883, gave five years to the church at Sheldon. This was a season of unusual prosperity to the Sheldon church.

While at Sheldon, Mr. Brintnall sent the following communication to the Home Missionary Society unde the date of January, 1888: "I have been asked to give a certain experience in Home Missionary work in the hope that it might be helpful to others. We close our second year of labor with the First Congregational Church at Sheldon, August 1, 1885. The first year we had two hundred dollars. At the close of our second year, the Iowa Home Missionary Society was heavily in debt, and there was no hope of an early payment of the fifty dollars due us for our last quarter's work. We were greatly interested in the prosperity of our State Home Missionary Society, and did not feel willing to add to the burden of debt that was already so embarrassing. What could we do? Our salary of eight hundred dollars had not been large and we thought we needed all that we had been receiving. The church had received some additions, but it had been also weakened by removals, so that the prospect was very little better in that direction for the immediate future. We looked over our resources, and for the sake of helping forward the work of Christ in the whole field, we concluded that we would not have the application for further aid sent to the Society until the close of the next quarter. We will get along with what comes to us from the weekly contributions of the church and from other sources. To this my wife agreed. We are one

in financial affairs as well as in other respects. We did this with prayer, and a willingness to forego an anticipated visit to children and friends if necessary. Committing ourselves to the Lord in this, as in all other things, we went forward. At the end of three months, our books showed that our income had been nearly equal to the average income for three months, under the Home Missionary commission. We then said, 'We do not dare to go back to the old way; we will try this plan for another three months.' The trial was made and with the same results. We were frequently surprised by the coming to us of help when we were not expecting it, and we often wondered at the dealings of the Lord with us. We went on that way through the year, and now more than eleven months of the second year has passed, and we are still walking in the same path. We can say that the Lord has greatly blessed us. We do not say that this is the best way for all. We do think, however, that the Lord's work can be greatly helped by Christians and ministers making a more practical test of the Lord's promise: 'My God shall supply all your needs.' They will find that it applies not exclusively to things of the spirit, but of the body also."

From 1888 to 1892 he was at Steilacoon, Washington. He then returned to Iowa, and gave a year to the new church at Ashton. This was an ephemeral affair, and soon returned to the Presbyterians, whence it came. For the two years, 1893-95, Mr. Brintnall was at Fairfax, and during the year 1895-6, at Hartwick. Then again he moved out to the coast, serving at Ahtanum for two years (1897-99) and then retired to wait for the end. He died at Seattle, May 3, 1900, aged

seventy-two years, three months, and twenty-six days.

Brother Brintnall could hardly be called a handsome man. He was long and lean and lank with defective eye-sight and drooping shoulders; but to those who knew him well, he was good to look upon and to be with, for he was genuine and true and honest and sincere; and though plain of speech, he was kindly and well disposed. He had in him a generous supply of the milk of human kindness. More than once I have heard him say: "I am rough-spoken sometimes, but I have as kind a heart as anybody's beating under my jacket." He was sympathetic in the extreme, and was easily touched to tears. I think he seldom got through a sermon without having a cry somewhere. He had in him also a full supply of mother wit. Sometimes his humor was dry and sometimes it was shy and awkward, but always it was the genuine article.

He gave us twenty-five years of service. He got a firm grasp on every community he served. He developed his churches along many lines, and left them stronger for his service. He stuck closely to his pastoral work, and attempted no other. He was not a literary man, he wrote no books, he seldom wrote for the newspapers. So far as I have been able to find, there is but one article of his in Congregational Iowa. As a slight revelation of the man, I am disposed to insert a portion of that article which was published in the December issue of 1885. He writes upon the relation of the financial condition of the church to spirituality. Of course, he first defines spirituality. "It is easy to see that the spiritual are those that obey God, that keep the commandments of Jesus Christ, that follow the teachings of the Bible."

"Now we find that God commanded Moses to require of the people offerings; burnt offerings, free-will offerings, peace offerings and sacrifices, and that beyond all these things, they were to bring in a tenth of all their increase, for the support of the house of the Lord and to keep his service. One of the most grievous charges that God made against his ancient people was that they had robbed him 'in tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse, for ye have robbed me even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the store house that there may be meat in mine house.' In these last days the service of God is not less important than then. It is not less important to maintain public worship. It is layed upon us to support the preaching of the gospel--not only at home among our own people, but also throughout all the world. This requirement is upon us as the people of God, and our obligations financially cannot be less under the gospel than under the law. The divine word instructs us to owe no man anything, but to love one another. This we believe is obligatory upon all the Lord's people--ministers, laymen, theological students, and all other Christian students and Missionary Societies including our own I.C.H.M.S. How can a minister, who has covenanted to walk in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless, go into the house of God and speak to the people in the name of the Lord, when he is in debt for his food and clothing? He excuses himself by saying, 'I am compelled to this course because the church and societies say, we cannot pay because the members are so slow in their payments. The members say, we can't pay these sub-

scriptions till we have paid our debts--we must be honest before we are generous. We have often heard it said in apology for our I. C. H. M. S., we are passing through the dry months, and the springs are dry. By and by they will begin to flow, and then we can pay. So one being compelled by another, and all by each, the Lord's people, a large number of them are living in habitaul violation of the will of God.

"Now as spirituality is the spirit of obedience, what can be the state of the spirituality of those ministers and churches who are continually living in this sin? But they say, we can't help it. Is this then our condition? Are we required to do that which is beyond our power? Does the Bible lay upon us that with which is beyond our power? Does the Bible lay upon us that with which we cannot comply? Is not Christ's yoke an easy yoke? Are his burdens heavy? We believe the Lord's way is the best way, and that not a few Christians and churches have fully satisfied themselves that there is no real necessity of continuing in debt. It will be the intent of another and concluding paper to show this, and to illustrate a better method of doing the Lord's work."

That concluding portion of the article was never written, at least it was not published. I think Mr. Brintnall was himself an illustration of how to live and carry on the Lord's work without going into debt. He lived the simple life and well within his income, and he laid aside from week to week a certain portion of his income for the Lord's work. I think this is about what he would have said had he written

the second article. Mr. Brintnall was a splendid man. He was a great force in the building of our churches, and he was one of the builders of the Commonwealth.

Thirty-third sketch,

George Smith.

George Smith, son of Andrew and Agnes (Biggar) Smith, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, February 26, 1833. He was educated at Milton and Beloit Academies, and Chicago Theological Seminary, graduating in 1867. Before his seminary days, December 12, 1862, he was married to Agnes Brown Dobie, of Whitewater, Wisconsin, by whom there were born into the home ten children. He did not have a college education. He took the "special course" of two years at the Seminary. In May of 1867, he went directly from the Seminary to Big Rock, Iowa, and was ordained there January 20, 1868. His pastorate at Big Rock covered a period of four years. One of the crowning results of this pastorate was a church building and parsonage. There is a report of these enterprises in the Home Missionary for December 1869:

"The church under the care of Rev. George Smith, after worshipping for twelve years in an inconvenient school house, dedicated its new and tasteful house of worship August 8th. The house is 28x40 feet; cost \$2,500, and with the aid of \$500 from the Congregational Union, was dedicated free from debt--two hundred dollars having been subscribed by parties during the previous week that there might be no begging at the dedication. This church is also building a parsonage to be ready before winter."

Another memorable incident in this pastorate was the bringing of the church to self-support. Of this, Mr. Smith

reports (December, 1870):

"I have delayed writing you that I might be able to report the result of our effort to become self-supporting. The effort has been successful. I have now been your missionary for three years on this field, and my connection with you in this relation now ceases at least for the present. When I came here, I preached in a school house at each of my appointments. Now we have at each place a church edifice. Their cost was about \$2,500 each, and they are free from debt. At Big Rock during the last year, we have secured the erection of a parsonage which will be a palacial mansion compared with our conveniences heretofore. It is 22x28 feet, two stories high, and contains nine rooms. Its cost will be far from \$1,000, the larger part of which is provided for.

"It is not by added strength from increased numbers that we become self-supporting this year, but by increased self-denial and liberality on the part of both minister and people. I have tried to talk self-support into my people from my first coming here. The condition of your treasury and the necessities of the regions beyond induced me lately to tell my people, that I would make my salary six hundred instead of seven hundred if they would come to self-support. Two of our most liberal men began by doubling their subscriptions, and the result of a little effort is that a few of the Lord's professed stewards would rather continue to hold on to the skirts of the Home Missionary Society than, out of their abundance, give an additional dollar for the support of the gospel. But

we have been gratified to see a larger number disposed to give with cheerfulness, and in the exercise of self-denial. The Lord grant them soul-prosperity for their liberality!

"The church at Big Rock voted that we tender to the Home Missionary Society our sincere and hearty thanks for its uniformly kind responses to our requests for help, during the last fourteen years, and that we pledge ourselves to be mindful in the future of the interests of the Society according to our ability."

From Iowa, Mr. Smith went to Wisconsin, locating at Genesee, where he was pastor from 1872 to 1878. In this field he reports in December of 1872 as follows:

"I resume here my connection with the Society, which a former experience of three years in Iowa assures me will be pleasant. It is my prayer that its results may make glad the Society, my people, and the blessed Redeemer whom we serve."

"This church was organized nearly thirty years ago, and has had the aid of the Society for many of those years. Both the village and the church have been seen more prosperous days than the present. Railroad matters have hindered the village, and the church has felt the influence of Spiritism, of which Genesee is something of a stronghold. One thing, however, in the history of the church encourages me. She has sent out those who are doing noble work for the Master. One is the wife of a foreign missionary. Another is Pres. McVicker, of Washburn College, Kansas. One young man, a member of the church, enters Beloit College this year, with the ministry in view. Two years ago a precious revival wrought a large

ingathering into the church, and we hope to see good fruit-bearing from recent converts. The brothers are harmonious in purpose and effort, and responsive to my calls for the initiation and carrying out of measures for the advancement of the Gospel."

In 1885-4, Mr. Smith supplied at Lima; and then, from 1884 to 1888 he was pastor at Milton, the academy town where he once attended school. This seems to have been his last pastorate. For many years he lived in retirement at Austin, a suburb of Chicago. In those years at our annual gatherings at the Seminary, we always expected to see George Smith.

I first met him at the Seminary in the fall of 1865, at which time we entered the Seminary together. We were not in the same class, however, for he was in the Special Course, and graduated one year earlier than I. I probably met him once or twice while he was at Big Rock, and I met him at least a half a score of times in these later years at Chicago. But we were never very closely associated.

He was a modest, quiet, unassuming man. He never put himself forward, and no one else seemed disposed to push him to the front. So he was always seen, but never heard. But he was a man of genuine worth and fair ability. His reports show a good command of the King's English, and considerable force of character and undoubted devotion to his work. He left his impress on the church and community at Big Rock. The world is better because he lived in it.

Thirty-fourth sketch,

Harmon Bross.

Harmon Bross, son of Luke and Theodocia Bross, was born in Montesuma, New York, October 20, 1835. The family moved to Hillsdale county, Michigan in 1836, and was among the pioneers of southern Michigan. The father died when the boy was but eight years of age, the mother being left with a family of five children, and very meager support. It cost a severe struggle to obtain even a common school education. But the boy meant to be a minister, and he needed further preparation. Having united with the North Adams Church, at thirteen years of age, he left home soon afterwards to earn money for further study.

He prepared for college at Jonesville Union School, and pursued advanced studies at Ypsilanti Seminary. After teaching two years, he entered the Freshman class of Hillsdale College at the opening of that institution, but without completing the course, returned to his work of teaching.

Studying theology while teaching, he was licensed to preach in May of 1858 by the Grand River Association. He entered upon his first pastorate at Somerset, Michigan, in 1862, but soon heard the stirring call of Lincoln for Three Hundred Thousand More to defend the old flag, and the following August he was mustered into service as second lieutenant, Company G, Eighteenth Michigan Volunteer Infantry. Returning from the army with broken health, he preached for a short time to the churches of Canandaigua, Medina, and Morenci, and was ordained

at Canandaigua, September 3, 1863. Resuming his studies, he was graduated from the Chicago Theological Seminary in May of 1867. Throughout his course at the Seminary, he was pastor of the church at Milburne, Illinois. In the first year of his pastorate here, there was a wide-spread revival as a result of which at one time thirty-three were received to membership on confession, and others were added from time to time.

While at Milburne he made three reports, the first of which (December 1865) was, in part, as follows:

"You are aware that we experienced a precious work of grace during the last winter. Our revival season was characterized by an entire absence of what is usually known as excitement, and the prevalence of a deep, earnest, thoughtfulness, and so the results of the work appear to be real and permanent. So far as I know, there are none of those who then took a decided stand have since turned aside. At our communion season the first of June, we received seven members, making in all thirty-eight additions to the church as the fruits of the revival. One of those received was a lady who had been reared a Catholic, and had always been a member of that church.

"After waiting for some time for lumber, the church building committee has voted to go on and let the contract for erecting the house of worship. The time for its completion, however, has been extended, so that we shall not have it this year; but we must bide our time."

In his next report (February 1866) he writes:

"A somewhat remarkable case of conversion occurred here a little time ago. A soldier of one of our Illinois regiments who had been three years from home returned about the first of

July. One day, while working in the field, as he told me, he was so overcome by the thought of the goodness of God in preserving him through so many dangers, and in permitting him to come home and find the family circle unbroken, that he melted down under it, and then and there consecrated his life to Christ."

Again in November of 1866, he writes:

"As the church and society here have voted to go alone after this date, we are to part company in this respect with your noble society, though we hope never to be separated from you in prayer and sympathy, we giving aid to you instead of asking it of you. This people owes a debt of enduring gratitude to the American Home Missionary Society for aid that has been afforded in the past years to sustain the gospel on this field. I trust that our yearly collections will show that it is not forgotten.

"Just twenty-five years ago, your Agent, Rev. Flavel Bascom, organized here a little church of fourteen members. It is in the country, and of course has not grown so fast in ability or in numbers as many churches in large towns. Under the faithful ministrations of Rev. William D. Dodge, who was eighteen years pastor, it was brought up to seventy-two members; when I came two years since, some had left, some had been called away by death, and I found sixty-one members. There is now a membership of one hundred. We are soon to have a pleasant and commodious sanctuary that will seat two hundred and fifty or three hundred people, and I shall probably, ere long, comply with their request to be installed. Your society

has helped them through many dark days. God speed you in your noble work!"

Immediately after graduation, Mr. Bross began a pastorate at Ottumwa, Iowa, and remained until August of 1873. It was in all respects a happy pastorate; the church being much strengthened, and the congregation and Sunday School enlarged, and one hundred and ten added to the membership of the church, fifty-one of these on confession of faith. During a portion of the time, Mr. Bross was chairman of the Home Missionary Committee for the Association, and visited and aided the weaker churches in the vicinity and saved some of them from extinction. For a part of the time, also, he was on the Board of Visitors for Iowa College. There were no missionary reports from Ottumwa during Mr. Bross's administration, for the church was self-supporting.

During a short visit to Nebraska in the spring of 1873, he found the expanding work of that new state appealing so strongly to him that he accepted in August of this year, a call to the church at Crete, where Doan College had been located the previous year. This pastorate extended over a period of nearly eleven years. It was the time of laying foundations in church and college and in the Commonwealth. He found a membership of fourteen and left the church with a membership of one hundred and eighty-five, a good house of worship built in 1877, and much enlarged in 1883. The church and the pastor had much to do with the growth and development of Doane College.

Some of the incidents and experiences of this pastorate are related in his communication to the Home Missionary. In February of 1874, he reports:

"I feel it to be at once a privilege and an added responsibility to be again under commission of the dear old Home Missionary Society. What would this rapidly developing West do without its timely aid? Surely the friends of evangelical religion in the East and in the Interior do not mean to slacken their hands now, when the call for help is so earnest and pressing. I came to this field after careful consideration, convinced that it is an important era in the history of this church. The location here of Doane College, the one Congregational College for Nebraska, makes it imperative that there should be here an active, vigorous church, furnishing the right spiritual atmosphere for the religious culture of those who come up from different parts of the state for mental training."

"The affairs of our young college are in a hopeful condition; the effort to raise funds both in the State and at the East having succeeded beyond expectation. The urgent desire of the friends of the college is that the work may be owned of the Master in the bestowment of a spiritual blessing upon all its members. There is a constant increase of students, and we hope to see a work of grace among them this winter."

"Our chief discouragement comes from the lack of a house of worship. The room in the College building in which we worship is comfortable, but too far from the center of most of

the people. But the financial revulsion seems to forbid any immediate effort in the direction of building, and so I suppose we must work on and wait.

"The question of living in Nebraska this winter seems a formidable one. With bugs and dry weather, potatoes are nearly a failure; so that they sell now for a dollar a bushel instead of twenty cents as a year ago; corn is too scarce for fuel, and wood from seven to eight dollars a cord. But the people are generally plucky and hopeful, and surely the Lord's service need not be too much troubled."

The second report from Nebraska (January 1875) is as follows:

"My last report was sent from Ottumwa, Iowa, my former parish, where I had a most delightful rest among the loved people whom I served for nearly seven years. I went there fresh from seminary life, and gathered a large part of the present church. There two of our children were born, and there the body of our little 'Howdie' sleeps in a lonely grave--no, not lonely, for He who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me' keeps guard even over the sacred dust, and we know the dear one himself is just as near us here as there."

"I had seen nothing of the grasshoppers until returning, we found the devastated gardens, the fields bristling with their bare corn stalks, and everywhere the sorrowful plight, found in the wake of the mighty army. Friends in Iowa said, 'You had better not return;' but it was no time for a pastor to forsake a people in trouble, and the more I see of church work in the West, the more I feel our need of settled

pastorate, not 'work by the year'; notwithstanding the loss of the corn crop and the low price of wheat, our people here are plucky and hopeful, and expect good harvests next year.

"The hard times, however, bring us one sore disappointment, in the postponement of church building. While it seemed almost a hopeless task at best, yet we did hope, if times were prosperous, after harvest, we could, by hard lifting among ourselves and by aid of the union, erect some sort of church building which we might consecrate to the Lord's service."

"I am confident that with a proper location and such a church building as we had hoped to erect this fall, our congregation could soon be trebled. Every year, every half year, now without this, seems a great loss to the church, to the numerous non-church-goers, and to the college interests that demand here a strong, active church, and a controlling religious sentiment. Great progress has been made in both these directions. I regard the church as fivefold stronger in working power now than it was fifteen months ago."

"The College begins the year as auspiciously as could be hoped, amid the general depression. Probably we have not half the students we should have but for the heavy losses of our people. The aim of the Board is to keep its affairs in close, compact shape, hoping for better times. There is now no debt; the assets show \$18,040 in interest bearing notes; \$2,000 in non-interest bearing notes and subscriptions; two hundred acres adjoining our town site; fifty-six lots in Crete, besides the present building. The teachers are doing faithful, thorough work, training the students (about fifty)

committed to their care."

Mr. Bross next reports (September, 1875) additions and removals: "Especially, it is comforting," he says, "and encouraging to see that the service has been owned and blessed by the Master in the unifying and upbuilding of the church. Three united with it at the communion season, June 13th, two of them interesting and valuable young men on professing of faith. Our good Deacon C--- removed with his family the first of July, and we shall feel their loss sadly. These frequent removals from our Western churches are trying to pastor and people alike.

"Saving the temporary interruption, consequent on the absence of so many during vacation, our Sabbath school work has never been in so prosperous a condition as now. This is particularly the case with the infant department; and it is in this that are gathered most of the Bohemian children. Our neice has taught a common school in the Bohemian neighborhood this summer, undertaking the work for special purpose of gaining access to them. She has succeeded happily. Going to their houses--sod houses and dug-outs mainly--she has made an acquaintance with them that will be invaluable. At the picnic held in a grove three miles out of town, at the close of their school, we had singing in three different languages,--English, German, and Bohemian."

"In financial matters, the outlook has been hopeful until the heavy fall of rain, and what the issue will be now, it is difficult to say. In our county the damage to the crops by grasshoppers has not been severe. Some few farmers

along the streams suffered severely, but the general loss is comparatively light. No one, however, not on the ground at the time, can understand the strain of anxiety and suspense felt by our people during the two weeks of the grasshopper flight. Day after day, day after day, the air was filled high as one could see. Millions upon millions moving northwardly; and we knew that they had only to sweep down upon the fields and in a few hours everything would be destroyed. A gloom settled upon the place, and the surrounding region, almost like that which lies upon a besieged city. Unspeakable was the relief when they were gone, and our wheat and corn were left. Our people, of course, have been in arrears through all the year with their subscriptions; and, indeed, I have received but little money. I hope, however, that with a certain amount of the subscription which I have agreed to donate them, they will be able to have clean papers for the next year."

Mr. Bross's next report, November, 1877, was as follows:

"The chief event of the quarter has been the dedication and getting into our new house of worship. The day was perfect; the house was crowded so that many went away. The sermon by Chancellor Fairfield, from Romans: 1:16, was one of unusual interest and power; and the whole service was one long to be remembered. The members of the church and congregation, and the townspeople generally, are much pleased with the house. And well they may be; for in size, comeliness, and comfort, it leaves little to be desired. Soon after, the college term closed, and teachers and students left for their vacation; so there has been so far no fair opportunity to estimate what the

effect will be upon our congregations and Sunday schools. I think that it will add one-half to our morning congregations and Sunday school, and double those of the evening.

"We found, just before dedication day, that we should owe \$275, after getting the expected \$300 from the Union. Some few subscriptions unpaid were considered good, and we held three lots given to us, which we hoped to sell. It was the unanimous feeling that there should be no appeal for money on dedication day. So, getting time on a balance of our lumber bill, we borrowed \$200 from the bank, at fifteen per cent, for ninety days, to pay mechanics, five of us becoming personally responsible for the note. In this way payment was provided for, and we could dedicate free of debt."

"We feel thankful to many friends, here and abroad, who have helped us in the matter. Special mention ought to be made of the church at Omaha, which, through its large-hearted pastor, helped us in the most generous way; and of the churches at Millburn and Lamoille, Illinois; of Wheatland, Somerset, and North Adams, Michigan, and of the timely and generous gift from Seth Richards, Esquire, of California. Our dedication day was, indeed, a time for us to say, 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.'"

In his next report, published February 1878, Mr. Bross tells of a sad Thanksgiving. "I write," he says, "In the shadow of a sad bereavement. Our dear little Anna, aged ten years, has gone from our home. The community has been stricken with that fearful scourge, diphtheria, and in many of our homes are Rachels weeping for their children and will not be

comforted. Since the abundant harvest, we had been looking forward to Thanksgiving Day as a time of rejoicing. But its coming brought us a sad experience of sickness, bereavement, and death. On Thanksgiving morning, holding her little hands in mine, I said: 'If you should not get well, it would seem good to go home and be with Jesus, wouldn't it?' There was no alarm, no surprise at all, but simply a quiet, decided 'Yes.' I then gave her a message that I wished to send to her brother. 'Tell Howdie, when you find him that we love him in our home and hope to meet him in Heaven.' 'I will,' she said, as calmly as if it had been some usual errand about the house. She talked much of going home to be with Jesus. She distributed her little toys and books to the other children and her young friends, not forgetting her missionary money. At one time she asked her mamma to pray, and then said: 'Papa, pray.' 'Now, I want to pray,' she said. But she could not speak, so she clasped her hands, and we all bowed our heads in prayer."

"It was the most interesting and impressive scene I ever witnessed. Her patience and courage in suffering, her touching expressions of faith were remarkable."

"There is one sharp trial connected with it. Our burial-ground here is a lonely place out on the broad prairie, and she had a dread of being buried there. On her last day with us, she looked up earnestly into her mamma's face and said, 'When I am gone, don't bury me in that lonely place; send me home to sleep by the side of Howdie.' I could see no way at the time to carry out the dear child's wish, and so we had to lay her to rest there, temporarily, at least. The body lies

out there this dreary, winter night; but we comfort ourselves with the thought that she is in that blessed country where they have no night. We do hope to find some way to remove the body to Iowa.

"Brethren, pray for us. Amid our trials we sympathise with you, in these days of criticism and unrest. May the Lord bless you all and give you faith and hope and courage as you need."

Following this report is an item in parenthesis as follows: "We are grieved to learn that another child of Mr. and Mrs. Bross has followed their little Anna, a victim of the same terrible disease. Shall they not have the prayers of our readers--as they have of our own--that the great Comforter may be with them in their time of sorrow."

With rapid railroad extension in northern Nebraska, the Black Hills and Wyoming, in the spring of 1884 a great tide of settlers came into the region and Mr. Bross was commissioned February 1st, of this year, by the Congregational Home Missionary Society to act as General Missionary for Northern Nebraska, and as Superintendent of the Black Hills and Central Wyoming. For six years he gave himself to this pioneer work, preaching in tents, gospels, tabernacles, vacant store buildings, founding churches, building houses of worship, organizing Sunday schools, etc., etc. In many of these long journeys, he was accompanied by his devoted wife who spoke to the mothers, helped in the Sunday schools, and then went East with him to awaken interest in the work in those regions.

From a number of Home Missionary reports we have glimpses

of Mr. Bross in his general missionary work. In August of 1884, he writes: "Few parts of the West are settling more rapidly than is the large region known as Northern Nebraska. It has not heretofore been advertised as much as other sections, because there is little or no railroad land for sale. The great land grants which have been held for good prices, are in the central and southern part of the state, and the land here is all open for settlement. Some of this land in northern Nebraska is broken, some of it sandy, and this has retarded its development. But while there are some sandy plains and some ranges of sand hills, there are some of the richest and most inviting valleys to be found anywhere. Since the earliest days of spring, the tide of immigration has been pouring in full and strong. The roads are dotted with prairie schooners, and the trains loaded with land seekers, and with those who are going with their families upon the lands selected in the fall. The talk in towns and on trains is uniformly of lands, of claims, of the advantage of one locality over another. But if you sit down and talk quietly with those who are seeking their new homes, you will find them anxious for the Sunday school and the religious service. Their attitude toward religious things will often be determined for years within a few months after their arrival. Two or three townships are covered with claims in a short time. Sod houses and cabins go up in every direction so that in a little while you can count twenty-five or fifty, or in place a hundred houses. As there are no railroad lands to be withheld from market, every quarter-section may become a homestead.

"Towns spring up as by magic, and in a little while each boasts its quota of stores, shops, saloons, telegraph and express office, bank, school houses, etc. If there are a few Christian people to organize themselves into a church, and some enterprising man to push the churchbuilding, the contributions to it will be ready and generous."

"Our Congregational system has a great advantage here, its simple, evangelical creed and practical polity affording a platform on which Christians of different denominations can stand together. It happens every now and then, as it did in Dixon county, that the people of a neighborhood are seeking for some simple form of church organization in which all the Christians of the community can unite in evangelical fellowship and work, and after correspondence and consideration they find that a Congregational church is just what is wanted. In this way, it occurs that our churches are sometimes formed without an original Congregationalist in them. Those people who have been so earnest in searching for what they wanted are often the most hearty and persistent in their support and advocacy of our polity."

"The famous Keya Paha, region as it is called, illustrates the rapidity of settlement and pressing need of Home Mission-arey work. It is a region lying between the Niobrara river on the south and the Keya Paha on the north. Before the first of July, there will probably be five hundred families upon this table land. They are almost wholly American people, men who have of their own motion sought their new homes and found them. There are no permanent buildings; sod houses,

log houses, small frame houses are in process of erection, but no places of public worship and no school houses as yet."

"An earnest appeal has been made to Sec. Cobb, of the Congregational Union, for the purchase of two portable church buildings to be used in this region. The plan is to put a student on horseback for the summer, and to run what I call a 'Gospel pony express'. By the autumn, centers will be established and something more permanent can be done. Further east thousands of acres of land are changing hands, and an enterprising class of people with some means are settling. It is a great crisis in our work in this part of the state, and the next year, with its opportunities, holds within it the history of years to come. If these hundreds of families coming here, are gathered soon into the Sunday school and the religious service, they will be secured for the years to come; if not, they will drift away and fall into the ways of a new country. It is a time to push the work of the American Home Missionary Society with the utmost vigor."

In May of 1885, Mr. Bross reports again: "There is, perhaps, no part of our country, East or West just now, where the call for a marked increase of Home Missionary force is more urgent, or where there is greater promise of speedy results than in the rapidly developing region called Northern Nebraska. Owing to lack of railroad facilities and other causes, the North Platte region has settled more slowly than the southern part of the state. But as soon as public attention was fairly directed to the magnificent Elkhorn Valley, and the region lying still beyond, immigrants began to pour in,

and last year tens of thousands found new homes and rich land in Northern Nebraska. The upper Elkhorn valley had been opened the year before by the extension of the Fremont and Elkhorn valley Railroad, and upon this single line came in about fifteen thousand people in six months of last year.

"It was found so difficult to superintend this work from the headquarters of a Home Missionary Superintendent in Southern Nebraska, that the directors of the Nebraska Home Missionary Society recommended and the Executive Committee of the National Home Missionary Society comissed, in February, a general missionary for the work. Progress has been made during the year past, indicated in part by the organization of eight churches and the erection of five houses of worship. We are, however, only entering upon the work that needs to be done. The North Platte region contains much more than half of the area of the state, the river bending to the south, so that for fifty miles only a single tier of counties lies between it and the Kansas line. The north half is, for the most part, a region of living streams and beautiful, fertile valleys. It will be occupied by thrifty, prosperous farmers."

"The Union Pacific Railroad is almost sure to extend one or more of its branches into the great central region of the state, drained by the Loup River and its many branches. The Burlington Road, part of the immense C. B. & Q. system, has its route surveyed along the valley of the South Loup; while the Chicago and Northwestern, pushing for the Black Hills by way of its Elkhorn and Missouri Valley branch, has one hundred and forty miles of track already under contract, with eighty miles of grading completed beyond Valentine. Even in the dead

of winter, as I write, the United States Land Office at Valentine is thronged with applicants for government land, and, with the opening of spring, the officers at Grand Island, North Platte, O'Neill and Valentine will be rushed to their utmost capacity."

"The hard times in the East will direct the attention of thousands to the region of cheap lands and cheap food. The small amount of government land remaining in the country, the rich valleys of the three Loups and the White, the nearness of the section to the coal fields and market of the Black Hills, the admirable school system of the state, the splendid exhibit made at New Orleans, will conspire to bring an army of settlers, so that, in Central and Northwestern Nebraska, it is probable that more than fifty thousand people will find homes before the beginning of another winter. They need churches, Sunday schools, houses of worship. They need the ready helping hand of our dear old Home Missionary Society, and the Congregational Union. Where are the young men to come this year into Northern Nebraska to help lay foundations."

Then, again, in May of 1886, Mr. Bross reports the beginnings at Chadron, as follows: "All day long the carpenter's hammer and saw have been heard, buildings were moving from the old town four and a half miles away, railroad trains were coming and going, companies of cow boys came in, went the rounds of the saloons, and rode away, to be followed by others.

"Just at sunset a little company of worshippers gathered on main street, in the shadow of a building partly completed,

and held the first service in Chadron. Since then, services have been held every Sabbath, ours being the only one, with the exception of one Sabbath when a Methodist brother preached in the morning, and a Baptist in the evening."

"At length a queer building was found, half pine slabs and half canvas, and as the merchant was about to move his goods into a more permanent building, the missionary asked, looking at the nameless structure, what will you take for that? The merchant said it had cost him considerable money in the old town, but if it would answer for a place of meeting, we could have it for forty dollars. A man was found to buy the slabs for a small sum, a carpenter hired at thirty cents an hour, a team procured, and the missionary took off his coat and went to work. A Christian young man was found to assist. The old building was torn down, and the frame and canvas moved upon a vacant lot, the use of which had been secured, and the first service held in it. There was only the frame, and the canvas stretched over it. A collection was taken to buy boards with which to side it up; another Sabbath a collection for lamps; in two or three Sabbaths, the tent was too small, and another collection was taken for boards to make an addition. The missionary said each time, 'Now we want about so much money for this' and the money always came within a few cents of the desired amount. The young man named above painted a conspicuous sign and placed it over the entrance, 'Gospel Tent. Sunday School, 3 P. M., Preaching 4.'

"The frame of our church building is now up, and the house a neat structure 28x45, with belfry and vestibule, will

soon be completed. Our gospel tent is filled every Sabbath evening; on Tuesday evening, the prayer meeting numbers from twelve to nineteen, and the Sabbath School about sixty."

In July of 1889, Mr. Bross reports briefly from the Black Hills and Wyoming:

"The long delay in mining operations in the Black Hills, the continued low price of cattle, together with the heavy losses of two years ago, combined to make ready money scarce, and the work of raising money for church purposes difficult, but in spite of many hindrances, the work has made progress. The great need now is for more men and means with which to occupy new fields. Along one line of road in Wyoming of one hundred and thirty-three miles, there are but two Congregational churches, and two Methodist classes with no church work of any other denomination whatever."

"The resources of Wyoming in oil, coal and copper, with its rich valleys for cattle, will soon bring a large population, and we need to plant among them the church and the Sunday school, and foster these benign influences which have formed part of our Home Missionary work from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

A little later (January 1890) comes a report of a red letter day at Lusk, Wyoming. He writes:

"Sunday, November 3d, was a red letter day for the church at Lusk. Three years and a half had passed since the first service was held in that region. The General Missionary, with three theological students had come by team from Chadron, Nebraska, eighty-five miles distant, and all stopped here for

the night. Two of the young men were to go forward to Douglas fifty-five miles beyond. They had brought tents in which the young men were to live, two canvas roofs for gospel tabernacles, and a baby organ.

"The gospel tabernacle was set up at Lusk, services commenced, and Sunday school established. After the theological student returned in September, it was a long time before a regular pastor could be secured, but the Sunday school and services were continuous. The General Missionary visited the field as often as other engagements would allow--once in five or six weeks--and for the other Sabbaths a praise service was held every evening, and a devoted Christian woman, now clerk of the church, read a sermon. With the aid of the A. C. U., a good house of worship has been built, and is entirely paid for and the lot on which it stands is large enough for a parsonage also."

"A few weeks since, the church was made glad by the announcement that some friends had purchased a fine Troy bell for the sanctuary. The donors are J. H. Barron, Esquire, and his two sisters. None of these persons are member of the Lusk church. The bell arrived and was hung in its place, the only church bell in the territory within a hundred and fifty miles. A special service for the inauguration of the bell was appointed for November 3d. The General Missionary was present to assist. In the morning was the sermon with communion service and the consecration of two deacons. It was a snowy, blustering morning, but those two deacons had come from their ranches, one twenty-two miles, and the other thirty, and both drive back after service."

"In the bell service in the evening, the presentation speech was made by Mr. Barron. The address of Mr. Barron was in part as follows: 'It seems to me the citizens of Lusk cannot but have a just feeling of pride when they look upon this new church structure which extends a cordial welcome to everyone, and which stands without a single dollar's worth of indebtedness. A church, whatever the denomination may be, stands for law and order. It is the friend of education, culture and refinement, as well as the promoter of goodness and morality.' Of the bell he said, 'Perhaps its tones may reach some man's heart whose contact with the world has destroyed about all religious feeling, and bring back to him memories of his boyhood days, when in some quiet Eastern village, he walked to church with his father and mother, brothers and sisters.'

"A ringing resolution of thanks to the A. H. M. S. and to General Missionary Bross was adopted by the whole Congregation. In the three and a half years' history of the town, not one Sabbath service has been held by any other denomination. The town is united in its one church and one pastor."

About the best report of Mr. Bross's General Missionary work was written by Mrs. Bross and published in the August Home Missionary of 1891, and is, in part, as follows:

"My home has been in a frontier state for eighteen years, and it scarcely need be said that in that length of time, one must have passed through many and varied experiences. In place of some exciting experience, I thought I might tell you

simply about the work of a Home Missionary's wife, going with the Missionary to help in the organization of the churches, teaching in the Sunday Schools, starting the Missionary Society, helping and encouraging the Aid Society, etc.

"Sometimes when the Missionary is worn out, and has a long ride of forty or fifty miles before him, the wife goes along to drive, and take the care of providing for the trip, so that the Missionary may rest. When Mr. Bross began his work as General Missionary in Northwest Nebraska, he had his headquarters at Norfolk, the railroad then running only as far as Valentine. As the road pushed on West, he followed closely, so as to occupy fields as soon as opened. When the road reached Chadron, he immediately began work, holding his first service in the open air; soon the gospel tabernacle was raised and it was decided to organize a church there and at two other points, Hay Springs and Rushville. As there was but one church nearer than Norfolk and Neligh, three hundred miles away, these churches were invited to the council, and I was elected delegate from Norfolk. An all-night ride brought us to Chadron in the early morning. A Western town a few days old is a curious sight. Here were a thousand people living in tents, and all the varieties of trade represented; groceries, hardware, furniture stores, dry goods, hotels, boarding houses--in tents. All professions and trades, lawyers, doctors, barbers, butchers, bakers--in tents; saloons, and gambling dens, sheltered in the same way."

"No place for us but the gospel tent, so we go there for rest. We must spend the night in this tabernacle, so Mr. Bross

procures the wire springs of a bed from the furniture tent, on which we planned to put the blankets we have brought with us, but towards night a heavy rain comes on, and soon the ground is too wet and cold for a bed. What is to be done? Fortunately we have brought provisions with us; we scoop out a hole in the ground, and build a chip fire, Indian fashion, having to open the tent door, of course, to let the smoke out--boil some water in an empty fruit can, make a little tea, and eat our supper from off a chair. Then we put the wire springs up on four chairs, climb on, and sleep as well as the cold and wet and a croupy boy will allow."

"The next morning is bright and beautiful, so the discomfort of the night is forgotten. We take an early freight train Saturday morning for Rushville, where our first service is to be held. The Sabbath is a full day, and one long to be remembered. A small company gathered in the gospel tabernacle, with its white canvas walls, and the green grass for a carpet, far away from the old homes and the old associations. We are strangers to each other, but brothers and sisters in the dear Redeemer. The usual services are held, and the right hand of fellowship is given to the church farther west than any in all Nebraska. A hasty lunch and we drive to Hay Springs, twelve miles, where a similiar service is held with similiar surroundings, and we have a second church still farther west."

"Then a twenty-mile drive to Chadron, which we hope to reach in time for supper before service. But, alas for our expectations! The way is long and the team slow. It is nearly

nine o'clock when the white tents appear in sight. To the tabernacle at once, said the missionary, and all obeyed. We find the tent crowded full, and all the space in front for fifteen or twenty feet packed with men waiting for the service to begin. A few singers had gathered about a borrowed organ, and the sweet melody of the gospel hymns rings out on the evening air, bringing back to these men tender memories of the old homes and the old church far away. They listen eagerly."

"We pushed our way through the crowd, and the services began. Soon the little boy was asleep on my lap, forgetting then supperless condition until breakfast-time next morning, when he said: 'Why, mamma, I didn't have any supper last night did I!' The third church is duly organized with much enthusiasm. Three churches in day! Probably some of you have heard of the good accomplished in all that region by those churches. You may have heard how the Hay Springs church, now quite strong and wide-awake, has helped supply the needs and taken care of the refugees during the dreadful Indian trouble of the past winter, the parsonage sheltering twenty or more besides its usual occupants."

"Mr. Bross soon moved his headquarters to Chadron, where in place of the tent, you may now see the neat church which has already been enlarged, and its pleasant parsonage. It is a self-supporting church of seventy-eight resident members, a strong and active Christian Endeavor Society, a vigorous Sunday School of more than two hundred members. You will also see a Congregational Academy--this would not have been possible except for the church,--which is doing

good work with the young people of the town and surrounding country. These are some of the results of our work that fair September day."

"Mr. Bross has also the care of the churches in the Black Hills and northern Wyoming. The towns in the Hills are widely separated, so the trips were very long and tedious. One summer, Mr. Bross planned to visit all the churches on one trip. Taking a strong team of horses, venerable and steady, a covered wagon, somewhat like an emigrant wagon, we left home for a four weeks' trip. It was a great exercise of ingenuity to pack that wagon every morning. In the back part, the canvas tent and the blankets were piled to the top and fastened in place; then a box of clothing; then came the second seat underneath which were stored the coffee pot, tin pans, cooking utensils, etc. Under the front seat, a box of provisions, the tin plates and cups; while the lariat ropes made a foot stool for those who occupied the front seat, and a bag of tent pins performed the same office for me. A shot gun, ornamented one side of the wagon, and the tent poles were lashed to the other, the camp stove was tied on behind, while underneath swung the wagon, oil can and water pail. Up and down the mountains, through deep canyons, fording the streams we went, pitching our tent every night in some delightful spot, and after cooking and eating our supper, we rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down on the ground to sleep."

"Buffalo Gap, where we spent our first Sabbath out, is

situated just at the edge of the foot hills of that wonderful and interesting country, the Black Hills. The condition of things in the Hills is very similar to that described in Hosea, where the prophet says: God has given the nation an abundance of rich things, but the more he has given, the farther they have departed from Him. It is a land rich in gold and silver and beauty, but where Sabbath-breaking and all forms of wickedness abound. The mills and mines never shut down from one year's end to the other. The work of Buffalo Gap was begun as in the other towns mentioned, and has been successful."

"Part of the following week we spent at hot springs, looking over the ground with reference to future work; then on to Custer, the way taking us through the delightful mountain scenery. Custer is the gem of the mountains, beautiful for situation, near the tin mines. A little church is already at work, but they have no pastor."

"We leave early in the week, taking the mountain road for Deadwood, stopping at Harney Peak, the highest of the Black Hills. range, eight thousand feet above the sea; at Spread Eagle mine, on Loukout Mountain, where we go into the mill and down into the mine. At Lead City, the location of the Home Stake mines, the largest in the Hills, we spend the Sabbath, having an evening service and Sunday school, as it is impossible to gather a congregation for morning service."

"At Deadwood, our next point, you may hear Deacon Cushman tell how the work was started there. The first ser-

vice they held in a carpenter shop, the shaving having been swept aside to make room for the people. The work was carried on by Superintendent Pickett, who used to travel on foot, on horseback, and by stagecoach back and forth over these hills. Now you find here a substantial church building, a neat parsonage, and a church which has the honor of being the first of any denomination to come to self-support in all that region. This testifies to the hard work done in that town so far away, and of which so much was said in the newspapers and magazines not many years ago."

"We go over the old stagecoach road to Sturgis, Fort Mead, Rapid City, Smithwick, all points of interest, and reached home after a four weeks' absence, during which we had been sleeping on the ground, traveling over the mountains, planning for the churches, trying to tell the love of Christ, learning something of the needs of the different fields, and how best to help them. We are glad to be at home again, and sleep in a bed, without being obliged to run the hand under and pick out the stones, or somewhat nervous lest a rattle snake may be lurking under the cover."

"I might tell you of trips into Wyoming where everything was new. No depots, and from the train, where stations were to be, one landed right into the sand and cactus; of nights passed in tents where the music from the dance house of Long Jim, or another of his kind, rang in your ears through all the night hours; or of nights in a rough frame building dignified by the name of hotel, with fifty beds or more in one room, and the one we occupied separated from

the others only by a calico curtain; where one could hear the gamblers stumbling up the rickety stairs at all hours of the night, and the pistol shots in the street below. These things you readily perceive help to keep one in a peaceful frame of mind, conducive to sleep. But let me add this testimony: the pleasant and happy experiences have far overbalanced the trying and disagreeable ones; we have never had one regret that our work for the Master was at the front."

Before this commission had been published, Mr. Bross had been appointed Superintendent of Home Missions for Nebraska with headquarters at Lincoln. He began this work in November of 1889. Of course his reports continue and multiply. Parts of a few of them will be sufficient to track the tireless superintendent over his great field and record the progress of events. In his first report, July 1890, he writes:

"We have made some progress in the northwestern part of the state, and some also in the southwestern part, but in central western Nebraska, in a district containing twenty thousand square miles, we have but a single Congregational church. Along the line of the Northwestern Road, in the northern part of the state, it is one hundred and fifty miles from our church at Ainsworth to the next Congregational church at Rushville. Along the Grand Island extension of the Burlington Road, it is two hundred and fifty-seven miles from our church at Ravenna to the next one at Hemingford. On the line of the Union Pacific, from Kerney

to the state line, a distance of two hundred and seventy-seven miles, we have but the one church at Ogalalla. Our churches in the eastern part of the state are becoming interested to do their part of the work; and we hope the friends of home missions in the East will join hands with us the coming year in planting the institutions of the gospel in these new and thriving towns. The progress we have made in Northern Nebraska during these past four years shows what may be done in the few ensuing years, if only we can have the men and means with which to do the work. It will be fifty-five years next December since Father Gaylord came to Nebraska, having the commission of the American Home Missionary Society, and our work for these thirty-five years have made a good record--one hundred and seventy churches with a membership of nine thousand two hundred and eighty-one; the amount raised for home expenses the past year being \$140844, and for benevolences, \$19,647. These churches have 134 houses of worship, and forty-eight parsonages. There are 13,918 in our Sunday Schools, and 2,220 in our societies of Christian Endeavor. Investment in Home Mission work has paid good dividends in Nebraska."

In 1891, Mr. Bross reports 88 missionaries in the field, 10 churches organized, 8 houses of worship, and five parsonages secured. In 1892, he reports 8 churches organized, six houses of worship completed and six parsonages provided.

In 1892, writing from Hot Springs, the superintendent reports progress in the Black Hills:

"Four years ago a party of us camped on this ground from

which this letter is written, and it is interesting to note the changes that have transpired since. Hot Springs, although quite well known then as a health resort, was a village of about five hundred people with a single church organization--a Methodist. All the buildings were either log or frame structures. Now, there is a busy city claiming four thousand people with hotels, business blocks, a Methodist college, a soldier's home; all built out of the beautiful Black Hills marble, quarried in the vicinity. One of these hotels now completed and nearly ready for guests has cost with its furniture over a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and will accommodate three hundred people. Two years ago, no railroad had reached the place, but now both the Burlington and the Northwestern Lines bring in visitors from hundreds of miles away. The large spring which was open four years ago, has now been converted into an immense plunge bath, the buildings and its appointments costing thirty thousand dollars, and being visited sometimes by five hundred persons in a single day."

In 1893, Mr. Bross reports one hundred and three missionaries in the field, eight churches organized, five brought to self-support, eleven houses of worship completed, and ten parsonages procured.

In 1894, he reports eleven new churches; and in a communication to the Home Missionary invites the whole world to the meeting of the Home Missionary Society to be held at Omaha. This he does in the name of one hundred and twenty-five thousand Congregationalists in the Mississippi Valley,

all of these gathered into the churches since Jeremiah Porter preached the first Congregational sermon at Fort Dearborne, in May of 1833.

The Home Missionary for November, 1894, gives us a sample of the Superintendent's travels as follows:

"This month has been filled with the most vigorous and exacting field work that I have ever done. The long, hard trips that have been made, the earnest efforts which have been required to secure consolidation of fields, have taxed one to the very utmost. As a sample of the work involved in securing these results I give you the program of a week: last Friday night I took the train to Aurora, on my way to Burwell and Taylor. The next day I rode nearly all day on a mixed train in heat and dust, and was met by Mr. Bright at Burwell, when we drove eighteen miles by team. The next morning I preached on 'The claims of the church on the community', and had a conference with the church in which matters were arranged for the coming year. After dinner, Mr. Bright drove me back the eighteen miles to Burwell, where I preached in the evening, and had a conference with the church and congregation at its close. The deepest solicitude was manifested for the work, as had been the case at Taylor, and satisfactory arrangements were made for its progress. All day long on Monday, I rode on a mixed train and a freight train, reaching home at midnight. Tuesday was devoted to clearing up office work, and Wednesday I rode on a mixed train for most of the day, to reach Wilcox. The train was late; it was after nine o'clock when I reached the church, and many of the people had gone. A vigorous ringing of the

bell brought them together again, and I met the representatives of three of the churches in the vicinity in a very satisfactory meeting. The next forenoon I boarded the mixed train for Bladen, where I had a conference with the officials of the Bladen and Campbell churches. Pastor Snow drove me thence ten miles to Blue Hill, and I then took a mixed train and freight home, arriving about two o'clock in the morning. It will take me until about midnight to-night to reach my appointment by train and team, and to-morrow I shall ride eighteen miles by team, preach twice, have two church meetings, and drive eighteen miles Monday morning by half past seven to take the train. It is a great comfort, however, to know that these meetings are accomplishing great good. The work of course under these consolidations cannot be as efficient as we could wish, but I believe we shall be able to bring it within the apportionment and secure fair service within all the fields."

Coming forward now to 1901, we read from the Superintendent's annual report, the following:

"Our churches are facing the new century with hope and courage. The pioneer church of nine members organized in Omaha May 4, 1856, under Rev. Reuben Gaylord, has been the seed corn out of which the present has grown. Part of this fruitage is found in our two hundred and five churches with their fourteen thousand members, and with twenty thousand in our Sunday Schools. Our churches possess property in houses of worship and parsonages to the value of seven hundred thousand dollars. Doane College and our four well located Academies have in them the promise of great future good."

From Dr. Bross (Doctored by Tabor in 1896) comes this defence of Western benevolence, published in the Home Missionary of January, 1904. He writes:

"Now and then I see the question is raised whether the growing churches of the West are doing their full share in our Home Missionary work. There may be examples of shriking, but I am frequently touched with the testimony that comes to me continually of a far different spirit. In one of our frontier churches in Western Nebraska, where losses and removals have weakened their financial resources, the field has been for some time without a pastor, because even with the amount of missionary aid offered, not enough could be raised to pay an efficient minister. With the earnest efforts on the part of the State Board to advance the contributions of the state, an apportionment was made of the amount needed on the basis of church membership. The amount asked of that church was twenty-three dollars and fifty cents. The letter fell into the hands of a plain farmer, a member of the church, and he promptly sent in his contribution of twenty-five dollars for the work. He knows what Home Missionary work means out on the frontier. In the same church is another humble man whose heart was deeply stirred some years ago when they were erecting their house of worship. He and his family were living in an old sod house and had laid aside one hundred dollars toward building a better one. After talking the matter over with his good wife, he said to the Building Committee, 'We can wait for a house on the homestead but the church must be built.' So the whole one hundred was

given. The church was erected, but the house on the homestead was never built. If our well-to-do people were willing to meet these noble souls at the front in a similar spirit of effort and sacrifice, there would be no lack for the Lord's work."

Mr. Bross resigned his superintendency after seventeen years of arduous service, in 1908. Although he had reached the age of seventy-one, he did not think it was time to quit. He accepted at once a call to the pastorate at Wahoo and there remained for six years.

In the days of his superintendency, he had provided himself a home in Lincoln. To this home, he now retired, and there resides to-day. He is still, after a fashion, in public life, being chaplain of the State Senate. He still holds his connection with the Grand Army in which he has taken a deep interest through all the years. For three successive years, he was Department Chaplain, and for one year, he was the Commander of a Department.

In his domestic relations, he has tasted sorrow as well as bliss, but much more of bliss than sorrow. His first marriage December 28, 1856, was to Lydia A. Kingsbury. She died in Newago, Michigan, January 17, 1861. After the war, and while he was pastor at Milburn, Illinois, he was married to Lydia M. Johnson. From that day to this, the two have been one in heart and in service. Into this home, six children have been born, three of whom have passed over to the other side.

Of Mr. Bross's public ministry, there is no need for

further remarks. The life tells the story and makes its own comments. It covers a period of over fifty years. Forty of these years were given to Nebraska. He was in the pastorate seventeen years; six years in the General Missionary work; and seventeen years Superintendent of Missions. Of the quality of his work, all the world knows. It was superabundant, and it was superfine, and the man was like his work, full, overflowing, masterful, loyal, benignant, almost ideal, almost divine.

Thirty-fifth sketch,

Henry Sallenbach.

Perhaps it is too much to expect of the Year Book to carry a German brother through to the end of his life and give him a fitting memorial when his labors are over. No records concerning the brother's life in the Fatherland are at hand. Probably he came as so many of the German brethren did from the St. Chrischona Institute, of Switzerland. It is probable, also, that he came to America in 1867. The News-Letter for July, 1867, tells of his ordination and speaks of him as a fresh arrival. The item is as follows:

"Sunday, June 2d, Rev. H. Sallenbach was ordained to the work of the ministry in the German Congregational church at Muscatine; sermon by Rev. Henry Hess, ordaining prayer by Rev. C. F. Veitz, charge to the pastor by Rev. J. F. Graff, and the fellowship of the churches by Rev. F. W. Judisch, Rev. J. Guernsey, as agent of the A.H.M.S., by invitation, made a brief address of welcome to the candidate, who had but recently arrived from Germany."

Mr. Sallenbach began his work in Iowa at Lansing Ridge, under a commission from the Home Missionary Society dated May 1, 1867. The commission was renewed year by year up to 1872.

May 1, 1873, he was commissioned for Muscatine and Pine Creek. His pastorate here continued through 1875. Then, in 1876, March 1st, he was commissioned for Lincoln, Nebraska. This commission was renewed in 1877 and 1878.

The Year Book seems to indicate that after 1878, Mr. Sallenbach continued to reside in Lincoln, but without charge. In 1888, his name was dropped from our ecclesiastical records. For what reason, probably no one now living can tell.

The eight years of service Brother Sallenbach gave us here in Iowa contributed a good deal to the establishment of our German churches in the state. I regret that a worthy memorial of this good brother cannot be given. He certainly is worthy of a place in the list of the good men of Iowa.

Since writing the above, I have learned from Brother Jacob Fath, now of Treynor, that in 1888, Brother Sallenbach becoming almost totally blind, retired to a farm near Lincoln, where he lived the remainder of his days. It is Brother Fath's impression that on account of what was considered an irregularity by the brethren of the German Association, his name was dropped from that body. My experience with the German brethren leads me to believe that they might have acted hastily and with undue severity in the case of Brother Sallenbach.

Thirty-six sketch,

Samuel J. Whiton.

Samuel J. Whiton, son of Deacon Chauncey and Lucinda M. Whiton was born in Westford, Conn., September 11, 1839.

His intellectual and religious training was one of the chief considerations of the home. He early determined to be a minister, and a foreign missionary. In May of 1862, at the early age of twenty-three, he began missionary labor in the Mendi mission of South Africa. He soon broke down in health, and in the fall of the same year came back home; but rallied quickly, and in June of 1863, returned to Africa. He was married at Freetown, Sierra Leon, Junly 6, 1863, to Miss Lyda C. Danforth, of Oberlin, Ohio. He caught her in transit, as she was on her way to the same mission. She lived only a few months, dying in November of 1864. Mr. Whiton was stricken with the African fever, and in February of 1865, he was obliged to flee the country to save his life. In the midst of a great storm at sea, he took a cold which settled on his lungs. A long and serious illness followed, which put one of his lungs out of commission entirely. Unable to return to Africa, he went south in the fall of 1865, spending a year at Fortress Monroe, and a winter at Beauford, North Carolina.

In the spring of 1867, he came to Iowa under commission of the A. H. M. S., beginning a pastorate of two years at Wittemberg. His coming is noted in the News-Letter of June, 1867, as follows:

"Rev. S. J. Whiton has resigned his connection with the American missionary Association, and accepted an appointment from the American Home Missionary Society to labor in Southern Iowa. He enters on the work immediately."

In November of this year, he reports to the Home Missionary Society as follows:

"Our church is known as the Wittenberg Congregational Church, and is situated about four miles from Newton, the county seat of Jasper county. The country around is a beautiful, rolling prairie, and the soil very rich. The people are mostly from Ohio and Pennsylvania, and are intelligent and generally interest in religious improvements. The church was formerly Free Presbyterian, and became Congregational only last year. Subsequently, a portion of the members withdrew and organized an Old School church, leaving the Congregationalists quite discouraged. The Sabbath School was broken up, and the preaching services thinly attended. Most of the young people left, and for a time the new organization seemed to carry everything with it. A few faithful brethren and sisters, however, kept toiling and praying, and the prayer meeting and Sabbath service were sustained."

"The faithful workers did not toil in vain. Slowly, but steadily, the congregation increased in numbers, and the Sunday School was soon in operation again. Early last spring, some of the dear lay brethren from Newton, fresh from revival scenes, and with hearts glowing with love for souls, made a visit to this place. God's blessing came with them.

A series of evening meetings were commenced, and continued for three or four weeks. The Old School brethren joined in the special effort, and the work went forward prosperously. Every family for miles around was visited by a delegation from the church. It was emphatically a prayer meeting revival; for there was no preaching except on the Sabbath. The future looked bright. Our Sabbath audience has been steadily increasing, and is already twice as large as the Old School congregation. The young people have nearly all returned. Hitherto, we have worshipped in the chapel of the college building, but this summer we are building a meeting house which we hope to complete before cold weather. Over two thousand dollars were subscribed for this object among our church members. A first class academy is to be opened here this fall, and is expected to bring many young people into the place. New families, also we trust, will be drawn hither by the religious and educational privileges enjoyed here, and the church thus, in a year or two, become entirely self-supporting.

"The Home Missionary field is very wide, and the harvest very white in Iowa. Last Sabbath I spent in Kellogg, an adjoining town on the Rock Island and Pacific Railroad. We found a few Congregationalists, among them a sister of Hon. Schuyler Colfax, speaker of the United States House of Representatives. Some of them are very anxious to have Congregational preaching regularly, and to organize a church. It would be very small at first, but the region around is now rapidly settling. I preached twice to a moderate size audience."

In February of 1868, Mr. Whiton makes the following report:

"Our new meeting house is inclosed and plastered, and we hope will be ready for occupancy the coming quarter. It is 50x32 feet, and will cost nearly three thousand dollars. The church has contributed liberally for its erection. Our meetings are well attended, the Sabbath congregation averaging about one hundred and twenty-five. The Sunday School is well managed by its superintendent, and a source of extensive influence."

"During the summer we have maintained a mission Sabbath School in a district school house five miles distant. Two or three good brethren who live in that neighborhood have had most of the work to do. I have preached in the same school house at the close of the Sabbath school, once in two weeks, and have been encouraged by the crowded congregations and earnest attention. We are seeking to cultivate the outskirts of our field and thus reach all with the blessed tidings."

"When men build a Pacific railway across interminable plains, over mighty barriers of rock and mountain, they take hold of it with an unconquerable will. So let the church arise in its might and power, and strike brave blows for Jesus and his kingdom."

Here comes in a very interesting version of the story of Father Chauncey Taylor, illustrating the errors of common report. The tale as he tells it is as follows:

"My soul was thrilled lately, at a missionary meeting,

by the narration of the experience of one of your Western laborers. I must give it briefly, as it fell from the lips of several brethren of his acquaintance. Ten years ago, a white-haired old man, knocked at the door of your Agent in Dubuque (Davenport). His errand was soon made known. He had left his old parish in New England, come to the West to engage in missionary labor, and desired to be pointed to a field. A consultation was held, but his white head and modest demeanor made some of the brethren afraid that he was not the man for the work (no such consultation was held over Father Taylor). At length, however, he was assigned to a field on the extreme verge of civilization, far beyond the outmost Methodist station. (Father Taylor was not assigned a field;) he chose for himself. The good man meekly accepted the appointment; for he had come to the West to labor for his Master, and should not he go anywhere in His name? He started for his field, travelled by cars as far as railroads extended (there was but one little peice of railroad in the state at this time), by stage as far as stages went, and then by private conveyance into the remoter wilderness. (The private conveyance was his own two feet.) Here he pitched his tent (at Algona) and began his self-denying work. Preaching in those humble houses, as he found opportunity, riding seventy or eighty miles to administer the communion to some little church that would have died if he had not gone; officiating at funerals far and near; weeping with those who wept, and rejoicing with those who rejoiced; kneeling at the bedside of the dying; leading

now and then a wanderer to Jesus,--year after year the old man toiled on. The great world knew nothing of him. By and by his companion, the wife of his youth, was called to die; and as no minister could be obtained, he officiated at her funeral.

"A few months ago, he was installed over a little church that he had gathered. Sitting in a private room, the evening after the service, conversing with some brethren about the way in which God had led him, and alluding to some of his pioneer experiences, he said, as the tears coursed down his cheeks, 'I am so happy; I don't know why, but I am afraid I am too happy!'

"'Too happy!' Ay, this is what a hundred-fold more in this life means! Blessed be God, for the laborer's reward! An old minister in the wilderness, suffering numerous privations, making long and wearisome journeys, officiating at his own wife's funeral, and yet 'so happy!' Oh! who would not be a missionary."

The completion of the church building is noted in the Home Missionary for March 1868, in the following paragraph:

"A new church edifice, costing three thousand dollars, of which the Congregational Union furnished four hundred dollars, was dedicated at Wittemberg, Jasper county, Sunday, January 19th. Few dedications take place in circumstances of greater interest. A revival began with a series of meetings held in December in an outstation, where the church has sustained a mission Sabbath school and occasional preaching services, and has spread and deepened until the

community is largely pervaded by its influence. Meetings are held almost every night, the people sometimes riding in a driving snow-storm five miles to be present. Rev. J. S. Whiton is the pastor."

In May of 1868, Mr. Whiton himself writes of the church building as follows:

"Our new meeting house is finished, and was dedicated in January. It cost about three thousand five hundred dollars. It is neatly grained, carpeted, and well warmed and lighted. A collection of five hundred dollars was taken up on dedication day, covering all arrearages. We had a communion season on the afternoon of the same day, when forty-six united with the church, thirty-three by profession, and thirteen by letter. Of these nearly thirty are heads of families. I baptised twenty-three adults and infants. There were parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters in that group. The gray-headed old man and the little child came together to the table of our Lord. The scenes at the preparatory lecture, when experiences were related were thrilling indeed."

At the end of his first year, Brother Whiton reports the church developed into self-support. He writes:

"This quarter completes a year since I entered this field. When I came, the church numbered sixty-five. During the year, fifty-eight have joined us, making our present number one hundred and twenty. A year ago we worshiped in the College Chapel; now we have a commodious and beautiful church. Last year more than half of my salary was paid by your Society; this year two hundred dollars have been added to it, but we

shall have no aid from you.. I am sorry to leave your employ so soon, yet rejoice in the reasons that cause the separation. I decline a unanimous invitation to settle here, hoping to leave this spring for a new field in the 'regions beyond' under your commission; but I have not been able to resist the importunities of the people, and the advice of brethren in the ministry, to stay at least another year. I hope, however, to be none the less a missionary than if commissioned by a dozen societies. We thank you sincerely for the aid afforded us last year. The Eastern churches can hardly realize the magnitude of the work you are doing among the young, rapidly growing churches at the West.

"The past year has been a precious season to us. The revival which began in December, of which I wrote you in my last, can hardly be said to be over. True, we have fewer meetings now, and conversions are not so numerous, but God is with us still."

"We look forward to the future with courage and faith. A church which God has so richly blessed ought surely to possess an ardent missionary spirit. Such, I trust, is in a good degree the case. We have a portion of our summer campaign arranged. We maintain three weekly prayer meetings, four Sabbath schools, and preaching at various places. Among the brethren are two ordained ministers, efficient helpers in preaching at the outstations. God grant that the seed thus sown with prayers and tears may spring up and bear fruit to life eternal."

During Mr. Whiton's pastorate at Wittenberg, one hundred and forty persons united with the church. It was almost a continuous revival. At length he began to feel that in a manner his work was finished. At length he began to feel that in a manner his work was finished. He had gathered nearly the whole community into the church. Now he wanted to go after a fresh lot of sinners. Much against the wishes of his people, he left them saying: 'I think I can do more for the Master in some newer missionary field.

June 9, 1869, he was married to Miss Emily Pitkin. Her residence is not given. He was still hoping to go back to his missionary work in Africa. But this was not to be. He had a serious hemorrhage of the lungs, but so far recovered as to be able to do some work at Monroe during the winter of 1869 and 1870. Every sermon was followed by utter exhaustion. In February, he preached his last sermon from the text: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Gathering up his remaining strength, he returned to his father's house at Westford, Connecticut, and found a hearty welcome there, and all the care that love could devise. In his last days, only words of cheer and hope escaped his lips. His end was peace.

There was no moaning of the bar,

Then he put out to sea

on that Sabbath day, May 22, 1870. He died at the age of thirty.

Ever since his day, Wittenberg has been a sunny spot. The benediction of his life still lingers there. Some short pastorates are worth while, and leave perrennial blessings. The memory of Samuel J. Whiton "Still smells sweet and blossoms in the dust."

Thirty-seventh sketch,

Edward P. Whiting.

Edward Payson Whiting was born at Bethany, New York, October 10, 1830. He got a part of his academic training at Canandaigua; graduated from Oberlin College in 1858, and from the Theological Department in 1861. He was ordained in 1864, and came to Iowa in 1867, beginning May 1st of that year at Bellevue, a pastorate of four years, closing in January of 1870. In May of 1870, he went over into Illinois, beginning a pastorate of a few months at Bowensborough. In April of 1872, he took charge of our church at Durant, and was there for three years. There is no report of his work in this field. From Durant, he went to DeWitt, beginning there in May of 1875 continuing until June 10th, of 1877, at which time he closed his labors with his life.

The Minutes of 1877 furnish a little semblance of an obituary, which is as follows:

"Rev. E. P. Whiting, of De Witt was called to lay his armor down in the strength of vigorous manhood and to leave in the midst of his usefulness the responsibilities which he was discharging with all good fidelity. Though he labored for a time in Illinois, his ministry began and closed in Iowa. Particularly ready in personal religious conversation with men and skiffifful in conducting prayer meetings, he was always an enthusiastic workman and an earnest Christian. In the full strength of manhood, and while planning to leave the pastorate for evangelistic work, he was suddenly stricken down by pneumonia. He rests from his labors and his works do follow him."

Thirty-eighth sketch,

William C. Sexton.

William Clitz Sexton, son of Luke and Lenora (Critz) Sexton, was born at Plymouth, New York, December 26, 1832. He attended the Oneida Conference Seminary; Oxford and Norwich academies (New York); Yale College, from which he graduated in 1862, and Yale Divinity School, in the class of 1867.

He came directly to Iowa from the Seminary, beginning at Lewis in June of 1867, and was ordained by the Council Bluffs Association, November 6th, of this year. This pastorate covered a period of only two years. One of his reports to the Home Missionary Society (July 1868) was published, was in part as follows:

"There has been a precious work of grace in our community during the past winter. It commenced with union prayer meetings held nightly for about four weeks, when preaching was commenced at the Methodist church, and continued for four weeks longer. During this period, upwards of fifty persons became religiously interested, a good part of whom, it is hoped, are genuinely converted. Meetings having closed at the Methodist church, preaching services were immediately commenced at the Baptist church, and continued nightly until some three weeks since. These latter meetings were attended with still greater evidences of the Spirit's presence and power. Many became interested, several of whom were regarded as among the most hopeless cases in the community. A goodly number have already made public profession of their faith by

uniting themselves with God's people. Our church has shared in this precious outpouring of the spirit, both as regards the reviving of the membership and the conversion of some belonging to the congregation."

Returning East from Iowa, he preached for a few months in 1871 at Patterson, New Jersey. He was then pastor, 1871-3, at Guy's Mills, and Townville, Pennsylvania. Later he was at Perry Center, New York, 1876-7; Bangor, New York, 1878-82; Arlington, Vermont, 1885-86; and Wilmington, Vermont, 1887-89. This seems to have been the end of his pastoral work; and Vineland, New Jersey, seems to have been the place of his retirement. The record, also, which is not very distinct, seems to indicate that here late in life he began to establish a home of his own. While in Iowa, he was a single man. Indeed, he was not married at all until about the time he quit the ministry. After this, he was twice married. The date of his marriage to Julia Augusta Beers, of Vineland, New Jersey, was September 27, 1887. The date of her death is not given. But a second marriage is recorded to Delia Elizabeth Sweet, also of Vineland, December 2, 1896. There were no children. He died August 19, 1908, aged seventy-five years, seven months, and twenty-four days.

Of Brother Sexton's life and character, I know too little to venture a single remark. We gladly credit him with two years of good service at Lewis, and record his name in the list of our men.

Thirty-ninth sketch,

Frederick Crang.

Frederick Crang, son of Dr. James and Susanna (Hay) Crang, was born in High Littleton, Somersetshire, England, April 11, 1822. He was graduated from Oxford and from the University of Glasgow; and was ordained to the ministry of the Church of England, July 19, 1834.

He also studied medicine, and became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in the British Army. He came to America in 1856. He practiced medicine in New York City also, in Grundy county, Illinois, and at Olivet, Michigan.

At Olivet he entered the Congregational ministry, and in 1866, had a short pastorate at Keeler's Center. In 1867, he came to Iowa, and in August of this year, under commission of the A. H. M. S. began a short pastorate at Columbus City. He was here only one year. August 1st, of 1868, he was commissioned for Franklin and Seventy-Six. The Franklin church was only a few days old when he arrived on the ground. From this field, in April of 1869, he writes:

"Since making my report in November, the church here (Franklin) has completed a new house of worship, which was dedicated, free from debt, on the first of December. The great sacrifices and self-denials which the brethren have incurred, cannot be spoken of in too strong terms of commendation.

"We yet require to complete the furnishing of the house, a communion service, a Sabbath School library, an organ and

a bell; but, such has been the heavy draft upon all, I fear a long time must elapse before we can hope to procure them, unless some church, wealthy enough to cast their old ones aside, should take compassion on us.

"I now pass to give a report of the church at Seventy-Six, from which I have just returned, after holding a two week's protracted meeting. The church there had become discouraged and grown cold; prayer meetings had ceased altogether; and unpleasant differences had arisen between some of the brethren. The efforts that had been made upon former occasions, had proved a failure, so that it was not without some difficulty that the brethren could be persuaded that it would be wise to commence meeting; but we held a prayer meeting on a certain Monday, at noon, and preaching in the evening, taking the prayer meetings from house to house. Only two or three meetings were held before it was manifest that the church was aroused, differences were settled, and love and harmony took possession of every one. And now began the work in earnest. All the church turned out to every meeting. The Bible was daily read by those who before had boasted that they did not want it; and several have risen for prayers."

In May of 1870, Mr. Crang reports again as follows:

"This has been the most laborious quarter of my missionary service, with much to encourage and some severe trials, from family sickness and privation, pecuniary anxiety, etc. Severe toils have told upon my health and strength. But let me not dwell upon difficulties and discouragements."

"At the Sputh English church, we have had five additions since my last report. This little church, of six members, when I began to preach there, now has seventeen members. At Franklin church we have also received five, with good prospect of others coming. The young people, also, hold Sabbath evening prayer meetings with a great deal of interest.

"I have not eight preaching stations, seven to twelve miles distant from each other, at which we have regular preaching. At some of these there is a growing interest, as in Scotland, Talleyrand, Webster, and East Lafayette.

"We have received a barrel of outer clothing, overcoats, etc., which has not only removed much anxiety, but added very much to our comfort--especially my own, in my long, cold rides. I can only say: 'Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not all his benefits!' My heart is full of gratitude to the dear friends who sent us these much needed comforts, encouraging me to press on in the glorious work."

"When I find a whole school district, with not one professor of religion, and when I hear, as I lately did, that an audience could not be christians without shouthing--with not a word directing them to Christ--I long to go out still farther, and bear the gospel message."

"I must mention one great privation: the want of books. I have drawn very largely from supplies laid by in early days, and have not means to keep up the brain food from my scanty library and am left with a longing desire for books, which I cannot satisfy. But God's will be done."

There is another report from this field, published in April of 1871, which is in part as follows:

"Our hearts have been made glad by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, both here and in Webster. Here at Franklin, at two o'clock on Saturday, we met for prayer and conference, intending to spend but an hour; but so lively was the interest that it was impossible to close until after four o'clock. At seven o'clock, the house was again well filled, notwithstanding many had to go a considerable distance. On Sabbath, five adults were baptized, and nine united on profession, with two by letter, and two young men who had wandered, came forward and renewed their covenant. Words would fail to describe our feelings when these two prodigals returned. On the Sabbath, I received a husband of one of our members, baptized his three children, and at two o'clock started for Webster, where I found at seven o'clock, a large congregation. After a drive of thirty miles, and feeling sick, it was hard to preach, but the Lord gave me strength. I preached through the week, and on Sabbath morning received six into the church.

"I am worn out in mind and body, but overflowing with gratitude to Him who has blessed my labors with this little church, to whom not quite two years ago I first administered the sacrament. I have also been successful in receiving pledges for building a meeting house, to the amount of twelve hundred dollars. The contract is let, and in the spring we hope to see the work pushed forward."

It is extremely interesting to me, having visited that

meeting house again and again to learn just now for the first time what minister was in charge when the enterprise of the building began.

In September of 1872, Mr. Crang left this field and took charge of a church in Glenwood, Missouri. After a year of service here, he became pastor of the church at Cahoka; and then moved out to Oregon. Just before leaving Cahoka, he sent in a report to the Home Missionary Society (January 1876) which is in part as follows:

"After much prayer for divine guidance, taking into consideration the state of Mrs. Crang's health, I decided, as you know, to resign my charges in Clark county, and accept the call from Astoria, Oregon. The expressions of deep regret and affection from all the churches, the superintendent of Home Missions, and others, made the parting one of trial, and almost led me to regret the step. But it is taken, and after two years of hard work, which evidently has not been all in vain, I go to a far off field, shut out in a measure from the world. I go with hope, praying that many souls may be brought to our blessed Savior there, to which end I crave your prayers."

From Astoria, he reports, I left Cahoka, Missouri, with my family, for this place. At Omaha, we had to lie over for the emigrant train, which we were obliged to take, for the best of all reasons. On Thursday evening, we started for San Francisco, and after a tedious ride, reached it on Saturday morning, September 4th, just in time to catch the steamer for Oregon. We were all tired out, and had a very unpleasant voyage--all being seasick. On the morning of

the 7th, we landed in Astoria, and in not the most cheerful state of mind, which was not increased on learning that our house would not be ready for a week, and that we must be distributed among the brethren. Astoria is built along the river, on the side of a hill, rising still above the town, covered with a dense forest of hemlock. The only outlet is by water. We went early to bed, and had our first good night's rest since leaving Missouri. About one o'clock I was called to go up the river two miles to attend a funeral. Getting into a boat, I was rowed by two men to what is called the Upper Town. Finding quite a congregation, I commenced my first service in Oregon. In the evening, I attended our weekly prayer meeting, about fifteen being present, two only taking part. We now average thirty, and five or six take part. On the Sabbath, a goodly number come out to hear the new minister. For the past three months, the audiences average two hundred. There is a very marked attention and an increase of interest.

"This is a very difficult field, and a very important one; destined to be the great seaport of Oregon at no very distant date, even now, it is rapidly increasing. It will take a long time to accomplish much with the great efforts that are put forth by other denominations to get a foothold. But when I see the congregation increasing, Sabbath contributions rising, appeals for a library, for an organ, for church repairs, for your Society, readily responded to, I am encouraged to hope for better things. I thank God he brought us here to be the means of advancing, even though

it be but a little, the cause of our blessed Master in this far off field. I have many calls to preach at little settlements wholly destitute, and hope to visit them next summer. Now I have my hands more than full here.

"It has now been raining almost without intermission for two months, and we may look for such weather for three months more. I shall be glad when the summer comes, for I am told it is then perfectly delightful. Living here is very high; house rent fifteen dollars a month; flour six dollars and fifty cents a barrel; butter, fifty cents a pound; eggs, fifty cents a dozen; and all other things in proportion. It cost me over six hundred dollars to get here, hence I was much relieved when your commission reached me."

Mr. Crang was pastor at Astoria from 1875 to 1879. After that, he had his residence without charge at Forest Grove, the Congregational college town of Oregon. Here he died, September 25, 1906, aged eighty-four years, five months, and fourteen days. Mr. Crang was twice married before coming to America. His first wife, Mary Owens, to whom he was married in 1848, died in 1853. Just before leaving England, March 15, 1856, he was united in marriage with Catherine Walker.

I have no report of this brother aside from these records. Evidently he was well educated. Probably he was more of a doctor of medicine than of divinity. He was in the active service of the ministry about thirteen years, and in the Iowa work only five years. It is evident that he

was evangelistic in his spirit and methods as a minister. Two of the churches he served, Franklin and Seventy-Six are now extinct. The Webster church abides; and in its church building, he has left behind lasting and an enduring monument. There is evidence, also, that he left behind lasting memorials in the hearts and lives of the men and women who came under the influence of his ministry.

Fortieth sketch,

John A. Hamilton.

Under date of June 20th, 1914, from Cambridge, Mass., Mr. Hamilton writes of himself as follows:

"I was born in Chester, Hampden county, Massachusetts, December 8, 1829. My father's name was John Hamilton; and my mother's maiden name was Sarah Burton. She was of Greenfield, Saratoga county, New York.

"My boyhood's education was attained in the ordinary public schools of my native village. I prepared for college at Willistown Seminary at Easthampton, Massachusetts, and graduated from Amherst in 1853. In 1854 and 1855, I was an instructor in the Willistown Seminary. The next three years I spent in the Andover Theological Seminary, graduating in 1858.

"After graduation from the Seminary, I accepted a call to the 'copastorate' of the First Church of Keene, New Hampshire, and served in this capacity eight years. (The Congregational Quarterly for April 1861 notes his ordination as follows: "January 29, 1861. J. A. Hamilton, over the First Church in Keene New Hampshire, as colleague with Dr. Barstow. Sermon by Rev. Austin Phelps D. D., of Andover.")

"August 1, 1867, I accepted the position of acting pastor of the Edwards Congregational Church in Davenport, Iowa, in which service I continued for four years. I then resigned for the purpose of foreign travel. In this I spent about two years, visiting the continent of Europe and Egypt,

the Desert of Sinai, Palestine, Syria, and Greece.

"Returning to America in the year 1874, I accepted a call to the First church at Norwalk, Connecticut, and was in service there for eight years. I was then, in May of 1882, appointed to the secretaryship of the Congregational Education Society, and served in this capacity for about sixteen years."

"At this time, having reached the limit of 'three score years and ten,' I felt summoned to resign the, to me, overburdening duty of the office to some younger mind and heart. I am now living as a private citizen in Cambridge, Mass., a member, of course, of the First Church, Dr. Alexander McKensie, pastor. (He is really the Pastor Emeritus, and our Raymond Calkins is the pastor, bearing all the burdens of the office.) (September, 1914. Withing a few weeks, Dr. McKensie passed away.)

"In the year 1858, I was married to Eliza A. Wright, of Springfield, Illinois, who began with me in the work of Christ's ministry, and continued with me--a true and faithful joint-servant in this sacred work--until, in 1910, the good Lord called her to 'come up higher.'

"I remember with genuine pleasure the good people of the Edward's church, and the ministerial brethren then serving in that growing state, of whom now only a very few remain; but the blessed work is still going on, and that increasingly. That this may continue to be true is my earnest hope and prayer.

"My family is now composed of self and one daughter--

she a blessed gift from the Divine Father to a former acting but now age-stricken ministerial servant.

"Yours ever with fraternal love unfeigned.

"J. A. Hamilton.."

I am pleased to add an appreciation of Dr. Hamilton, written by his old friend, William R. Campbell, D. D., with whom he was associated for many years. Mr. Campbell says:

"Dr. Hamilton is one of a group of three brothers who entered the Congregational ministry, and a member of a family singularly devoted to the noble, New England ideals, the cause of education and Home and Foreign Missions.

"While he was in the ministry, before the period of emphasis of social welfare, and community labors, he was by temper and training well fitted as a preparatory worker for such progressive movements. He is a man of fine, friendly, and sacrificial temper, whose work as a pastor was not as an appointed official, but as one who served of choice and affection for the cause, for the people, and for Christ.

When Dr. Hamilton left the ministry for the secretaryship of The Congregational Education Society, he entered a field that was congenial for his family traditions and his familiarity with the great missionary educational work of the Congregational denomination throughout the country."

"He had a considerable acquaintance with men of wealth, especially in the East, and it was through his influence that considerable sums were contributed as a part of the endowment of the society which he represented. His visits in the homes of the teachers of the institutions of the Society

are prized by many to this day, and he never failed in friendly interest and oversight for the individual worker. He still abides with a good measure of strength, with genial mood and buoyant hope, blessing the circle of friends who are privileged still to receive his cordial greetings. Faithfully yours, etc."

Forty-first sketch,

Ariel A. Baker.

Ariel Anson Baker, son of Jacob and Nabby (Perkins) Baker, was born in Enosburg, Vermont, December 9, 1825. He fitted for college at Bakersfield Academy; graduated from the University of Vermont in 1851, and from Andover Seminary in 1854. He was ordained at Enceburg, August 30th, of this year, and in December of the same year, began a pastorate of three years at Petaluma, California. There are five reports from this field. The first is in part as follows (see April issue, 1855):

"I have just returned from a missionary tour among the mining villages. After spending a Sabbath with Rev. Mr. Hale at Grass Valley, I left Nevada on Wednesday and returned on Saturday night. Hiring a mule, my plan was to preach in the evening, and take collections, according to the custom which prevailed here. Miners expect the hat after the service, and feel some spirit in the matter. I visited Cherokee, Orleans Flat, Downieville, and Forest City, my route leading through, or near to several other smaller villages. This country is all mountainous, but one can hardly avoid the impression that he is among deep ravines, rather than among mountains. The rise to the ridges which mark the commencement of descent is comparatively small. In some places, a line connecting the top with the bottom of the gorge would make an angle of about forty-five degrees, and the depth to which one must des-

pend into the earth is surprising, not to say frightful.

"Does any one ask--what are your impressions of the importance of the work in California? I reply--the conviction that fastened upon my mind as I entered the mining region, and the impression which grew deeper and deeper as I passed on and became better acquainted with the congregation is that the California missionary is laboring for the East. Whatever may be true of the cities and agricultural districts, this is emphatically the case among the mines. 'Home' is the same sweet word that it ever was, but it is not associated with any spot in California. At the utterance of it, the heart bounds and the thoughts even of gold-seekers, cannot be changed to the sluice or confined to the tunnel. They are gone. They have traversed the continent; they have settled around the cottage, the farm, the workshop the village or the hamlet in New England; they are in Boston, or New York, or bounding over the prairie, or gliding on the waters of the Mississippi. A year, two, three, or five years at most, and we shall be there to enjoy again the comforts and the society, and to revel amid the scenes which we have left. Few, very few, expect to spend their lives here, though it is probable a much larger portion of them actually will. But the great mass are going home, and in fact will go home. But, before they return, it is sad to think of the influences which are surrounding them. No church-going bell calls them to the house of prayer; no messenger of God meets them with the voice of warning and kind entreaty; there is no place where they can assemble, or even meet a friend on an evening, it may be, except the gambling saloon."

Here, indeed, lamps and mirrors and music allure. No Sabbath marks the commencement of a week--but a market day instead--the best of the seven for the merchants gains. The church members in good standing at the East keeps their stores open. Who can tell how many churches have such representatives in this land of gold. I need not describe the dangers of youth who leave home without Christian principles and without experience. Anxious fathers and praying mothers will imagine them and we hope will say: 'Send thither the institutions of the gospel to protect my sons; hedge them about, and return them to me uncontaminated. We will cheerfully furnish the means to support those who will go and labor, if it be only to hold things where they are.' To hold things as they are is as much as the missionary can hope. His congregation is constantly changing, his church likewise. It is difficult to build up, but he can hold things as they are. He can prevent sin."

In July of 1855, Mr. Baker reports again. He writes:

"Petaluma, situated at the head of navigation in this direction, and distant from San Francisco about forty miles, is a village of about five hundred inhabitants. Two steamboats ply daily--one in each direction, between this place and San Francisco, passing through San Pablo Bay, and taking advantage of the tide which raises the creek on which this village is located. Between this place and the ocean, a distance of about fifteen miles, the country may not be inappropriately called a nest of sugar loaves, smooth, conical hills of considerable height, jostled together in admirable disorder,

between which narrow and irregular valleys wind into each other with great apparent playfulness. At this season, it is exceedingly beautiful, for not only the valleys, but the hills are covered with grasses, wild oats, and flowers, even to the very tops. Northward, the country, covered in places with a growth of scrubby cake, stretching out into a gently undulating plain, for many miles, and is almost entirely taken up for agricultural purposes, by actual settlers with their families. The trade of the region will pass through this village.

"I found on the field, preachers of the Baptist, Methodist, and Cumberland Presbyterian denominations. The people in the country are mostly from the Western States, a large proportion from Missouri. Many are very ignorant, and at first, under the influence of prejudice, especially against New Englanders. A good school has been in operating for some time, which, though taught by a son of New England, is regarded far and near as a model; and otherschools are springing up in the vicinity.

"There is a Baptist church here, numbering about twenty-five members. There are but few Methodists in the village, but as yet their chapel is the only place of worship. It was built by the aid of other denominations, and at present is open to the Baptist brother and myself, when not occupied by their preacher. I have preached regularly once every Sabbath in the village, and frequently in the morning, at a distance of five miles where congregations vary from sixty to one hundred."

"I found a Congregational church in this place, which was organized in January 1844, by Rev. T. D. Hunt, of San Francisco. There were originally twelve members; two others were added by letter in September. I came here, December 4th, after my arrival in the state. A congregation has been gathered in the afternoon numbering from seventy-five to one hundred. A good choir has been collected and a small instrument purchased for the use of the church. The Sabbath school which I found in operation is somewhat invigorated. A Bible Class has been added, which numbered last Sabbath about twenty adults. Initiatory steps are being taken for building a church for our use, but we shall have to struggle and practice self-denial to build even a small house without incurring a debt. The people seem disposed to do all they consistently can for my support. We are happy in our people, happy in our work, and take cheerfully any self-denial we have been called upon to practice."

In his next report, April 1856, Mr. Baker writes:

"Our little church, which numbered twelve members at its organization, had received two others before I came here. Eight have been added since. We now number, including myself, twenty-three members. This is a more quiet community than many, perhaps most, in California, owing in part, doubtless, to its pursuits, and in part to its disappointments. If this quietness is in some respects favorable to the success of the gospel, it is in other respects unfavorable. For the people coming as they do from all parts of the world, differ, of course, in every-

thing but in their common sinfulness; and having leisure they do not lack the disposition to magnify each others qualities, and to ridicule them. Suspicion is fed by want of thorough acquaintance, and gossip not unfrequently becomes scandal. Our community is often thrown into a ferment by foolish or malicious rumors which circulate among us. This would be a less formidable obstacle, if church members could be kept free from it. But as it is, there is a great want of confidence and christian love among brethren, and it is only at the communion table that the under-current of piety is strong enough to overcome the breezes which at other times carry the flood-wood up the stream.

"Many outside the church lose much of their respect for the piety of its members, not to say for the religion which they profess, through their inconsistencies. I read the article entitled 'Dead Christians' published in the Home missionary for December, and I could apply it with emphasis to California. I suppose it should be remembered that a very large majority of those who come to this state from Eastern churches are such as are most susceptible to the allurements of wealth. But, even making this admission, I sigh for the churches of New England and the older states, which can send out so many from their communions, whose influence, when away, is of so doubtful a character."

Mr. Baker's last report from California was published in October of 1857. In this communication, he writes:

"I am glad to be able to say the church is nearly

finished. It is really a good building--the best church edifice by far in the country--measuring thrity-two by forty-eight feet--and well finished within and without, painted, and plastered with three coats of mortar. We expect to dedicate it soon. Our debt will be about five hundred dollars, which we expect to cancel by the rent of seats for the remaining six months of the present year. Thus far, our pecuniary prospects are encouraging.

"Providence has thrown another church so nearly under my care, that I have not felt at liberty to decline caring for it. A colony from a New School Presbyterian church in Greene county, Missouri, under the care of your missionary, Rev. Mr. Renshaw, has located about four miles from Petaluma, and really on my field. They have invited me to preach for them once a month. At my last meeting with them, I administered the ordinance of baptism and the Lord's Supper."

In 1858, Mr. Baker found his way back to Vermont, and August 18th, of this year, was installed at Cornwall, where he remained for eight years, being dismissed January 2, 1866. After this for a year he supplied at East Concord, New Hampshire, and then came out to Iowa, in August of 1867, beginning a pastorate of two years at Manchester. During the five years between 1869 and 1874, he was at Ames. The Manual of the church for 1903 has the following: "Rev. A. A. Baker, of Bakersfield, Vermont, was called to the pastorate from Manchester, Iowa, in October of 1869, and remained five years. Under his ministry, the church grew in strength and prosperity. He often preached in school houses, both

north and south, and was especially influential in starting the churches of Garden Prairie and Kelly."

While at Ames, Mr. Baker (February, 1871) sent in the following report:

"Population is ever floating; families, as well as individuals, are here to-day and gone tomorrow. Our church work is largely one of hospitality. We must afford comfortable entertainment, if we can, for comers and goers; must shelter them from the storms and temptations of a roving life; must feed and clothe them for the time being, that they perish not from spiritual famine, or contract a chill worse than the ague. Moreover, they often come to us suffering from past exposure, want of care, and scarcity of diet, and then we must try our hand at nursing. So the church becomes quite as much a hospital as a bee hive. We try to give the patient a better tone of general health, so that he may endure the still impending winds and frost. If we can send him out a little stronger than he came, we feel that we have not labored in vain. But we cannot always cure. In some cases, the feeble become clinics, and diseases become chronic. What then? Shall we abandon the effort, and let Christ's feeble, suffering ones take care of themselves or perish? And what though our churches are weak and grow slowly? What if the members are not always earnest workers, not even thoroughly consistent? Are they always so in older states or in stronger churches? Is it not the sick that need the physician? Will the churches at the East bid us desist--or what amounts to the same thing, compel us to desist--by withholding support?

"In crossing these prairies, men not unfrequently get bewildered, lost, benumbed, and sometimes freeze to death. To such a wanderer a light gleaming in the distance is scarcely the less welcome or helpful though it shine out from a small cabin. So our little churches, with their regular services, are important, though not imposing. Let the philanthropist and the christian remember that it is no light thing to resist the deteriorating influences of a constant migration; much is accomplished if only a roving population can be kept up to its present standard of morality and piety. Without the Home Missionary work, they who go further on will carry with them more of debasement than they brought hither; then what becomes of the hope of the church as regards this vast nation?"

Mr. Baker's next field was Eldora, in which he served for two years, 1874-6, and then returned for a season to Vermont, serving two years, 1876-78, at Hardwick; and two years, 1878-80 at Winooski. In 1880, he came back to Iowa for permanent residence. For three years, 1880-83, he was at Kellogg; for two years, 1885-88, at Newell; for four years, 1888-92, at Independence. He then spent two years at Burwell, Nebraska. But in 1894, he was back again in Iowa, supplying for a year at Washta; for four years, 1895-99, at Fairfax; one year at Silver Creek; and one year at Steamboat Rock. In 1901, he gave up preaching and retired to a home which years before he had provided for himself at Manchester.

Mr. Baker was twice married. His first wife was a

Miss Martha Farnum Rolfe, of West Concord, New Hampshire. She died at Independence March 24th, 1891. His second wife to whom he was married March 25, 1899, was Mrs. Elizabeth Brainard, of Syracuse, New York.

Mr. Baker died of apoplexy, May 16, 1903, aged seventy-seven years, five months, and seven days.

I had more or less of association with Mr. Baker for thirty-five years. Physically, he was tall, well-proportioned, straight as an arrow, ministerial in appearance, with an intelligent and kindly face. He was a student, a clear thinker, and a theologian of no mean ability. He was a good preacher, a good deal above the average. He was so much of a preacher, that he was called upon to preach the sermon on many occasions. He was not so happy as a pastor. He was kindly and wanted to be sociable, but he did not know how to handle people; he did not easily come en rapport with folks; he did not readily get into the hearts of his parishioners.

A shadow rested on his home for many years in the confirmed melancholia of his wife. This was a great handicap to him in his work. But no once did any one ever hear him complain of the burden he carried.

His life was indeed a pilgrimage. He made many changes and sometimes moved long distances. He changed by far too often. He should have had only two or three pastorates instead of the seventeen he did have. If he could have found

the right spot early in his ministry, and settled down for life, he would have made a good deal more of a success of his life work. It was pitiful to see a gifted man

such as he was, especially toward the close of his ministry, passing on from one place to another in quick succession, finding no place that was just suitable for him. But he was a noble man, and did good service in Iowa in the twenty-six years of his ministry here. One of the honored men of our Iowa fellowship is this good man, Ariel Anson Baker.

Forty-second sketch,

Joseph W. Peet.

Joseph Wheelock Peet, son of Wheelcock and Elsie (Hitchcock) Peet, was born at Enosburg, Vermont, September 11, 1808. While yet young the family moved to Benson, in the same state, where the years of his childhood and youth were spent. In such esteem was he held that, when in 1883, the centennial of the town was observed, Mr. Peet was summoned from a distance to deliver the historical discourse. He carried on his preparatory studies at Rutland; graduated from Middlebury College in 1836, and from Andover, in 1839. November 17, 1840, he was married to Louise C. Rich, of Lincoln, Massachusetts. He was ordained at Gardner, Maine, December 15, 1841, and served this church from that date up to July 17, 1848.

Compelled by sickness to relinquish ministerial work, he settled on a farm near Fall River, Massachusetts. Here, in a room of a large farmhouse, he opened a school for boys which he continued for ten years, receiving such patronage from abroad as evidenced public confidence in his ability and judgment as a teacher. He was afterwards a resident for three years at Hopkinton, Massachusetts; after this he was a teacher for three years (1859-1861) at East Hampton; then in 1861, he came to Iowa, his first position being in the High School at Brighton. From 1862 to 1864, he taught in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and then for three years, in the Yellow

College, at Kossouth, Des Moines county, of this state. From 1867 to 1875, he was a Home Missionary in Adair county, preaching at Fontanelle, Nevinville, Greenfield, etc. Here he built a home, and identified himself with the early settlers of that county, became familiar with every farm and every occupant of the whole region, and preached almost continuously in the neighborhoods round about. A number of his reports from this field were published. The first found in the Home Missionary for March, 1868 was as follows:

"I was sent here by Rev. J. A. Reed, agent of the American Home Missionary Society, early in September last, and began my labors about the sixteenth of that month. My field embraces the whole county of Adair--sixteen townships, each six miles square. In all this territory, there is no Congregational or Presbyterian minister except myself, and no other of any denomination permanently located. There is no house of worship in the county, and but one evangelical church. Fontanelle is the county seat. Our church here, formed some years ago, has since the death of Rev. I. S. Davis, its last missionary pastor, gradually declined until only one make member remains in the village. There are several other members scattered about in different places within the county. Owing to the scarcity of timber, the distance from railroads, and perhaps some other causes, this region, and especially this county, has hitherto been settled very slowly, and with a class of people not remarkable for their enterprise. The rich virgin soil, over all these

broad acres, lies for the most part unstirred by the plow, and of course, there is no other productive industry to bring in people or money. As a consequence, the inhabitants are comparatively poor, and are struggling with inevitable hardships incident to the slow settlement of such a country.

"My labors here extend over the entire county. The fine autumnal weather is very favorable for my work. I perform all journeys on foot, and, during the quarter, have traveled more than one thousand miles in fulfilling my appointments. I have held some thirty meetings, and visited a large portion of the families within the limits of the county. I find everywhere a strong tide of immigration setting toward this region with the approaching railroads, and families from the Eastern states of our own denomination, are beginning to come in more rapidly than ever before. In every direction, I hear--

'The tread of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.'

"Much would be gained, and especially by our own denomination, if we could take early possession of these new fields. In no department of labor is being in season more important than in our missionary work in these rapidly forming Western settlements."

"Hitherto my labors have been widely scattered and desultory, but I trust that some seed has fallen on good ground. Should I remain here, and it be the Lord's will, I hope at the end of another quarter to report some spiritual fruit--some few sheaves at least gathered into the garner of the Lord."

With this the Home Missionary publishes the following:

"Many of the friends of the Society seem to be under the impression that it confines its labors to organized churches, and does not act as a pioneer in the new settlements. Yet, communications, similar to the foregoing, have been published in nearly every number of the Home Missionary for forty years; and every state, from the Hudson river to the Pacific Ocean, contains the monuments of these pioneer labors. More than three-fourths of the New School Presbyterian and Congregational churches in those states, have not only been nurtured, but were originally gathered, but this institution. It aims, as heretofore, to be foremost among evangelizing agencies, on the ever-advancing frontier."

At the end of the first year, Mr. Peet reports:

"Just one year ago, in the midst of a terrible storm, at the hour of midnight, I was set down in the mud, not far from this place. With no little difficulty, I found a shelter and a miserable bed, and when the day dawned, I looked forth upon a dirty hamlet of straggling houses, strung out and half-finished, on two or three streets of black mire. The people, as they came forth, late from their dwellings, looked even worse than their domiciles. I am sure that no earthly consideration could have kept me here over a single stage. But I had come here on a different errand, and for a different purpose. I had promised your Agent, before I came, that none of these external discouragements, of which I was duly warned, should move me. The very fact that perhaps no other Eastern man would stay in such a field, was in itself

a stimulus to me. I reflected that, after all the privations, very likely I should find it a more tolerable field than the Master found in Judea, or a multitude since, of learned and good men, have found in the great moral vineyard. And is it not enough that this unworthy 'disciple be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord?' So I resolved to take possession of my new field with hope and courage, and enter upon my work with a grateful and cheerful heart, comforting myself with the thought that, as it could not well be worse, it might and doubtless would improve."

"Such was the beginning of my labors in Adair county, and I am happy to be able to say now, at the close of the first year that this cheerful view and adverse and forbidding things, this firm determination to abide and cast in my lot with this people, and make this my life field, has, by the help of God, made me contented and happy in my labors, and settled at once all rising questions about leaving for more congenial fields. Thus far, I have been alone, and comparatively homeless, not being able to make suitable provision for a household. My family are now on their way hither, and will soon join me, and when once fairly settled here, I propose to spend the remainder of my working days, and lay my bones on the battlefield.

"My work has been much of the missionary kind--scattered all through the sixteen townships of this county, in each of which we have true people. The railroads north and south are bringing in settlers rapidly, and the demand for labor is greatly increasing. One church has been formed during

the year, and several others will soon be needed. At present, however, society is in a chaotic and forming state, and the people comparatively poor--many unable and others unwilling to give for the support of the institutions of religion. So your missionary must, for a little while, depend mainly on you for his support. But this state of things will soon pass away. By another year, we may be able to double our subscription, and so on yearly."

In the September issue of the Home Missionary for the year 1869, the following appears:

"In my last report, I mentioned the organization of a church in Lincoln, the northeast township in this county, and expressed the hope of some aid in my labors in that direction. Rev. Mr. White (Rev. John White, previously pastor at Ames, and later at Wittenberg) who was then preaching there, and upon the railroad running along the northeast line of the county, has had a louder call, and gone to a more inviting field in Jasper county, and no one has yet appeared to supply his place. I am, therefore, obliged to extend my labors, as much as I am able, to this little church, and to four other stations along the railroad. Although my field was before altogether too large, yet I cannot altogether decline the urgent invitations which come to me from all these places, nor lose the golden opportunity of starting religious worship and fore-stalling error. But I am not omnipresent, nor are my bones made of 'brass and triple steel'. In this melting weather, and beneath a burning sun, I cannot be one-half of

the time in the saddle, and the other half trying to preach. I do not know that you can do anything for my aid or relief; but I trust that your newly appointed agent for this field will send me at least one fellow laborer."

"Since writing the foregoing, I have had a vисти from my acute old friend, Rheumatism, invited, I presume, by repeated drenchings. During the past few weeks, it has rained, by deliberate storm and extempore shower, every day, Sundays not excepted until the whole country is fairly inundated. I am now better and hope soon to be upon my horse again."

In his next report (January, 1870), Father Peet tells of various calls here and there in miscellaneous labors as follows:

"Owing to the large and heterogeneous immigration, the outside miscellaneous labors of a missionary are constantly increasing. For example, last week on Tuesday, just as I got home from my Sunday station, twenty miles east, I was sent for to go fifteen miles in another direction, to preach the funeral sermon of a woman I had never seen. The services were late, and I was detained all night. On my arrival home, the next day, I found a messenger waiting for me to go ten miles in another direction, to attend the funeral of an aged man who had been killed in a horrible manner by a mowing machine. Then my next Sabbath appointment was thirty miles away in still another direction. From that I have returned, about 'used up'. I did hope that before this I should have at least one helper in this large field; but I know the dearth of men and of funds and do not expect it this year."

In December of 1871, Mr. Peet reports progress in the shape of a house of worship. The communication is as follows:

"We have had the pleasure of dedicating our new church building at this place (Fontanelle), free from debt. To do this the real friends who had already given all that they felt able to give, we obliged to double their donations. But it was done cheerfully, for the most part, and we have now a comfortable and pleasant place of worship; the only church edifice of any denomination in the entire county, twenty-four miles square. No other church spire points from these broad prairies within thirty miles in any direction. So you will perceive that our necessity was very urgent, and our people have done well in taking the lead in this work.

"On the day of our dedication, there reached us a beautiful communion set, the gift of my beloved friend, Henry H. Fish, Esquire, of Fall River, Mass., so that we were made doubly glad. The people are attending our service in increasing numbers, and I wish that I could report more favorably as to their spiritual growth. Financially, our struggle still continues. Our main dependence is upon what the soil produces; and these products on our new farms have not been large, and this year bring but meagre price. Money among the people generally is a rare commodity, and the minister usually has less than anybody else; but I shall hold on, and keep the field as long as I can."

Our last message from Father Peet reported in the Home Missionary for April, 1872, is as follows:

"The winter has been one of uncommon severity--wood very scarce, coal remote and very high; and the low price of all farm products has kept everybody destitute of money. Almost

without exception, our houses are very small, poorly built, and meagerly furnished. Now imagine the mercury down to zero or below, and the fierce north wind moving at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour over these unbroken prairies, against our shanties unprotected by tree or bush, and you may get an idea of the cheerlessness of some part of our winter life, on this sparsely settled frontier. This cold and inclement weather was very unfavorable for my work, making it difficult for the people to get to the meetings, either in the evening or on the Sabbath. There has also been an unusual amount of disheartening sickness, requiring not a little of my time and attention. Yet the Lord reigns and is plenteous in mercy. With these and similar precious words, I try to fortify my own heart, and to encourage these poor people; but often find it difficult to turn distressed and anxious minds away from their wordly cares and troubles to that better portion which is promised to the weary and heavy laden. I have great reason for thankfulness that my own health has been so good and that I have not had to turn aside from a single service, night or day, on account of bitter cold or driving storm. I have just returned from a preaching and visiting tour in the remote parts of my field, affording no very bright picture; but I know that the good seeds sown will not be lost. May the Lord hasten the harvest time!"

After closing his work at Nevinville, in the year 1875, Father Peet followed a son to Monticello, in Jones county, where he resided for a full decade before the end came.

He died April 17, 1892, aged eighty-three years, seven months, and six days.

Brother Ephraim Adams summed up the life of Father Peet in the following sentence: "A genial, scholarly, Christian man." Evidently he was all this. One falls in love with him as he reads his reports, noting the cheerful, optimistic, gentle, loving spirit of the man. I confess my great pleasure in forming an acquaintance with this good man in the writing of this imperfect sketch.

Forty-third sketch,

Orlando Clark.

Orlando Clark was born at Geneva, Indiana, November 6, 1824. He attended Hanover College, the Indiana University, and Princeton Seminary. By these tokens we may know that he was a Presbyterian by birth and early training. He served Presbyterian churches in Indiana and Ohio.

Just when he joined the Congregational ranks, and the influences leading to this step, I do not know. The Congregational Quarterly lists him first as a Congregational minister in 1866. April 1, of this year, he was commissioned by the Home Missionary Society for St. Anthony, Minnesota. In November of 1867, he began a pastorate at Lansing, Iowa, which continued up to September 1, 1871. In October of 1871, he took charge of our church at Iowa Falls; and in 1873, we find him pastor at Ottumwa. His stay here, however, was short, covering a period of only one year. His last field of service was in the Blind Asylum at Vinton, where he died April 2, 1876. The following poor excuse for an obituary was published in the Minutes for 1876:

"Rev. Orlando Clark, a brother much beloved and formerly pastor at Lansing, Iowa Falls and Ottumwa, died recently at Vinton, where he filled the place of superintendent of the Asylum for the Blind. His age we do not know."

I cannot add anything to make this sketch more complete. It will be noted that Mr. Clark gave us only seven years of service, in our churches. None of his reports to the Home Missionary Society were published. Perhaps the eulogy given

him in the Minutes is sufficient: "A brother much beloved."

Forty-fourth sketch,

Henry L. Chase.

Henry Lewis Chase, son of Truman and Laura (Ballard) Chase, was born at Westford, Vermont, September 9, 1832. He prepared for college at Bakersfield Academy and the Institute at Potsdam, New York. From 1852 to 1854, he attended the Vermont University, but graduated from Waterville College, Maine, in 1857. While in his college course, he taught at North Anson and Columbia, Maine. In 1858 and 1859, he was principal of the Hampden (M. E.) Academy. Later he taught for a time in Charleston, South Carolina. He began his theological studies at Hartford Seminary, but graduated from Andover in 1863. He was licensed to preach by the Tolland (Connecticut) Association, June 3, 1862. For a short time he served as chaplain in a Connecticut regiment. He was ordained over the North Carver, Massachusetts, Congregational church, June 27, 1864. He was dismissed from this pastorate, May 5, 1867.

Later in the year he came out to Iowa, and began December 8th, 1867, a pastorate of three years at Dyersville. In this field he was under the commission of the Home Missionary Society, but none of his reports were published. Following this, came the most important work of his life; a twelve year's pastorate at Green Mountain, beginning September 1, 1870. During all his administration the church was self-supporting. It was so, however, in large part because the

pastor made it so. The benevolences of the church, were large, largely because of the pastor's precept and example.

All the while, Mr. Chase was counted a sick man. He was a victim of what was then called the lingering consumption. We thought that each year would be his last, but still he kept on doing his work, and the church prospered greatly in his hands. At length, in 1882, the time came for him to quit that he might husband his strength and live as long as he could by taking the utmost care of himself. He moved to Minneapolis and made for himself there a comfortable home. His wife, formerly a Miss Nancy Russell Sever, to whom he was married at Kingston, Mass., June 22, 1869, was to him a helpmeet indeed, bearing his burdens with him, and undoubtedly by her care and nursing prolonging his life. His years of retirement passed on through the second decade and into the third before the time for his full release had come. In these years, he did more or less of supply work.

In 1885, he was acting pastor of the church at Hutchinson. In March of 1902, he changes residence from Minneapolis to Clifton Springs, New York, where he died of pneumonia, March 1, 1905, aged seventy-two years, five months and twenty-two days.

Physically, Mr. Chase was tall, spare, with grains of sand in his hair, a slight deformity in his face, but with a pleasing countenance, a poise and grace of manner, and calm demeanor which made him an attractive and forceful personality. Intellectually, he was keen and alert; he was thoroughly educated, and he continued to be a student during

all his life. He was a typical New Englander of the best pattern. He gave us fourteen years of his radiant life. He was one of the builders of the Commonwealth.

Forty-fifth sketch,

Chauncey D. Wright.

Here is another victim of ecclesiastical maladministration. I suspect Mr. Wright came from Ohio and from Oberlin College and Seminary, but I am not at all certain. Without much doubt, he began his ministry in Iowa in the year 1868, for the Minutes show that in March of that year he was licensed by the Council Bluffs Association at Exira, and that June 10th, of the same year, he was ordained at Exira. His first commission, dated March 7, 1868, designates Exira, Oldfield, and Herricks as his field of labor. This commission was renewed in 1869. April 1, 1870, he was commissioned for Avoca, Anita, and Harlan. A little hint of his activity in this field is given in the following note published in the Home Missionary for September, 1870:

"Churches have been formed in Avoca and Anita in Pottawattamie county, under the care of Rev. C. D. Wright, late of Exira, who expresses great hope of usefulness in his new field."

The places designated in his commission for 1873 were Avoca, Walnut, Harlan, and Lewis Grove. In November of 1875, we find him down in Kansas, preaching at Blue Ridge, Petersville, Baxter, Lowell, Bergers and several outstations. His commission for substantially the same field was renewed year by year up to 1881. In 1882, we find him in this field up to 1886--then wrote over against his name "deceased", but did

not give the date of his death or any sketch of his life, or any appreciation of his character and services. "Let the dead bury their dead" quoth the Year Book when Brother Chauncey Wright died.

Forty-sixth sketch,

Henry Mills.

Henry Mills, son of Louis and Eliza (Turner) Mills, was born in Kingsville, Ohio, May 21, 1828. His father was a native of Maine, and his mother, of Connecticut. His ancestors, among them Samuel Mills of Missionary fame, came to this country from England in 1640, locating at Weymouth, Massachusetts.

Writing to me under date of January 1, 1914, Mr. Mills says:

"In 1842, I became a student at the Grand River institute, Austinburg, Ohio, a few miles from my birthplace, but hundreds from my then present home. In 1845, I had finished the course. I entered Oberlin College early in 1846, and in 1849, took my degree. In 1851, I entered Andover Theological Seminary, graduating in 1854."

"January 1, 1850, (sixty years ago) I was married to Louisa Strong, of Portage, New York. She became the mother of four boys and two girls. The mother passed away in July of 1905. The twenty-third of November, 1854, I was ordained and installed as pastor of the Congregational church of Granby, Mass. I continued in service for nearly nine years. In the latter part of 1863, I commenced to serve the Congregational church of Kalamazoo, Michigan, my services ending here in less than two years."

"Exhausted in strength, I left my family in Kalamazoo, and came home to recruit, spending nearly a year in temporary

service. In the spring of 1868, I accepted a call from the new Congregational church in Independence, Iowa. This relation I continued for nearly two years. Commencing in the autumn of 1870, I left my family in Independence and spent a year with the church in St. Cloud, Minnesota. I found the climate hostile to me, and returned to Iowa. After a little, I was equal to service with the church in Buckingham. This church shortly after was removed to Traer.

"In the spring of 1872, I became pastor of this church (Canton, Illinois) which I had previously served. This relation continued until the close of January, 1881. I had been disabled for service for several months previous to the dissolution of my relation to this church. Actual trial of my ability brought on final collapse. I proved myself unequal to the calls of my chosen work, though not without forms of vigor of both body and mind.

"Very sincerely,

"Henry Mills."

This letter written by a nonagenarian speaks for itself, and reveals a man of great intellectual and spiritual vigor. We get a still fuller impression of the ability, the quality, and the spirit of the man from his one report to the Home Missionary Society, written from Independence and published in the Home Missionary for May of 1869. The report follows:

"Our new house of worship, tastefully furnished, was dedicated to God, December 16, 1868. The cost of the building and furnishing was \$5,971 of which \$3,240 had been raised

by subscription, and \$400 was to come from the Congregational Union. Friends in various places, for the greater part my former parishioners, had contributed \$350 toward the furnishing of the house and other expenses. The problem was to raise the remaining \$2000. After the dedicatory sermon, Dr. H. Bryant proposed to add \$700 to his \$500, provided the sum necessary for removing the debt could be raised, engaging also to make such portion of the lot as might not be needed in the future for an enlarged edifice an open park, forever. Mr. C. C. Woodruff, followed with \$600. The amount rapidly grew to \$2,565, leaving, after paying debts, \$500 pledged for fencing and improving the lot. That was a red letter day in the calender of this church.

"As with the date of this report my year closes, it is natural to compare the end with the beginning. The church commenced the year with twenty-two members. We have now thirty-six, and several others stand propounded for admission next Sabbath. The congregation numbered eighty. Our new edifice, on favorable afternoons, when many from other societies come in, is well filled. We had no Sabbath School--we now have a school of one hundred members. For the great part of the year, we had haphazard music. We now have a choice choir. Our church property amounted to hardly five dollars. We now have an attractive edifice, finely furnished, with sittings for four hundred, upon a very choice lot, and five hundred dollars with which to beautify it, an excellent reed organ for the choir, a cabinet organ for the Sabbath School, and also a fine library, and an elegant communion service. Many

of these articles represent a love of distant friends, of far greater worth. Probably the church would have thought they would do bravely to raise \$400 for current expenses; they have raised on the ground for such expenses, \$1,000; \$65 for the support of the gospel abroad; nearly \$6000 for permanent uses, and this is in the midst of a superabounding joy. They were not and are not rich. It is the old story of poverty abounded unto the riches of liberality.

"The society, at a recent meeting, decided to make the seats free, and to endeavor to raise twelve hundred dollars by subscription for expenses. The effort has so far succeeded that it is now evident that the church will ask nothing of you for the coming year. It requires a severe effort to do this, for they have but one year's growth, and that a year of constant expenditure. But it is done bravely, and with great satisfaction."

"We are reaching a class of people formerly not church goers--a most interesting class--intelligent, inquisitive, skeptical, influential. This is the importance of our work. The ground is stony, doubtless, requiring patient tillage; but when the fruit comes in, it may prove the hundredfold. The earnest attention, on the Lord's Day, of persons of this character, is ample reward for toil. To-day closes the only missionary year in my experience, and it has been by far the happiest of the nearly fifteen years of my ministry, and with this year closes my connection with your society. The receipt of your commission, with the generous amount appropriated to my support, deeply impressed me with the duty of faithfulness.

How much less I have accomplished than I ought, only the One Judge fully knows. But such sacrifice as I have offered has been willing.

"I trust the gratitude of this church, to the churches whose almoner you are, will appear in a persistent self-support, and in yearly contribution to your funds, ever increasing and many times over replacing the amount you have expended in the nurture of its infancy."

Through a communication from Dr. A. R. Thain, under date of June 5, 1914, we have another little glimpse of Mr. Mills in his old age. Mr. Thain writes:

"I first became acquainted with Mr. Mills when I was pastor of the first church at Galesburg. At that time, Mr. Mills was pastor of the church at Canton, but was nearing the end of this pastorate, which was brought to a close by a nervous breakdown, which shattered his health, and, for a time, somewhat affected the balance of his mind."

"During his pastorate, in Canton, he proved himself to be a good preacher, a strong reasoner, and such a fine reader of scripture that after he had read a passage, the reading was the interpretation of the meaning, and after he had read a hymn, it was a descent to sing it, unless the singing was good."

"His conscientiousness was a passion. He was so honest, that to do anything which even slightly savored of dishonesty, hurt him--even the thought of doing it. This was first brought to my mind by an incident which took

place about the time that Mr. Mills' breakdown occurred. He was on the program to preach the opening sermon at the meeting of the Central West Association, at Aledo. He called at my house in Galesburg on the morning of the appointed day, and asked me if I would not preach in his place, as something in Canton required his presence at home as soon as possible. I consented, and also took from him his railroad ticket, paying him for the part which he had not used. Within half an hour, he returned from the station, a mile or more, saying to me: 'I charged you five cents too much for that ticket.' 'But my dear brother,' said I, it was not worth while to walk so far to restore five cents.' 'It is always worth while to do right,' he said with great earnestness. His mind was somewhat unsettled by the intense way in which he did everything, and soon after he resigned, and never has preached since.

"When I came to Canton as pastor, his health was fairly good; but he told me that I must not ask him to take part in public meetings; for public speaking taxed his nerves so severely that he could not sleep the night following. A few times he consented, to read a hymn or poem at a funeral, at the request of the friends, and he could do it well, but he trembled all over the last time that he tried it--it affected his emotions so much. But his physical health is still suprising for a man who passed his fourscore years some time ago. He walks up alertly, is upright, and quick-motioned; is always at

church, morning and night; and when I visit him at his home, talks in an interesting way about his earlier years and about the news of the day.

"The people of Canton respect Mr. Mills very much. Those who listened to him as a preacher say that his sermons were always thoughtful and well prepared, and were delivered with an earnestness which perhaps cost too much physically. He is a Puritan of the Puritans, on all moral questions; but I never heard him say an unkind thing about any individual."

"Sincerely yours,

"A. R. Thain."

Forty-seventh sketch,

Owen Owens.

Owen Owens, son of Morris and Mary Owens, was born in Carnarvenshire, North Wales, November 27, 1819. He lived at home until he was eighteen years of age. He then for two years pursued special studies in preparation for the ministry. A part of this time, he was under the instruction of Rev. Rhys Jones, who, years later, was pastor of the Welsh church in Utica, New York. Mr. Owens was ordained December 21, 1842, and was placed in charge of Gelynas Chapel in Brecknockshire, South Wales, and continued in this service for five and one-half years. He then became pastor of the church at Brynmawr, where he remained in service for eighteen years, on a salary of \$240 per year. He was greatly beloved by the people of this charge. In after years, he often spoke of his Brynmawr church with great affection.

In the year 1844, he was married to Miss Sarah Evans, of Llandovery, South Wales, who died in 1864, shortly before Mr. Owens' emigration to America. He came to this country in 1865, locating first at Pittston, Pennsylvania. A year later, he moved to Coal Valley, Illinois, but shortly after returned to Pennsylvania, having a pastorate at Pittsburg for a number of years. In Pennsylvania, he found his second wife, Miss Catherine Edwards, of Pittsburg, to whom he was married in 1866.

In 1868, Mr. Owen came to Iowa, beginning in this year a pastorate of three years at Long Creek. In 1871, he returned to Pennsylvania, and located at Birmingham, and was there until 1877, at which time he came back to Iowa, and for twelve years had a residence at Gomer, the Welsh settlement near Red Oak. Later he was pastor for sixteen years at Dodgeville and vicinity, in Wisconsin.

Mr. Owens died April 25, 1898. He preached on the previous Sabbath as ably and fervently as ever. His last text was: "Behold, for peace I have great bitterness, but Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption, for Thou has cast all my sins behind thy back."

When paralysis seized him on Monday morning, he said to his wife, "Catherine, Death is come--the chariot of God. Farewell, until we meet to part no more."

He was a very effective preacher. His ministrations were like showers from heaven upon the tender herb. He was greatly appreciated for his maturity of thought, solidity of character, and loftness of purpose. He was consecrated to his life work, and his preaching was beautifully exemplified by the sincerity and simplicity of his character.

Forty-eighth sketch,

Elmer C. Taylor.

Here is another name to be recorded. There are no data for a sketch. Our ecclesiastical records do not give the date or place of his birth, or tell of his schooling, or why his name was dropped in 1870. Dr. Bullock, in his history of the Nebraska churches says that he came to that state in 1866. The Home Missionary dates his first commission January 1, 1867, for Salt Creek, Lancaster, and Ashland, Nebraska. He was ordained May 12, of this year.

April 1, 1868, he was commissioned for Civil Bend, Iowa. The commission was renewed in 1869, but he left the field within the year. His name does not appear after this in the State Minutes or the Congregational Quarterly, or the Home Missionary. The only memorial of him that I can find is his one short report from Civil Bend (Percival) published in the March issue of the Home Missionary for 1869, and is as follows:

"In making my report for the third quarter of labor with the church at Civil Bend, I rejoice to say that God is blessing us with a deep, powerful work of grace. Meetings have been in progress for two weeks, and still continue. Twenty-five or thirty have manifested deep interest, many of whom are rejoicing in a new-found Savior's love. To God be all the glory."

Forty-ninth sketch,

Simeon Gilbert.

Dr. Gilbert was Vermonter, a brother of James B. Gilbert, whose sketch appears in Volume VI, of this series. I will not presume to write the biography of this distinguished man, for he is still alive and would want an abler pen than mine to perform the service; and he is not yet ready for an obituary.

Born at Pittsford, June 19, 1834. Ordained Feb. 1863. At Hopkinton, N. Y. 61-65 and Chateaugay 65-67.

I will venture, however, to write a paragraph or two respecting his little visit to Iowa in 1868. In that year I graduated from the Seminary, and decided to come to Iowa. I preferred Ames to any other field than open. Sup't Guernsey arranged with me to go to Ames; but behold this man, Simeon Gilbert stepped in ahead of me and cut me off. He had been ordained November 4, 1865. His commission for Ames was dated April 1, 1868, one month before I graduated. They had better have taken me, for he was there only one year; I would have stayed for a decade or more, for it is my nature to hold on.

During this pastorate, covering the whole of the year, Mr. Gilbert was able to make one report that was counted worthy of publication. This report appearing in the Home Missionary for September, 1868, is as follows:

"Ames is near the center of the state on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. It is the seat of the Iowa Agricultu-

ral College, an institution munificently endowed by the government, and provided by the State with a building pronounced, by some, one of the finest educational buildings in the country. The school opens in September, and will undoubtedly occupy a high position among the educational facilities which this noble State is preparing to furnish for its sons and daughters. The presence of such an institution, with its students from every part of the State, will give no little importance to the character of our church.

"It is about two and a half years since the church was organized. In the autumn of 1865, Rev. John White of Woodstock, Connecticut, came to Ames to try the effect of a change of climate upon his health. He had no settled purpose beyond remaining a few weeks. As his strength permitted, however, he preached on the Sabbath, and visited somewhat among the people. In a short time, there was manifest on the part of some, a strong desire to unite together in Christian fellowship on the platform of Congregationalism.

"These brethren and sisters, though representing four different denominations, cheerfully gave up their former preferences, and cordially united in the new movement. They met first in the depot, then in the school house, until, with some generous assistance from abroad, they were enabled to erect a neat church edifice, costing about \$1800. The church has been highly blessed, both in temporal and spiritual matters. There have been additions at every communion, season since the organization. When I came, there were, I believe, seventy-eight members. On the first of March, three united, one

by letter, and two on profession. Next Sabbath, I expect there will be six more additions, three by letter, and three on profession."

The Ames Manual for 1903, has the following paragraph:

"Rev. Simeon Gilbert, a Vermonter by birth, a graduate of Chicago Theological Seminary, and classmate of Rev. T. O. Douglass, followed Mr. White and gave faithful service to the Ames church for one year. He removed to Chicago, where, as Associate Editor of the Advance, and sometime Western Correspondent of the Congregationalist, he has had a wide field of Christian activity and influence."

The historian, Mrs. Tilden, has made one or two mistakes in this paragraph. Mr. Gilbert was not a graduate of Chicago Seminary, nor was he the classmate of the man whom he supplanted as pastor at Ames. It is true, however, that he left Ames because he had a call to Chicago to become the Associate Editor of the Advance recently established, the Editor-in-Chief being Dr. William W. Patten, formerly pastor of the First Congregational Church of Chicago. Later Dr. Gilbert became the chief of the editorial staff of the Advance, and for many years he was it. He is still in Chicago, and still engaged in literary work. You can find his address in the Year Book. He may be found also at almost any national gathering of the Congregational Clans. He looks as if he might be sixty years of age, but he is certainly seventy-five. He has been in public service for nearly fifty years. I do not venture to make any further remarks respecting Dr. Gilbert.

Fiftieth sketch,

Sylvester D. Storrs.

Sylvester Dana Storrs, son of Jesse and Hannah (Hyde) Storrs, was born in Virgil, New York, September 11, 1829. He studied at Homer Academy; graduated from Dartmouth in 1852, and from Andover in 1857. Soon after his graduation from the Seminary November 12, 1857, he was married to Fanny J. Terry of Unionville, Ohio.

In 1858, he went out with the Kansas Band (Cordley, Morse, Parker, and Storrs) locating first at Quindaro, a few miles from Kansas City, where he was ordained January 27, 1858, and served as pastor up to May of 1862. During this pastorate, he made four reports, the first, published June of 1858, was in part as follows:

"I came to Kansas expecting to encounter difficulties and to practice self-denial, and thus far I have not been disappointed. No one can come directly from New England to Kansas, without perceiving a great difference between Eastern and Western life. The peculiarties of the West exist here in an intense form. The character of every man stands out in bold relief for good or for evil. Along the Missouri river, where good morals are as little known among the boatmen as crystal drops in its turbid waters, we meet an obstinacy of wickedness that cannot soon be removed.

Since the first of December, I have labored in this place, Quindaro, and Wyandotte, four miles distant, preach-

ing here in the morning and there in the afternoon of each Sabbath. These are thriving villages, having been mostly built within the past year. The former numbers six hundred and the later fifteen hundred inhabitants. They are important missionary stations from their position, being the first towns the immigrant meets in the territory as he comes up the Missouri river. Through the kindness of friends, I brought with me nearly one hundred volumes of Sabbath school books, a part of them second hand from the Seminary Sunday school library at Andover.

"Quindaro was founded by men from New England, and is called here the Yankee town. One of the first things after laying out the town was to make provision for schools and churches. When I arrived here, I found a Congregational society had been formed, and that a church edifice was in process of erection. It has since been finished, and was dedicated on the 27th of January; and the same day a Congregational church was organized, Rev. Messrs. Lum, Bodwell, and Cordley assisting in the exercises. If I mistake not, this is the first church edifice finished in Kansas. It is built of stone, twenty by forty feet, nearly finished, at a cost of about \$1800, a portion of which has been guaranteed by the Congregational building Society. The efforts of the people are very praiseworthy, and the judgment of the building committee in deciding to build no larger than could be immediately finished is especially to be commended. We have an interesting Sabbath School, and two weekly prayer meetings are well sustained."

The second report, published in September of 1859, is as follows:

"Two persons from Massachusetts have recently joined us, and are a great help to us in every respect. One of them has opened a wholesale and retail grocery store, and will have nothing to do with the selling of spirituous liquors. There is no smell of rum about his premises. In New York this would not be noticeable, perhaps; but here it is what is seldom seen. There may be other temperance grocery stores along this river, but this is the first one that I have seen or heard of. Rum, or whiskey, as it is here called, is the great staple commodity, and is generally considered the sine qua non to success in trade, and especially advantageous in promoting the growth of new towns. It seems to me that whenever a member leaves a church in the East, special prayer should be offered that he should be 'kept from the evil that is in the world.'"

In his third report, (January, 1861) he writes:

"We are not tired of labor, nor discouraged in respect to this field, although we have not yet seen such changes for the better as we had hoped."

"In this county, the drought has not been as severe as in many other places in Kansas, although we have suffered much from it. During the summer, we had several good showers which helped the corn especially; so that there has been enough of that raised for the inhabitants, but other kinds of grain have mostly failed. Many will be obliged to subsist on corn bread; but this can be done, for a few months,

without suffering. In many places in the territory, the people really need some assistance to get through the winter. This would not be the case if labor were in demand; but scarcely any one has money to pay for labor, and there are no public works going on. Almost every dollar that can be spared at present must be paid for food, so that I fear that for the next year we shall need as much assistance from the Home Missionary Society as has been given us the last year."

In his last report from Quindaro, published in April 1862, Mr. Storrs writes:

"All articles of clothing are dear, and few have the means to pay for more than one suit. Many have not a change of underclothes. Many are thinly clad; and on cold days, nearly one-half of our Sunday School scholars are detained at home for want of suitable clothing. Considerable interest is awakened among our farmers in raising cotton. An effort will also be made to raise our molasses and sugar; thousands of gallons of the former were manufactured from sorghum last fall."

"The Missouri river is now bridged with ice, but the rebels have been so thoroughly routed that we fear no danger at present. We hope that the worst is over in western Missouri; but nothing but an onward movement of our forces, and a general success of our arms will keep the rebels of Missouri quiet. Thousands of them dispersed at the approach of the Federal forces, and watch for a favorable opportunity to rise again. If required to take the oath of allegiance, it is no more to them than their profane oaths, so common in

their conversation. 'Contrabands' 'arrive almost daily and pass along without molestation, or take up their residence on the border, as they may choose. Some of them are well provided with food and clothing for the winter, and occasionally one has a good span of horses and wagon, or a good saddle horse taken for services rendered to his master."

In 1862, Mr. Storrs made a change to Atchinson, and was there for six years. While in this pastorate, he made four reports which were published. In his first report, December of 1862, he writes:

"The attendance on Sabbath services has steadily increased during the past quarter. Twenty-six were present at our first meeting in Atchinson, but last Sabbath we had eighty. Our church is in a central position, and much better accommodates the population in that respect than either of the other churches, Baptist and Methodist. The four months we have been here confirmed the report, that Atchinson is a very needy missionary field. Though deprived of many conveniences of our former home, we have thus far no reason to regret our change. The people are kind, and will do considerable toward our support, although the members of the church are generally poor, and but few in number.

"If the war continue, the next year will be a very trying one for Kansas, as more than one-half of our able-bodied men have enlisted, many of them leaving their families but poorly provided far against the approaching winter, especially in the back counties, where, in many cases, the women must

harvest the corn, and take care of the stock, in addition to their ordinary work. The means used to secure the late enlistments were exceedingly deleterious to Kansas. Many, and I think I may say, the greater part of the last three regiments, have been deceived by fair promises. They were assured, that they should have time to arrange their affairs at home, and should receive their first month's pay and the twenty-five dollars bounty as soon as mustered into service; but some have waited nearly two months without receiving a dollar or being permitted to see their homes. The soldiers of Kansas have certainly a hard time. I have seen some who have been in service for five months, without receiving a dollar, who had families suffering at home all the time. The blacks have been treated still worse, and important movements here seem to be for political purposes rather than to save the country."

zIn April of 1863, Mr. Storrs has another report which is in part as follows:

"For this year, at least, the church needs assistance. The audience room of our house of worship we hope to finish next spring, and shall need to raise from \$800 to \$1000 for that. If times were prosperous, it could easily be done; but as they now are, great sacrifices must be made by the church, or it cannot be accomplished. Three hundred dollars for the support of the gospel is all that can be reasonably expected from this people. We have thus far been propped in our labors beyond our expectation. It is said that our congregation on Sabbath mornings is the largest protestant congreg-

gation in Atchinson. That is saying but little, however; for this people are not in the habit of attending church regularly. Since the soldiers left last fall, ninety is the largest number that has been present at any one meeting. Some new hearers are present almost every Sabbath.

There is a Catholic College here, which is the best school in this vicinity; and they propose to build next season a Seminary for young ladies.

"I have one out station six miles in the country, where I preach once a month. Last Sabbath, fifty were present. Several other places might be occupied if I had time to fill them; but until I am better acquainted here in town, I think it would not be profitable to preach elsewhere very often."

In a communication published January 1864, the missionary writes:

"The Old School Presbyterians have secured a minister and commenced holding services regularly on the Sabbath, which takes a few, some ten or fifteen from our congregation."

"We were very glad to welcome Brother Harlow (from Lewis, Iowa) as a recruit for the missionary work in Kansas. Can you not send us more soon? Western Missouri is in great need of missionaries. Many of the people have lost confidence in their ministers on account of their pro-slavery sentiments, and in many instances, the congregations and churches are broken up. There is a great change of sentiment throughout these states, and in many places new ministers must be furnished before the people can be gathered to hear the gospel. If an efficient man could be stationed at some point in

northwestern Missouri, I think he would find enough to do, and would labor very profitably to the cause of Christ."

Mr. Storrs' last report from Atchinson appeared in the October issue of 1865, and was in part as follows:

"The past quarter has been one of special interest, owing to the completion of our church edifice which was dedicated May 14th. In all respects, it is a pleasant house and well located. I hope soon to send you a full description of it with the dedication sermon by the Rev. Mr. Bodwell. During the past month, there has been some religious interest in the church, and general harmony, but a lack of spiritual life. Sometimes, when I think of the destitution in some of the new territories, I am strongly inclined to leave this field to someone who would be unwilling to go to the Far West. Our old field at Quindaro is an important one that should be soon occupied. Two hundred families or more have no one to look after their spiritual interest, and but seldom hear preaching."

In 1868, Mr. Storrs came over into Iowa for a short pastorate at Glenwood. His commission for this field was dated April 15th, of this year, and the commission was not renewed. At the end of the year, he returned to Canada. While here at Glenwood, October 1868, he made the following report:

"The town of Glenwood contains about one thousand inhabitants, and is the county seat of Mills county, which is one of the best agricultural counties in Iowa. The present season, the grasshoppers have been a burden, destroying a large portion of the wheat, and in places seriously injuring

some of the other crops; but abundance is likely to be raised for man and beast, and we do not expect this church will need assistance from the Home Missionary Society, after my commission expires. I find here an unbounded field of labor outside of the town, and every Sabbath afternoon I preach at some outstation from three to eight miles off, returning in time for the evening service. These meetings are well attended. We have much encouragement from some of the members of this church, who go to some outstation every Sabbath, to speak in the name of Christ. They are educated men, and I doubt not will lead souls to the blessed Savior. There is also a good working spirit manifested by other members of the church, who are laboring in town. It has been my object the past three months, to awaken and organize the working element in this church, and I am determined that none shall be received as members who will not pledge themselves to do something for Christ. I am Confident that if our western churches would cultivate this spirit, many of them which are now receiving aid from the A. H. M. S. would, almost immediately become self-supporting."

But Mr. Storrs was not an Iowan. He belonged to Kansas. His heart was there, and there his home was sure to be. April 15, 1869, he returned to his first Kansas field, and was commissioned for Quindaro, Pomeroy, Mancia, and White School House. His first report from his second pastorate illustrates a common mistake of the location of the church building in a community. He writes (April, 1871):

"Our house of worship, located to accommodate an imaginary city, has been for years quite outside of the parish, and becoming difficult of access, as the town site was fenced for gardens and fields; so the church has voted to sell it, and to build a house that will better accommodate the people. We now worship, with increased attendance, in our central district school house, expecting to build next season."

Amongst other things he writes, also, of Yankees that do not fade out. He says: "we find excellent help in two young men just from New England, who have decided to make Quindaro their home, and both of them stand up boldly for everything that is good and right. There is room for many more such in Kansas."

Mr. Storrs' second pastorate in this field covered a period of three years. In 1872, he was appointed Superintendent of Home Missions for Kansas. During the twelve years he was in this office, of course he made many reports to the Home Missionary Society. In his first, sent from Quindaro, where he resided for a time (July 1875) he writes:

"Never before have the people been so thoroughly convinced that earthly hopes are uncertain, and that at least prospective riches may take to themselves wings and fly away. It has been very difficult for the people to meet their pledges for the support of the missionary. Hundreds have not the ability to support their own families. They can not pledge any definite amount till after another harvest. This cloud has had its silver lining. We are grateful that the sufferers in Kansas have been so kindly and

promptly relieved. A large amount of clothing, grain, money, has been received from friends in other states; many of the railroad companies have aided essentially by forwarding free of charge. Missionary boxes were never more highly appreciated, and some of the missionaries could not have continued in the work without them. In several counties, our missionaries have given much time to procuring provisions and clothing, and distributing them to all the needy, and instances are known where these gifts have opened hearts to receive the work of life. Among the missionaries, there has been much patience and persevering labors; like good soldiers they have endured hardships."

In another communication published the same month, Mr. Storrs gives a hint as to the cause of the sufferings of Kansas at this particular time. He writes:

"The grasshoppers are leaving about here, and we hope yet to raise good corn and potatoes where crops have been destroyed. Very few gardens or fields in the county have escaped, and the fruit is largely cut off; but the people are doing all they can to raise something. I think the fields will most of them be replanted. I am expending the balance of your money in my hands for seed, to aid those who are not able to buy."

"A fearful hail storm, a week ago, swept through Edwards, Reno, and Harvey counties, destroying many fields of wheat and rye, and doing much other damage, though I hear of no loss of life. At Kingsley, the Congregational church, built by funds raised by E. W. Kinsley, Esq., of

Boston, and costing about \$1700, was moved from its foundations, and somewhat damaged. Yet all Kansas seems hopeful, though sorely pinched by the hard times."

Again in October of 1875, the Superintendent writes:

"This quarter has been one of great anxiety in Kansas. With many in the Western part of the state, it has been a struggle to live until something could be raised, and for many days, the growing crops were threatened by clouds of locusts passing over; but the Lord saved them from destruction, and in many counties, a bountiful harvest of wheat has been gathered. In eastern Kansas, it was long a question whether anything would be left that the locusts could destroy. The destruction was fearful in the counties bordering on the Missouri river. In the northeastern part of the state, a strip fifty miles wide by one hundred miles long has been devastated to a greater or less degree. The destruction is less as we go south, but as soon as the locusts commenced leaving, the gardens and fields were replanted, or sown to millet and buckwheat. Much of the corn that was planted from the fifteenth to the twentieth of June is doing well. If we do not have an early frost, and if plenty of rain falls, a good harvest will be gathered in this part of Kansas. The loss of the fruit and early garden vegetables is very great, and I have never before known so hard a time here for the poor. But the people are struggling to raise all they can, or in some other way to earn a living. The locusts have all left the state."

"The mission work has been prosperous. Within the quarter, six churches have been organized. The students from Yale Seminary were cordially received, and, so far as I have heard, have given good satisfaction. I am glad that one of two proposed to spend a year or more here before their return, for I do not know where to look for men to take their places."

In May of 1878, the Superintendent sends the following note:

"Never before have fields opened so rapidly for missionary work in this state. At a low estimate, one thousand a day are now arriving, and the flood of immigration that has been abundant, for the last eighteen months, is all the time increasing. It takes possession not only of new counties, but is adding to the population of all the older ones. How can the increased demand for laborers be met?"

Again in March of 1880, the Superintendent writes:

"There is a steady increase of population by immigration. Thoroughly educated people of both sexes are found in almost every town, and not a few are living in the rural districts, some of them in dugouts on the frontier. These and many others have enjoyed good society at the East, and have heard some of the ablest preachers in the land, and, wherever they find a home, their town or their neighborhood is 'the very place where a well-educated and able missionary is needed, and it is important that he should be secured soon.' Our population throughout the state is wonderfully mixed, which

makes it more difficult on some accounts to organize and keep a church in good running order. We need ministers that are thoroughly consecrated and willing to work where they can do the greatest amount of good. We need men also, who are not afraid of hard work, and who are willing to practice self-denial for Christ's sake. We especially want men who resemble the Master in coming not 'to be ministered unto, but to minister,' and who do not use tobacco or opium. Some of the worst failures in this state, among our missionaries, have been devotees to tobacco or opium in some form. Again, much depends upon the sociability of the missionary, and the doing faithfully of pastoral work. But I have never known a failure where a minister of ordinary talents attended well to his business, both as minister and pastor. Every man in Kansas is taken for what he does. The people usually hold on well to a man who seeks to gain favor by meritorious labors."

The last report from which we will quote, is from an address delivered in Chicago at the annual meeting of the Home Missionary Society in 1881. The address is in part as follows:

"I desire first to acknowledge with gratitude the kindness shown to Kansas. I have never met friends from the East but what I remember what they have done. Call after call for aid had been responded to generously and kindly in times of need, and if it had not been for that aid, had it not been for the ready response made in the early times--in 1855, 1856, and in 1857, the beginning really of the late war--Kansas would not have been what it is to-day, and this acknowledge-

ment I desire to make in reference not only to the temporal things, but in reference to the spiritual; gift after gift has come from the East and from the North and from the Northeast to Kansas.

"The first church organized among white people in Kansas was the Plymouth church at Lawrence in 1854. We have now fully two hundred Congregational churches, of this number, seventeen are self-supporting, and a hundred and seventy-eight are dependent upon the Society for aid."

"The first victory, as you know, gained in Kansas, had reference to the exclusion of slavery from the territory, and that struggle which commenced in Kansas led really to its abolition throughout the country. We have of late gained another victory that has great importance in the mission work. I refer to the constitution amendment of that state for the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. That is the outgrowth and the legitimate outgrowth of the Home Missionary work in our state. The governor, a member of one of our churches, is enthusiastic in pushing that law and the execution of it as far forward as it can be done, but it is certain at this time that alcohol, and the enemy entrenched in it, does not go out but by prayer and fasting. We have the amendment, we have the law to carry it out, but there is some want yet of obedience to that law. It must be contested and perhaps contested again and again. I do not know of one of our churches that fails, or any missionary that fails in this regard or in any other regard, in publishing the truth and

in standing up boldly and earnestly for the right."

Mr. Storrs retired from the superintendency in 1884. He was then sixty-four years of age, and too young to retire completely from active service. A somewhat easier job opened to him in the superintendancy of the American Bible Society's work in Kansas. In this, he continued for seven years. In 1891, having reached and passed his three score years and ten, he stepped down and out, and waited for the end. Four years later, the end came. He died of pneumonia, March 7, 1896, aged seventy-five years, five months and twenty-six days.

My association with Mr. Storrs was almost wholly in connection with our Home Missionary work. We met often at National gatherings, and we were in frequent correspondence regarding men, policies, etc.

Physically, he was tall and spare, with a compact frame, strong to endure and to do. Mentally, he was a man of moderate ability, well educated, but in no sense a genius. Theologically, he was a conservative traditionalist. In temper, he was mild, gentle, cautious. In conduct, he was discreet, circumspect, considerate of the feelings and rights of others, not at all belligerent or self-assertive, though he stood firmly for the right as he understood it. In his work, he was diligent, painstaking and faithful. He was not a brilliant pulpiteer, but he was an instructive preacher.

We cannot claim Brother Storrs as an Iowa man. He gave us only one year of service. Aside from this year, he gave all his public ministry to Kansas. For over thirty years, he was one of the leaders of Congregationalism in that state, and he was one of the builders of that noble commonwealth.

Fifty-first sketch,

Cyrus H. Eaton.

Cyrus Hawley Eaton was born in Underhill, Vermont, February 7, 1822. He studied at Oberlin College and Seminary, but I think he did not graduate in either course. He was ordained in 1850, but had spent several years as an evangelist in the Fox River region of Illinois before ordination. Before coming to Iowa, he had pastorates at Farmington, Illinois; East Saginaw, Michigan; Salem, Michigan; Viola, Illinois (1861-1865); and Roseville, Illinois, 1865-1867. From this field, he sent a report to the Home Missionary Society, the only one of his published, so far as I have been able to find. This, appearing in May of 1866, was as follows:

"I am happy to report that we have been visited with a most precious revival of religion. We observed the week of prayer in January, with marked interest on the part of the church though the weather was stormy, the nights dark, and the attendance small. After an interval of one week, I commenced a series of meetings. We continued these meetings for three weeks. Rev. Mr. Worrell of Prairie City helped me with much efficiency. There have been from twenty-five to thirty five conversions. The church has been greatly revived, almost reconverted. Quite a number of the brethren and sisters engaged in visiting from house to house with marked success. Our Sabbath school is increasing rapidly. Last

Sabbath, fourteen united with us--eleven by profession, and three by letter--all the fruits of the revival."

He came to Iowa in 1868, locating at Prairie City, where he remained until 1871. He then returned to Illinois, in 1871-73, taking charge of the churches of New Windsor and Rio. In 1873-75, he was at Chenoa. In 1875, he returned to Iowa, taking charge of the church at Farragut, where he remained until 1878. Later, he was a missionary in Arkansas, Nebraska, and Oklahoma. He died in Chicago, April 5, 1902, aged eighty years, one month, and twenty-eight days.

His wife, a Miss Margaret Fraser, died March 6, 1886. He did not marry again. I remember him as a man without a home, and he appeared to me sad and lonely; but I did not know him well enough to venture any description of his person or characteristics of his personality.

Fifty-second sketch,

George S. Biscoe.

George S. Biscoe, son of Rev. Thomas C. Biscoe, and Ellen E. (Lord) Biscoe, was born in Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 22, 1835. He studied at Grafton, and Leicester Academies, graduated from Amherst in 1857, and Andover in 1860. He was ordained at Grafton, Massachusetts, October 25, 1861. The sermon of the occasion was delivered by Dr. Gould, of Worcester, and the ordaining prayer, by the father of the candidate who was then pastor of the Grafton church. Before his ordination, he had supplied for six months at South Troy, and Westfield, Vermont.

In November of 1861, he was commissioned for Cottage Grove, Minnesota, and he continued in this field until the spring of 1867. From Cottage Grove, in November of 1866, he reports:

"I was much interested in an abstract of Dr. Bushnell's address at Andover this year. He enumerates seven talents which go to make one a man of commanding influence in the pulpit. If the learned D. D. had been addressing a congregation of western missionaries, and wished to tell them what would make them good pastors, I think he would have added, as a most important qualification, superhuman powers of locomotion, that they might be able too look after their scattered people and stray cows.

"Speaking of cows, I have travelled twenty miles after mine during the last four days. As to the people, it may

be said that every minister recognizes the importance of following up during the week any good impressions made on the Sabbath. But I fear that with many of your missionaries, such spiritual cultivation is almost impossible.

"In my parish, only five families are within a mile of my house, and I can think of but one section anywhere about here that contains more than five. That has seven on it, and most of the sections have not more than three or four families each. Yet there are as many as sixty families that I might properly reckon in my families, most of which are represented, more or less, in my Sabbath congregations. There is work enough to be done, but most of the seed I sow is left to waste, or come up I know not how.

"If my preaching has been instrumental in converting any souls, very few of them have found their way into my church. During the only revival in the course of my ministry, a Methodist minister came in, with a good horse, visited every family in my parish, did more pastoral labor in two months than I could do on foot in a year, and organized most of the young folks of my congregation into his class."

In 1868, Mr. Biscoe came down to Iowa, locating at Tipton. The Minutes places his beginning there March 1st, of this year, but his Home Missionary Commission was dated the 1st of April. His pastorate at Tipton covered a period of about seven years. His one report from this field, published in December of 1875 was as follows:

"The church has voted not to ask aid from the Home Missionary Society after September 15, I am sure an effort will

be made to raise the salary without help, but the loss of several families has so weakened the church, that I fear they may be compelled to reconsider their resolution. I have engaged to remain with the church till January 1st, and the next three months will show what they can do. I am hoping for the best."

Mr. Biscoe's next field, beginning March 31, 1876, was at Shullsburg and Monticello, Wisconsin. He was here for three years, closing March 31, 1879. He then moved out to Nebraska, locating first at Clarkesville, where he was in service from June of 1879, to September of 1885. He then had a pastorate of five years at Waverly; was ten months in 1890 at Milford, and from November of 1891 to May of 1894, he was at Wallace.

He next (1894-95) had a short pastorate at Birnamwood, Wisconsin; and in May of 1896, found his way back to his first charge at Cottage Grove, Minnesota; this second pastorate covering a period of four years. The Year Book shows that in 1900, he retired to St. Paul Park. He was reported there without charge in 1901, 1902, 1903, and 1904; and then in 1905, his name was dropped without comment or explanation. A communication from Mr. Biscoe dated June 8, 1914, explains:

"As the nearest Congregational church is six miles from St. Paul Park, when I came here, to make a home, I united with the Presbyteriana church. When I accepted an invitation to supply their pulpit, it seemed proper that I should unite with the Presbytery. I served this church from June of 1903 to November of 1908. Before 1900, I had become so

deaf that I could not hear ordinary conversation.

"My marriage to my first wife, Martha Eliza Dodge, followed immediately after my ordination. She died at Tipton, April 20, 1870. I married my second wife, Emma R. Ensign, September 16, 1873, at Tipton, Iowa.

"In my old age, I have been greatly blessed, having a pleasant home, a good wife, good children, good health, with the exception of deafness and gradually increasing feebleness, and a good hope of better things to come, now not far away."

Mr. Biscoe is now in his seventy-ninth year.

Fifty-third sketch,

Philo Canfield.

Philo Canfield, son of Ransom C. and Lucretia (Burroughs) Canfield, was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, December 11, 1816. He graduated from Williams College in 1836, and from Hartford Seminary in 1839. His early ministry was in Western New York--at Perry from 1844 to 1848, and at York from 1848 to 1852. While he was pastor at Perry, June 3d, 1846, he was married to Sarah Baldwin, of Greenfield, Conn. He was ordained, Presbyterian, Buffalo, N. Y. January 12, 1847.

His next pastorate, from September 29, 1852, to April 22, 1856, was at Ridgebury, Connecticut. His next fields were in Wisconsin--one year (1856-57) at Sheboygan Falls, and from 1857 to 1860 at Sparta. In 1860 and 1861, he was in North Peppin, and in 1862-3, at Menomonis. While here, at Menomonie January, 1862) he made a report to the Home Missionary Society. This we copy in full, not because of its special significance, but because it is the only one of his reports published, and because it will give us a little flashlight picture of the man. He writes:

"The Dunn county riflemen, composing Company K of the Fifth Wisconsin Regiment, were mostly taken from this town. The captain, lieutenant, and quite a number of the privates, were attendants upon my ministry and liberal supporters. I had apparently succeeded in gaining the respect and confidence of the men, and was looking forward toward a progressive and

continuous influence over their religious habits and character. But the call to arms and their conviction of the nation's exigency, rallied them beneath the Stars and Stripes, and they have gone forth and are now in active service.

"It was no formal civility, no unmeaning ceremony, when, last August, I bade the officers and men 'Goodby! God keep you in soul and body!' as they defiled to the cars on their way to Harrisburgh, and Harper's Ferry. While I was proud to know that we were able to send forth so hardy and capable a body of men, in this hour of national peril, yet how much would my religious fears have been soothed, had they enlisted, before they started, in the army of Christ, and sworn allegiance to the King of Kings."

Next, he tried Minnesota, spending a few months in 1864 at Faribault, and three years (1865-68) at Albert Lea.

Iowa was next in order. He began at Washington, April 12, 1868, and was in service here for three years. In 1871, he retired from the active work of the ministry, but continued to reside at Washington until the day of his death. He died February 11, 1879, aged sixty-two years and two months. In the scant obituary published in the Minutes of 1879, a neighbor minister, Rev. E. T. Smith, said:

"Coming West, he labored several years as a Home Missionary in Wisconsin and Minnesota. From Sparta, Wisconsin, he removed to Washington, Iowa, where he spent the last three years of his ministry. His last illness was brief, but severely painful. Christ and His kingdom were uppermost in his mind to the last. He leaves a wife and four children

to mourn his loss."

Personally, I have no recollection of Brother Canfield, although we must have been together at one meetings of the General Association. He retired from the ministry two years after I came to the state.

Fifty-fourth sketch,

Richard J. Williams.

Richard Jones Williams was born in London, England, May 1, 1809. He came to America in 1820, and entered the Methodist ministry in Canada in 1837. He was ordained in 1840. In 1844-45, he was a missionary among the Chippewa, Indiana, in the region of Georgian Bay.

In 1850, he joined the Congregational church, and from that time, served churches of that order in Canada and the United States. In 1857, he came to the States, stopping first in Michigan. From 1857 to 1860, he was at Sault Ste. Marie; from 1860 to 1863, at Dexter and Lima; from 1863 to 1867, at Salem and Summit; and for a few months in 1857, at Somerset.

In 1868 and 1869, he was at Bradford, Iowa; next, 1870-73, he was at Shullsburg, Wisconsin. In 1874, he was at Longmont, Colorado. While in this pastorate, September, 1874, he sent the following report to the Home Missionary Society:

"On coming here, twenty-two names were mentioned to me, as constituting the church, and twenty others were spoken of as leaning our way. I have preached here and in Burlington every Lord's Day, morning and evening, and have received three persons to the church by letter. We have a subscription started for a house of worship; have something over

seven hundred dollars, and hope to make it one thousand here. With the aid of friends at the East, and of the Union, we hope to erect a building to hold two hundred and fifty people, at about two thousand dollars cost, the first in the place.

"All our people are poor, and there is no one to fall back on for supplies of any kind. I asked a neighbor: 'Can you loan me a horse to visit on the prairie, plow the garden, etc?' 'No, brother, we are sorry, but we can't, our work is behind, teams are poor, no crop lsst year, we can do nothing for you till the crop comes off!'

"People come here with some means, but it is all spent ere they raise a crop. It takes two or three years to get round to any good returns. The first year goes in building a house--the lumber, some of it, coming near two thousand miles; looking out for a ditch to irrigate, getting poles and posts for fences. The second year in breaking sod, ditching, making fences, etc. The third year they begin to raise something. This is the present stage of things here.

"No minister could stay and labor in this field without a general support from the Home Missionary Society. A man said to me: 'Mr. W., don't be surprised or discouraged should no one ask you in the first six or eight months,--how do you live?' It is not for want of heart, or good will, but from poverty. Work is opening out to me in two directions; down on the St. Vrain Creek, ten miles, and up at the Foot Hills, eight miles, but I have no horse."

In 1875, we find Brother Williams at Ridgely, Maryland.

Next, he is located in 1878-9 at Scott Valley, California, and last of all, he is at Battle Mountain, Nevada, where he died November 30, 1879, aged seventy years, six months, and twenty-seven days.

His first wife, Elizabeth Johnson, of Portsmouth, England, died in 1856. His second wife was a Miss Amanda Pease, of Oberlin. His wife's sister was a member of my church at Osage. During Mr. William's pastorate at Bradford, I saw a good deal of him as I visited him in his field, and as he came to visit his people in my parish. He was a stout, hardy, wholesome man, a ready speaker, and a good companion. I think his life, though so full of change, was a happy one, and one that was full of blessing for the world. We can hardly claim him as belonging to Iowa at all, for he was with us so short a time.

Fifty-fifth sketch,

Lyman D. Boynton.

Here is a unique and interesting character. Our records have no obituary for him. Probably an obituary would be out of place. I think he is still alive. But his name was properly dropped from our Minutes in 1878. I first met him in Chicago Seminary in the fall of 1867. He was a great tall Yankee boy with a winsome face, frank, open, guileless. He was a good student, sometimes dull, and sometimes brilliant, but always as a man he was thoroughly lovable. His brilliancy was not natural. He was not insane, but his mind was not always normal in its action. He was easily unbalanced. During the year we were together in the Seminary, he had two spells of sickness in which he was a perfect circus to us boys. In the first sickness, he was living over a section of his past life; and he would carry us on from day to day, telling or acting out all the experience of the day, revealing the inmost secrets of his thoughts and desires; and the amazing thing about it was that the revelation had not the slightest tinge of impurity, or moral obliquity of any sort. In his next sickness, he projected his life ten years into the future. He kept up this fiction consistently for two weeks.

He was a minister, of course. His wife's name was Caroline. He had wonderful experiences. His engagements were legion. At the end of the week, he would rehearse his

labors to his wife. The burdens of his office were oppressing. "It is just like this," he said to his wife, "the minister carries the whole church on his shoulders, steeple, people, and all; and the minister's wife, what does she do? Why, she trudges along his side, and carries the luncheon." He had a horse which he named "Sun-Intensifer", for one day he noticed that as the horse stood between him and the sun, shining through his bare bones shone with sevenfold brilliancy. No wonder, he said, that the old horse was so poor, for he had had nothing to eat for six weeks except an old volume of Pilgrim's Progress which had fallen out of the back window. He was called to an ordination. He made himself moderator; and took all the parts except the sermon. This he allowed the Rev. Petroleum P. Nasby to have, but he carefully instructed him about the sermon, particularly charging that it be not too long, but he said, I will pull your coat tail when it is time for you to quit. At the proper time he pulled the coat tail gently, but the reverend brother did not stop. Presently, he gave another more vigorous jerk. "Phew!" he said lifting up both hands; he had torn the gentleman's coat. On their way home after the service, he begged pardon, and said his wife would mend the coat. So he kept it up, day and night for two weeks.

It was decided in the Seminary that he was in no condition for study. He left towards spring, but the next we heard of him he had taken a pastorate at Waukon, Iowa. The whole community was greatly taken with him, as they well might be, for he was a splendid preacher and a splendid fellow.

In most things, he was sane enough at this time, but in one or two particulars, he was the victim of hallucinations. He thought he was rich. A little ward of his had died and left him a great fortune. He was engaged to a lady in Chicago. She had died and left him another great fortune. Wealth had come in from other sources.

On the strength of his promise to help, the Waukon people had started in with an expensive church building which proved at length to be the ruination of the church. Mr. Boynton had nothing at all with which to help them. On the strength of promises made by Mr. Boynton, Rev. J. K. Nutting had left his pastorate to raise money for Chicago Seminary to match a sum which Mr. Boynton was to give. As I have already noted in the Nutting sketch, I was one to open Brother Nutting's eyes to the fact that Mr. Boynton had no money.

At the joint meeting of the Garnavillo and Mitchell Associations at McGregor in the fall of 1868, Mr. Boynton preached the opening sermon. About ten o'clock that night I was sent for to quiet him, for he was as crazy as a loon. I spent the whole night with him, and got almost no sleep, but still we had a pretty good time together. The next day we climbed the bluffs together, and he told me of his wonderful fortunes, and I knew that all these were only castles in the air.

In the flush of his glory at Waukon, he did come upon a fortune in the guise of a banker's daughter who soon became his wife. The marriage was a fortune to her, also, for he was a splendid man, and he was a good husband, though in some ways a great care. Under her wise administration, he

improved in health and sanity, and for a number of years, he did good service for us in the ministry, thought at times he would have his crazy spells.

April 25, 1870, he began a pastorate of three years at Parkersburg. In April of 1873, he became a comparatively near neighbor of mine at Nashua, and there remained, greatly beloved by the people until the year 1878. I saw a good deal of him in those years. He called for me often to come down and help him out of his mental entanglements. Now it was the subject of baptism; again it was the subject of universal salvation; another time, it would be something else; for he said to me frankly again and again: "I do not know when to trust the conclusions of my own mind." He was conscious all along that he was living in the border land between facts and fancy.

Finally, in 1878, social circumstances favoring the conclusion, he decided that his place was with the Universalists. He moved to Minneapolis, and for a time held a pastorate in that denomination. I heard from him now and then, and to me he was always the same gracious, honorable man. Some years later, only a few years ago, I met him riding in a smoker on the Great Western, coming down from Minneapolis. We talked together for a long time. He did the smoking for both of us. He was then lecturing for the Masonic order. We had a good visit. He spoke of the happy days when he was an orthodox minister. He congratulated me for my fidelity to the ancient faith, and confessed that my course was greatly pre-

ferable to his. He said, also, that his good wife was as staunch a Congregationalist as ever. To me L. D. Boynton is not an outcast or an alien, but a brother beloved, and one of the royal men of our Congregational Iowa.

Fifty-sixth sketch,

Benjamin Judkins.

The denominational records concerning this brother are very scarce. These, however, can be supplemented by information given by a son, Mr. Brainerd T. Judkins, now living in Nantucket, Mass., in a letter dated January 31, 1914.

Benjamin Judkins, son of Benjamin and Abigail (Fuller) Judkins, was born in Massachusetts in the year 1822. He was educated in the public schools of Boston, Harvard College, and Andover Theological Seminary. He was ordained April 1, 1871; and married September 24th of the same year, to Sarah Morrell Mitchell, also of Boston. His first pastorate was at Nantucket. From 1856 to 1858, he was at Somerville. Next he had a pastorate at Allentown, Pennsylvania, and then at Clinton, Massachusetts.

In 1868, he came to Iowa for a short pastorate at Keokuk. In the records of the church we find the following paragraph respecting Mr. Judkins: "In March of 1868, Rev. B. Judkins, Jr., of Clinton, Massachusetts, was invited to the pastorate of the church. He very soon removed to Keokuk with his family, and entered upon his labors. He never had a formal settlement by being installed, but continued his pastorate for about two years, and tendered his resignation April 24th, 1870, to take affect September 30th, following."

After this his name disappeared from our Minutes, and from the Congregational Quarterly. This letter from the son explains:

"After his pastorate at Keokuk, he entered the Episcopal church, his first rectorship being at Windsor, Connecticut. Here his health became unsettled and he devoted his time after leaving Windsor to literary work and supplies, living the greater part of the time in West Dedham, New Haven, and Westwood, Massachusetts. In 1892, he occupied the pulpit of the Episcopal church in Concord, Massachusetts. He died at Houghton, Michigan, in 1893, at the age of seventy-one."

Mr. Judkins' work in Iowa was without significance. Miss Mary Collins informs me that all the time he was at Keokuk he was making preparations for his Episcopal ministry which followed.

Fifty-seventh sketch,

John L. Atkinson.

John Laidlow Atkinson was born in Yorkshire, England, August 12, 1842. He was educated at Retford, England, and Chicago Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1869. He spent the summer before graduating from the Seminary in missionary work at Postville. Mr. Atkinson reports this summer's work in the Home Missionary, (Jan. 1869). He writes:

"The four months embraced by your commission have passed and I herein make a brief report of my work. Postville is situated on the St. Paul & Milwaukee Railroad. It has a population of about seven hundred, with the prospect of increase by immigration. It has been in existence three or four years. The elements of the place are such as are to be found in almost every Western town. Almost every nation has a representative.

"The first church building was put up a little over a year ago. It is a Congregational church edifice. When it was built, there was much questioning as to how the money should be raised, and whence it was to come. Money was scarce. The church was poor. The town was young. The days were dark. It seemed as though the Jordan was before the church and they without means of crossing. The command which was given to the children of Israel at the Red Sea, came to them, and they felt that obedience was the thing for them. They went forward. A foot was lifted up, and its owner expected it would fall into the water. But it did not. The

waters receded. Thus they went, step by step. The path was not made at once. It was opened as it was needed. The other shore was finally reached. The trial of their faith wrought great good. Let any one ask, the brethren as I did how the church was built, and they will tell you 'We don't know.' It is a mystery to them. They say, 'It is the Lord's doing! and they marvel at it. Well, the church is built and paid for, and a comfortable church it is--plain and unpretending, but good and durable. It will accommodate a couple of hundred. In the tower--for there is one--swings an "Advance Bell" whose sweet tongue calls men to the house of God, the gate of Heaven.

"From the time the church was dedicated till last spring, there had been no regular preaching. The people were rejoiced when they heard that they were to have a Congregational minister; for Mr. Guernsey, your Agent, had told them that they had some one in view. As an evidence of their gladness, I found the church full the first Sunday. The gladness must have been pretty vigorous, for every Sabbath while I was there they came as willingly and in as large numbers as at first or larger.

"Fifteen united with the church during the four months of my stay. The church numbers thirty-five. Brighter days and enlarged usefulness are hopefully looked and prayed for. By the aid of your noble society, they will be able to live, work, and thrive. Without it, they would be like a company of miners endeavoring to bring up large masses of ore by using knitting needles for crowbars. May the Master

prosper both the American Home Missionary Society and the churches it nourishes."

Before graduating from the Seminary Mr. Atkinson was called to Iowa Falls. He began in May of 1869. The next thing was a wedding. When he was out in Iowa the summer before, he had occasion to call at the home of Sup't Guernsey. There he met Miss Carrie Electa Guernsey, and lost his heart to her. They were married July 29th of this year, 1869.

After that came the ordination, September 1, 1869, at Iowa Falls. A notice of the ordination was given in the Home Missionary for December 1869 in the following paragraph:

"Rev. J. L. Atkinson has been ordained at Iowa Falls and commenced labors here in great favor with all the people. He is a spiritual child of the Cedar Falls church, and commenced his theological studies with its pastor, Rev. L. B. Fifield, spending two years afterwards in Chicago Theological Seminary."

At the close of his first year at Iowa Falls, Mr. Atkinson reported (September, 1870) as follows:

"Here closes my first year of labor as a Home Missionary. The year has been one of sunshine and shadow--the sunshine, however, predominating. Within the year, twenty-seven have united with the church, eight of them on profession of their faith. During several months considerable interest was felt in spiritual things, both by the church and congregation."

"Pecuniarily, we are a little better off than last year. Business is dull, partly because this is no longer the railroad terminus, and partly because farmer's produce, especially wheat, brought but little. The prospect for a good wheat crop for this year is also poor, on account of the drought. These things combine to lengthen faces and tighten pocket-books. Still, subscriptions for your missionary's salary have been paid, and a larger amount than in previous years has been contributed to various benevolent causes."

"My labors have mostly been confined to this place, though I have preached a few times at a village two miles distant, when I could endure three services. I intend soon to visit a few places of which I hear contradictory reports. Two of these places are eleven miles from here. One of them is called a 'hard city', the other is called 'respectable' and is in the center of a farming community. If these places are open, they will furnish a grand field for some self-denying, hard working minister, and I think I have the man. A member of our church who united by profession this year, has concluded to prepare for that sort of work. He is about thirty, is married, has a good English education; thinks he cannot go to the Seminary, but says he will study with me, beginning his studies this fall. We all think he will do a good work."

Mr. Atkinson finished his second year at Iowa Falls, and then, May 15, 1871, began a short pastorate at Earlville and Almorat. From this field, (May 1872) he reports:

"Two notable events have stamped their impress in indelible characters on the quarter now reported. One is the death of our good father, Rev. Dr. Guernsey. Of this I need

not speak; you know how sudden, how unexpected, how saddening it was. We knew he was sick, but thought him recovering. A telegram came after we had retired: 'Your father is just alive.' Recovering from the first shock, we prayed; then a bag was hastily packed; the dear little one was taken from her bed; the lights were put out and the doors locked; the midnight train was taken; home was reached. But death had preceded us. Father had already entered into that rest which remains for the people of God.

"The other memorable event, which would have gladdened father's heart, is the conversion of eighteen persons. The week of prayer was observed, and followed by daily services attended with yet deeper interest, filled the little church with hushed and solemn listeners. Rev. Mr. Stiles, of Manchester, rendered me good and effective aid. The result is the conversion of eighteen, and the quickening of all believers. The peculiarity of the work has been in the class of persons reached. The youngest is a young lady eighteen years of age. The majority are people in or nearing middle life. Four are our leading business men. Another was a major in the war, a Libby prisoner, who made his escape, and traveled two hundred miles by night to the Northern lines. He is now enlisted in the service of the Lord, and 'hopes he will never be known as a deserter.' We hope that this is an impulse for good that will not cease till the character of the community is entirely changed. The results already seen fill us with gratitude, more than we can express."

There was another report published in December of 1872, which was as follows:

"Of Marlville, my report is in a minor key. 'My former hopes are fled.' The village and church are suffering from depletion. At least five families are leaving us this month, the heads of which are members of the church, and have been a great help in our work. The people here seem to sit as lightly as birds on a fence, ready to fly away at any moment. Reason: the village is a place of unrealized expectations. It was to have been a Chicago. It proves to be a little center for agricultural convenience. Few sympathize with orthodox ideas. We do not despair, however, of reaching and saving some."

"The report from Almorat is more cheering. The Sabbath school was never so prosperous as now. The average number is about fifty, and is increasing. The congregation, too, is slowly increasing."

"Almorat was the seat of a Massachusetts colony. The settlement was on a 'paper railroad.' The road did not materialize. The town, neatly laid out with Academy square, park, etc., ceased to be sold in building lots, and came to be parts of farms. The academy building was deserted; then used for religious purposes. To support the academy, forty acres of land were given. Persons interested are working a plan to secure the 'forty' to the congregational church, for its sole use. (The effort was successful, and the forty has brought an income to the church from that day to this.)

It will take a couple of years to pay the debt; then the land will come in to help support the minister and lighten the demands on your Society. There are forty or more families within a radius of three miles from the academy, and more further off, which I ought to visit, and would if I could buy a horse and buggy. I have not physical strength to visit all the day, walking out there (from Earlville) and from farm to farm, and then to preach and walk home in the evening.

"I wish some church or school would give an organ to the Almoral church. It would be a great help. We have several good singers--one family especially, the father of which is a graduate of Vermont University."

There was another report published in March of 1873 respecting communion seasons at Earlville and Almoral which were of special significance to both churches at the time, but of no special interest now.

May 11, 1873, Mr. Atkinson resigned to enter upon the work of foreign missions, to which he had looked forward from seminary days. He spent the remainder of his life in Japan, for the greater part of the time residing at Kobe.

His wife died in 1906. He passed over to the other side February 17, 1908, aged sixty-five years, six months and five days.

Of course, I was well acquainted with Brother Atkinson. We were together for one year at the Seminary, and the mission fields of both of us were in Northern Iowa. He was

physically of slight build. He had a lisp in his tongue. He was quick and nervous in his movements, and had a vast amount of physical energy. Technically he was not a student or a scholar. He was fluent in speech; confident of his ground; sure that he was right; and he magnified the work of foreign missions above all other callings or occupations possible to men. He was a good man, and did good service both at home and in the foreign field.

Fifty-eighth sketch,

Charles S. Marvin.

Charles S. Marvin was born in Walton, New York, January 28, 1828. He attended the Delevan Literary Institute; studied at Andover, in 1854 and 1855; and graduated from the Auburn Theological Seminary in 1856. His first pastoral work, 1856-57, was at Deanville, New York. He was ordained by the Presbyterian denomination at Colchester, New York, June, 1857. From 1857 to 1859 he was pastor of the Congregational church at Harpersfield, of the same state. In the years 1859-64, he was a resident of Walton, supplying various churches, and he served a part of two years in the United States Christian Commission in the South.

In 1868-70, he served our church at Riceville; and after that, he had a short pastorate in the Presbyterian church at Floyd. In 1877-79, he was at New Milford, and Gibson, Pennsylvania. In 1879-81, he was pastor at Roxbury, Kansas, and for the next two years, at Ness. Following this, in 1884-85, he was at Lawrence.

He then returned to Iowa, and in 1885-87, was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Fairfield, and from 1887 to 1889, he had charge of the Presbyterian church in Cedar Rapids. From 1889 up to the time of his death, his residence was Marshall, Minnesota. Here he died December 16, 1899, aged seventy-one years, ten months, and nineteen days.

During Brother Marvin's residence at Riceville and Floyd, he was a near neighbor of mine, and I saw a good deal of him. As to worldly possessions, in those days he was desperately poor. He scarcely had where to lay his head. His pastorates were short. He was driven from pillar to post. He was extremely sensitive. He was up and off from a parish on the slightest provocation. He was abnormally thin-skinned. He seemed to be looking for slights, and so he found them good and plenty. He was almost a great preacher, but fell short of it by a little. Some of his passages were original and striking, reminding one of Horace Bushnell, though they were evidently not quotations, nor even absorptions from that famous theologian and distinguished preacher. His brilliancy on occasions, I think, was next door to insanity, a thing which is not at all uncommon. I often wondered what became of Brother Marvin, and was glad to learn from the Andover General Catalogue something of his subsequent history. He was a great burden on my sympathies, when he was in my neighborhood. He had a hard life. Brother Marvin was a good man, and he had a little part in the making of our noble church at Riceville, which is one of the agents in the building of the Commonwealth.

Fifty-ninth sketch,

Charles Hancock.

Charles Hancock was born in Winchester, Massachusetts, April 11, 1833. He studied in Winchester Academy, At Minden, New Hampshire, and Ft. Plain, New York. Finishing his academic studies, he taught school for one year in Kentucky. He graduated from one of the medical departments of Michigan University in March of 1858, and from Chicago Theological Seminary in 1861. He was ordained in Albany, Illinois in June of this same year. He continued in service at Albany until November of 1865, at which time he was commissioned for Buda.

From Buda he reported April, 1866, as follows:

"One of the first questions that arose in my mind after coming here was: 'What can I do for the spiritual welfare of the people?' As we were situated, it did not seem best to hold a series of meetings. The Lord opened the way. About six months ago, the Methodists commenced a series of meetings. I soon began to attend them, and was kindly invited to assist in conducting them. Some of my church attended; and we had a precious season of refreshing. We have reason to believe that many souls were born into the kingdom--perhaps fifty. I cannot feel grateful enough to the Lord, for so richly blessing us so soon after the commencement of my labor here. My prayer is that still more abundant blessings may be granted us."

There is another communication from Buda published May of 1867, in part as follows:

"At Providence, where I preached every other Sabbath during the summer, the church was old and much run down, so that it had not much more than a name to live. But there was no other organization there, and the congregation was generally good, comprising a large number of young people. I tried to present the great truths of the gospel plainly to them. In November last, the Lord sent three or four warm-hearted, earnest Christians there on a visit. Partly, perhaps mainly, through their agency, neighborhood prayermeetings were held which were blessed from the first. The numbers attending them soon outgrew the capacity of dwelling houses, and the meetings were held in the church. With three or four exceptions, they were prayer and conference meetings. The meetings were still, the feeling was deep, and there was very little of human engineering. I think that at least thirty found peace in Christ. Last Sabbath fourteen were admitted into the church, and quite a number more are expected to unite at the next communion."

In June of 1867, he located at Union, Illinois, closing his labors at this place in June of 1868.

August 28, 1868, he was commissioned for Calmer, Conover, and Castalia, Iowa. For three years he wrought in this field, and then for four years (1871-1875) he was pastor at Stacyville. From Stacyville, he went to Strawberry Point, cultivating that field from 1875 to 1877. In Alden, his

last field, he was pastor from 1877 to 1880. None of Mr. Hancock's reports were published in the Home Missionary.

In 1880, he retired to Denmark--not to rust out but to practice medicine to become the leading layman of the parish, to give much thought and time and substance to Denmark Academy; to grow rich and ripe in gentleness, goodness, patience and all the virtues of a Christian character.

Strange to say, the Year Book still retains his name. He was left out in 1912, but 1913 restored his standing, and gave his address properly at Los Angeles, California. He moved to California in 1910. The wife of his youth, a Miss Field of Denmark, is still spared to him. I knew Brother Hancock for forty-six years. He was not much of a preacher; he was not a theologian or an organizer; but he was great in his upright and downright character. Among the saints of Congregational Iowa, we write the name, Charles Hancock.

Sixtieth sketch,

Addison Lyman.

Addison Lyman, son of Daniel and Sally (Clapp) Lyman, was born on a farm in East Hampton, Massachusetts, December 3, 1813. "On the farm, he learned industry, economy, and fidelity; and these fundamental virtues were prominent in every experience of his long and useful life. He learned, also, to fear God and love Jesus Christ, and personal faith and service were the leading forces in his character. Though a farmer's son, he belonged to a family of scholars; a brother and nephew have been prominent in educational work at Pacific University, and the noted preacher, Rev. A. J. Lyman, of Brooklyn, New York, is a near relative.

"Largely by his own exertions, teaching and laboring with his hands, he worked his way through Williams College, from which he graduated at the age of twenty-six in 1824, and Auburn Theological Seminary, from which he graduated five years later."

Between college and seminary courses, he taught for two years.

September 9, 1845, he was married to one of his own name Theresa Lyman, of East Hampton. Soon after their marriage, he brought his bride out to Illinois. In 1845-6, he supplied the church at Geneseo, and from 1847 to 1854, he was at the head of the Geneseo Seminary, a school founded especially for the education of teachers for the West.

The Year Book reports that he was ordained by a presby-

tery of the United Brethren. I have some doubts whether this is correct, though it may be. The Iowa Minutes puts the ordination in the year 1847. Mrs. Lyman lived only two years after their marriage. Mr. Lyman reports her death in the May issue of the Home Missionary for 1847 as follows:

"This has been a year of affliction, of sorrow, and of embarrassments. Sickness and death have been doing their work. And I must now inform you that your missionary has been a sharer not only in the sickness, but that the arrow of death has fallen upon one most dear. Yes, that dear companion, whose self-sacrificing spirit prompted her to leave the endearments of a New England spirit prompted to her to leave the endearments of a New England home and a widowed mother, to accompany me to this land of strangers, has left me to labor and toil alone. The work that He gave her to do is finished, and He has called her home. In my letter of January 11th, I spoke of her sickness, she lingered in weakness till January 23d, when her spirit, peaceful and cheerful, forsook its tenement of clay, and entered the mansion of rest. Thus you see that the hand of God has been laid upon me in sore bereavement. My spirit is sometimes sad, and my eyes refuse to restrain their tears; but I have been kept through the goodness of God from a murmuring disposition, and hope my heart may continue to be reconciled to the will of God. It is my prayer that this trial may be sanctified to myself and my people.

"Mrs. Lyman possessed a very amiable and lovely disposition. She united with the church at about twelve years of age.

From a journal kept for the last ten years, as well as from her letters and general deportment, she was evidently very spiritual and devotional. She longed to be useful to others. She won the esteem of all who knew her, and her departure has afflicted many hearts among this people."

Two years later there was another wedding which was the culmination of a bit of romance. When the young missionary and his bride came West, they met another newly married couple on the river steamer, who were also to enter the service of the Home Missionary Society, and had chosen the field at Delavan, Wisconsin. The quartet became fast friends during the course of their westward journey, and after they had reached their new fields kept up a regular correspondence. After they had each labored about two years, Mrs. Lyman died, and at almost the same time, died the Missionary, Rev. F. H. Pitkin, at Delavan, also leaving his bride entirely alone on the Western frontier. Letters informing each other of the deaths of their companions crossed on the way. Rev. Lyman and Mrs. Pitkin soon after met, and decided to cast their lots together. Mrs. Pitkin, formerly Catherine A. Porter, was a graduate of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, of the class of 1840. This marriage was in the year 1849. Mrs. Lyman brought with her a daughter into the new home, and subsequently eight other children were born.

Beginning in 1854, Mr. Lyman was for fourteen years pastor of the church at Sheffield, Illinois. All this time, he had outside appointments, and he assisted in the organi-

zation of several churches. For seven years, Mr. Lyman was principal of the Geneseo Academy. From his Sheffield field, Mr. Lyman made numerous reports. The first March 1855, was as follows:

"One encouraging indication in this village is that the retailing of ardent spirits in our groceries has been stopped by an appeal to legal suasion--the only argument that would avail."

"I have learned one fact which makes me feel sad, though it exhibits very forcibly the importance of missionary labor on this field. By personal conversation and information derived from authentic sources, I have learned that there can not be less than from thirty to forty persons in my vicinity who have at some time made a public profession of their faith in Christ, and yet, who are not connected at present with any church. All the great denominations are represented in this scattered flock."

The next report is mostly about Campbellites. Probably Brother Lyman overdraws the picture somewhat; but undoubtedly the denomination has greatly improved since 1859. In his report he says:

"A series of meetings was held in the village of Mineral, last spring, by the 'Christian' ministers who reside in the vicinity. Considerable religious interest was manifested and several backsliding professors were revived. Among others, several Congregational and one or two Presbyterian members, who had never united with any church since coming here, were waked up; when it was proposed to organize

a Christian church, I suggested to a brother that it would be well to put the Congregational members on their guard, and advised them not to unite with that organization without knowing what they were doing. The Christian church, as here conducted, is of excessive liberality. For instance, in regard to baptism, they allow persons to come into the church, baptized either by immersion or by sprinkling, or not baptized at all. In addition to this, they profess to have no creed, but the Bible, and they will receive all persons who profess faith in Christ, and who pretend to take the Bible for their guide, be they Orthodox Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Socinians, or Universalists. So, you perceive, this church is quite an omnibus arrangement. Furthermore, they deny the doctrines of the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ. In accordance with my suggestion, the brother to whom I have just referred had an interview with some of those brethren who had come very near being caught in this omnibus church, and gave them some hints which were of decided service. For he so far put them on their guard, that they took pains to question the Christian minister in regard to the peculiar views of his church. After this, they had no disposition to join in this movement; and the result was the Christian organization embraced scarcely any out of the families of the two Christian ministers who lived in the neighborhood. But, as another result, there has been organized a Congregational church, embracing a large share of the influence of the neighborhood."

The third report (September, 1861) is an acknowledgment of the receipt of a Box from the Allen Street Presbyterian church of New York City. The missionary writes:

"I must notice one or two things which this Box contained, that are not found in boxes of clothing every day. One of these was a present to the pastor consisting of more than twenty volumes of new and valuable Biblical works for his library. They were paid for by the Sabbath school of this church. This gift is the more to be prized from the fact, that I have been able to replenish my library very little while I have been in the Home Missionary field. I doubt not this is the experience of most home missionaries. Then, there was a quantity of groceries, also; and, don't you think, a dozen cans of shell fish and some nice cans of preserved peaches! These, with hats, bonnets, cloaks, overcoats, and other valuable articles too numerous to mention, and last of all play toys and candies for the children, which you may be sure are very much prized, and indicate an appreciation on the part of the donors of the wants of the Western missionaries and their families. What would home missionaries do for clothing for their families, especially when these are large, were there no such supplies provided for them? In view of this noble gift, we have occasion to say: 'Hitherto hat the Lord helped us.'"

In June of 1865, Mr. Lyman reports a very pleasing Mite Society incident:

"The ladies have met for at least eight years from time to time to raise funds, first for the erecting of our meeting house, and afterwards to assist in removing the indebtedness. Last evening the Society met and received mites as usual. Two gentlemen were present who

held each a note against the church for debts of \$135. In counting over the mites, they amounted to two hundred and five dollars, but there were two papers, nicely folded, observed with the mites. On opening them, we found them to be the notes of these men (not church members) cancelled, thus relieving the church of a debt of \$270, which amount these noble men assumed a year ago last autumn, to enable the church to pay up a note of \$500. Another gentleman holds a note of the same amount given in the same way, and we think he will be likely to give it up, cancelled, when he learns of the gifts of last evening, thus clearing the church entirely of indebtedness.

"Thanks be to God for the liberality of such men in our congregation! These three men pay a larger pew rent than any others, and each gave me a ten dollar bill as I left for the East last summer. During the year we have added blinds to our church and a bell has been added by the kindness of an Eastern friend. We thank God and take courage."

In April of 1866, the pastor had the pleasure of reporting a revival with an accession of twenty-three to the membership of the church.

In September of 1866, Mr. Lyman reviews twelve years of his work at Sheffield. He writes:

"To-day I am reminded that twelve years have passed since I commenced my labors here. I came here as one of a committee of Geneseo Association, April 29th, 1854, to ascertain whether there was material for organizing a church either here or at Buda. After preaching two sermons in

each place, a subscription of two hundred dollars was raised, and I promised to preach one year at both points (four miles apart) provided the A. M. H. S. would sanction my staying here by an appropriation.

"The Society gave me a commission, and I have labored here from that day to this. There was then no organized church, no meeting house, and no school house here, and only an apology for one at Buda.

"My first appointment was in a private dwelling. From this we went to our depot, and at the end of a year to a school house erected mainly through the efforts of your missionary."

In July following my first coming here, a church was organized consisting of nine members. For years my labor was in the midst of great discouragement, and the progress of the church was very slow. We erected a house of worship in 1857, three years after coming here.

"We had refreshings from the presence of the Lord as a church, but few additions by profession till 1863, when the church was nearly doubled and numbered about forty. During the past year we have had a gracious visitation from on high, and have received to the church thirty-three, twenty-nine by profession and four by letter. There have been received in the twelve years one hundred people. Six have been translated from the church below, as we trust, to the church above; thirty have been removed to other churches, and sixty-four now remain in our connection. Never have we had so precious revival as during the past few months, and

the revived state of the church still continues."

In 1868, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman moved to Kellogg, Iowa, to take charge of a church of five members. In August of 1869, according to the Home Missionary, he was commissioned for Jasper City, this however, was only another name for Kellogg. In November of 1869, we find the following report from this field:

"My first year in this place came to close on the day of the great enclipse of the sun. We had a splendid view, not a cloud appearing to interrupt the vision. The total obscuration was about three minutes. We have the advantage of our brethren of the Atlantic States in two respects: the eclipse was total here, and almost two hours earlier in the day, commencing at 3:45 in the afternoon. It was truly a solemn moment when the face of the sun was entirely covered and darkness shrouded in gloom, reminding us of that memorable day, when 'from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hours.'"

"We thankfully record the favor of the Great Head of the Church during the year. A year ago this church was indeed a little one among the thousands of Israel, and the necessity of building a house to shelter my large family so occupied me during the autumn and winter that I hardly dared to hope for a special revival. But in connection with the week of prayer, the Lord stirred up his people and visited our youth with his salvation. We found but seven members here, and have received thrity-five during

the year--eighteen on profession and seventeen by letter; making forty-two now on our list.

"We hope for the divine blessing during the year on which we have entered with favorable auspices. True, we have not erected a meeting house as we hoped to do--the tightness of money in the spring compelling us to defer it. But a few of our members have united and purchased the joint stock-house heretofore owned by four denominations, so that we now have exclusive control of it. A few weeks since, the ladies got up a festival and raised sixty dollars to improve the house and make it more becoming as a place of worship."

Brother Lyman's last commission from the Home Missionary Society expired in August of 1870. The Home Missionary record is that he at that time left the field. This is not exactly correct. He did not leave the field until more than two decades later, although he did at this time give up the pastorate of the Kellogg church. Residing still at Kellogg, the main stay of the church, he continued to do missionary work in the regions round about, serving several weak churches and communities where churches had not been organized.

In later years after he had retired from the active ministry, his presence at our associational meetings always brought a benediction. For nearly a quarter of a century, he was the registrar of the Grinnell Association.

Nine children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Lyman. Of the seven that survive, all have been students at Iowa College,

three have graduated from the College, and one from the School of Music. One son is now pastor of the church at Denmark, in this state, and one daughter, now a widow, was the wife of a pastor. A half a dozen or more of their grandchildren have graduated from the college.

In 1844, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman moved to Grinnell, and there abode most highly esteemed until Mr. Lyman's death. During his last year, Father Lyman attended to his own affairs of the home and garden, read carefully the newest thought in periodical literature, carrying his papers and magazines every week to those who did not have them new, taught his Sunday School class with great regularity, and canvassed the whole city of Grinnell in the interest of the Bible Society, to insure the possession of a Bible in every home.

The week before his death, he attended the Grinnell Association at Mitchellville, where he preached regularly before the present church was organized. He spoke with his usual brief appropriateness in the devotional meeting, and administered the communion. In reporting this meeting in the Grinnell prayer meeting, he remarked of one paper read at the Association that it was twenty-five years behind the times. He was carefully conservative, yet he believed that intelligent devotion should keep abreast of the times; and he believed that the times are in God's hands, and that new thoughts, as well as the old thoughts are the echo of God's thoughts.

Sunday, May 11, 1902, he attended church and taught his

Bible class as usual. Monday he was unwell. Tuesday he did not leave his bed, and soon after midnight passed on into the higher life. On Monday, one of the young lady students at the College was asked by her teacher to write, as a class exercise, a verse in meter. Recalling the impression made upon her mind the day before when Mr. and Mrs. Lyman came into church, she wrote these words that seem to express what was in the hearts of many friends:

"With faltering step and manner lowly,
 Though bent with age not conquered wholly,
 They two came down the broad aisle slowly
 Each Sabbath morn;
 On both their faces light shown holy,
 Of life new born."

Father Lyman died of old age May 7, 1902, aged eighty-eight years, five months, and four days.

His work was always characterized by faithful persistent, indefatigable effort. He was deeply interested in all educational work. His interest in the work of the Bible Society was a feature of his latter years. Calm and equitable in temper, resolute and determined in his efforts for the right, patient in adversity, even if he suffered wrongfully, seeking ever to manifest the spirit of his Master, in whom he firmly trusted, training a large family for Christian service, and happy in seeing them engaged therein, he came to his end in peace. "The memory of the just is blessed."

Sixty-first sketch,

Truman Orville Douglass.

Probably it will add a little to the interest of this sketch to make it autobiographical.

I was born May 3, 1842, in Bethel, near Greenville, the county seat of Bond County, Illinois. The Presbyterian church in this community is still called Bethel, but the railroad station is Reno. My father was John Douglass, and my mother, Jane McCord. My paternal ancestors were pure Scotch; and my mother's people were of that much vannted race, the Scotch-Irish. Father was born near Columbia, Moury county, Tennessee, in 1812. His father probably born in Scotland, and came to this country when a lad with his father about the year 1790. The McCords came from Ireland much earlier. Both families resided in the South. From 1808 to 1816, the two families were together in Tennessee. Both families left the South to escape the influence of slavery, the McCords coming to Bethel in 1816 and the Douglasses in 1831.

Mother was born in Bethel in 1817. She was only sixteen years of age when married to my father. I was the third child and oldest son. I was baptized in infancy by Albert Hale, of the famous Yale Band, composed of eleven young preachers who came to Illinois in 1829 and 1830. It is reported that in this Bethel neighborhood, at a certain time, there was not an adult person withing reach of the church who was not a professing Christian, and a member of

this church at Bethel.

While I was yet an infant, my people moved to Platteville, Wisconsin, multitudes being at that time drawn to this region on account of the lead mines about Galena. Father Aratus Kent, of Galena, sent out by the Home Missionary Society in 1819, was the religious apostle of the whole country.

My people settled in The Timber, six miles northwest of Platteville, and there made an attempt to open up a farm. Father having always lived in a wooded country, did not know the value of prairie land. He thought that the timber was the place where people ought to live. My earliest recollections are of a log cabin in the little clearing in the midst of the black stumps of the big woods of Wisconsin. The cabin was sixteen feet square, with a puncheon floor. The chimney was made of sticks and mud. There was no stove in the house, of course, In the fireplace was the crane with the hooks and the pots and the kettles. The door had wooden hinges and a wooden latch, and the latch string was always out to neighbors and to strangers. I really pity anybody that was not born in a log cabin and doesn't know what this "latchstring out" signifies of frontier hospitality. In the house were two beds, a trundle bed, and a cradle, besides the table and a few chairs, and at least a part of the time Mother had her loom in one corner of the cabin. I rather think that when the loom was up, one of the bedsteads had to come down.

To the forbidden but fundamental questions "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be

clothed?" a comprehensive answer for that time would be, the food was mush and milk, and the clothing was homespun, and for this the loom was absolutely indispensable.

I was brought up on mush and milk. We had other things, of course, but things made out of Indian corn were most in evidence, the corn pone and the corn dodger and the hoe cake and I know not what other varieties of corn bread. Now and then we would have hot biscuits, made ~~out~~ of wheat flour. Our bread to suit our Southern tastes must always be hot. I remember very well the wry faces around the table if for any reason the bread was cold, and we had coffee. That, to us Southerners, was one of the necessities of life. At times, the coffee would be mixed with parched wheat or peas, but coffee we must have. Mother gave it to me when I was a baby. We had a fair supply of meat, mostly pork from the genuine razor-back hogs brought up from the South, and fattened mostly on the acorns of the woods. I remember our smoke house well hung with hams, and I remember the pork in the brine, and the bacon, hung upon the rafter of the cabin. Now and then a calf or more often a sheep, was sacrificed. Now and then a chicken, or wild goose or turkey or strip of venison found their way to our table. I think I remember that once or twice we dined on fresh bear meat, for bruin still dwelt in the land. We usually had plenty of vegetables. The potatoes and cabbages were buried in the winter, as we had no cellar. So we did not lack for food. I guess, come to think of it, I was not brought up on mush and milk alone,

but that is the first thing I think of when I recall our diet in the timber.

I remember that the sheep were a great care to us, for the wolves were thick, and sometimes they would get after the sheep in the day time, and they must be folded every night in a closed pen--and woe to the luckless sheep that remained outside, for that was pretty sure to be the last night of his life. I remember well the hideous howl of the wolf, and I have heard them sniffing about the sheep fold, trying to get in. In memory now, I see Father standing in the doorway, listening to the noises of the night, to see if all was going well; that the sheep were undisturbed, that the cattle were not breaking into our own field or that of our neighbors, and that the foxes and skunks or weasels were not sneaking about the chicken house. I am not sure that he did not sometimes listen for the footsteps of Indians, or white marauders that might be lurking about the place to steal from the stable, the chicken roost, or the smoke house.

The literary life of those days was very meagre. There was no public school in the community while we lived there. Tradition has it that I went to a select school, and the teacher spent a portion of every day in combing and curling my hair. She had fine toothed comb which was needed as a weapon of defence in the neighborhood. There was a very scant supply of books in our house. We had an old English Reader, a Webster's Spelling Book, Pilgrim's Progress, and a few religious memoirs and sermons; but there were no

children's books or papers of any description.

The religious privileges of the timber were also very scant. There were no preaching services nor Sunday School in the neighborhood. However, "the groves were God's first temples," and we could not but feel at times the Divine Presence as we listened to the "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" of the forest. Then, too, Father was High Priest in his own home, having scripture reading and prayer every morning and night, no matter how pressing the business of the day or how weary the body at night, after the exhaustive labor of the day. And it was our custom to attend the services in the village Sunday morning, though the distance was six miles and more, and the roads were full of ruts and stumps. We had only a lumber wagon and no spring seats. The front seat was usually a board, cleated below, so as to keep it from slipping, and it was usually covered with a sheep skin. The other seats were split bottom chairs, which slid about promiscuously when the roads were rough. I remember that once the end-gate came out (not an unusual thing) and I lay prone in the dust, my butternut suit a sight to behold, and I howled more from disgust than pain. The Sabbath day at Home was rigidly observed. Father would not shave on Sunday. He would not permit us to whistle on the Sabbath day. There is a tradition in our family that one Sunday a flock of wild turkeys found their way into our smoke house, and Father would not even shut the door because it was the Sabbath.

If I reckon correctly, we lived in the timber about four years. I think my people left on account of sheer loneliness.

Both Father and Mother had the spirit of the clan well developed. Mother especially was very much attached to her people, and found it a great hardship to be separated from them. She could sit by the hour and talk about her "folks", counting them off on her fingers, one after another. Moreover, Father's health was not at all good, and the task of making a farm out of heavy timber land was too much for his frail strength. Furthermore our people craved very much the enjoyment of neighborhood religion, such as they had known in Bethel, and easier access to the church on Sunday. Some of these good things, society for themselves and children, and religious privileges, were offered to them at Limestone, located a mile and a half northwest of Platteville. Here Uncle James B. McCord had established himself on a farm, and in a little shop in which he manufactured wooden ware of various descriptions. Other relatives and neighbors from Bethel were in the neighborhood. Naturally, almost irresistably, our people were drawn to this place. I think the move was made in 1847, or possibly in the spring of 1848. Here I really went to school in the old log school house.

Here I remember distinctly that my conscience began to awake, and I had my first conscious experience of sin and repentance; and here, as I remember, I began to follow my Father's prayer, and I knew the order of the petitions, and about when to expect the "Amen." But those stereotyped prayers had much to do in shaping my life.

For a year or two, at Limestone, we lived in rented

houses, but in 1850, we were established on our own little farm of about fifty acres, and in our own log house, now stripped and covered with basswood siding, but without paint. When we first took possession, there was but a single room, sixteen by eighteen, perhaps, with an attic above which was reached by a rude stairway, and lighted and ventilated by a small window. A full grown man could not stand up in the center of the attic. At times, four or five of us children slept in that attic, stifling hot in summer, but cold enough in winter. I have there dreamed of being buried alive and of being in purgatory, and no wonder. Many a morning in winter, I awoke to find the floor and the bed clothes covered with snow. Later, a lean-to room was added on the north, this being the bed room of the older girls now approaching womanhood, and later still, a lean-to was added on the east, divided into a kitchen and a bandbox bedroom.

Limestone was in the bricks of the Platte River; and the land was rough, washed badly when the rains were heavy, and the soil was thin. It was not a place to pile up riches; but with our pigs and sheep and cows, and work in the stone quarry, we usually, but not always, made ends meet from year to year. The greatest drawback was father's ill health, depriving us a good deal of the time of the services of our principal wage earner, adding to our expenses for medical assistance, and most of all, casting a gloom over our household.

Being the oldest son of a sickly father, I came early into an inheritance of responsibility and hard labor. At fourteen, I was doing a full grown man's work. I was large and

stout for my age, and I could swing a scythe or cradle and bind or pitch bundles with the best of them. I was so big and clumsy that plowing and harrowing or stacking hay or straw at the tail end of the machine were wearisome to me. On terra firma, and at work that did not require too much legging, I was all right.

Father's sickness and the comparative poverty of the family was a great drawback to the intellectual development of the children. The house still had a meager supply of books. Now and then a new book would find its way into the home, and we had "Ladies' Home Journal," and the "National Era," which first published "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and when that paper came to hand, no matter what was going on, we stopped to hear Mother read a chapter of this thrilling story. We had also the Platteville weekly paper. But we all had to work so hard, especially in the summertime, that we could not keep awake to read or study in the evening. Some winters I could not go to school on account of Father's illness, but must stay at home and haul wood to town to keep the family from want. This I did, day after day, starting to the timber by daylight, and reaching home after dark. But for the most part, I attended school in the winter, and was interested in my studies. I learned to read fairly well, and to write so that I could read it myself. I never learned to spell. I must confess that I have had poor spells every day of my life. I took comfortably to Arithmetic, and Grammar was my delight. I could repeat Well's Grammar from beginning to end. This I could do when I knew nothing about language. But there came a day when the meaning of it all

came to me as a flash, and my English Grammar was a great help in the classics. There came a day also when I aspired to be a Demosthenes and Cicero combined. This inspiration came by a certain teacher, Dennis Frink. We had great times declaiming under his direction; and the woods and hills about echoed to our eloquence as we rehearsed our pieces out in the open fields. I think this was one of the influences leading me into the ministry. I have always delighted in genuine oratory. Many schools affect a contempt for it, but according to my mind, many fail of their mission because they cannot tell what they know. If I were to found a school, I would have every student write out something and declaim it every day.

The social life of Limestone during the years I was growing up there was wholesome. There was but little culture and refinement in the community, we were all very plain people, and but little removed from the rudeness of pioneer life. The boys and the men almost more than the boys, were rough in their speech, but there were no serious irregularities of conduct in the community so far as I can remember. The women possessed all the homely virtues of the Christian women of the day, and the girls, while some of them were rude and some of them were prudes, were without exception above reproach, and some of them were intellectually keen and bright. It was really a fine bunch of young people at Limestone in the years of our residence there. The social life of the adults of the neighborhood took the form of borrowing and lending, in frequent calls, in sending to neighbors choice portions

of the kitchen or pantry, in visits occupying a whole day, in quiltings, etc., and caring for the sick. A hired trained nurse would have been counted and impertinence in that neighborhood. A more neighborly community there could scarcely be.

I have already referred to the religious life of the community. Nearly all the adults and many of the children belonged to the church in Platteville. Sabbath morning almost without exception, found us--a wagonload of us--at the services in the village; and on the way often we would fall in with other wagonloads of neighbors going to church. In those days usually all the hitchingposts about the church were occupied. At Limestone we had a weekly prayer meeting in our school house, and for some years, held a Sunday School there Sunday afternoons. Sabbath observance here was not quite as rigid as formerly. Whistling on Sunday was discouraged, but not prohibited. We might roam about the farm a little; Father and Mother would sometimes take a stroll across the fields, and comment on the growing crops. Almost every Sabbath afternoon, toward evening, some of the neighbors would drop in. Deacon McCord was almost sure to make us a visit sometime Sunday afternoon, and often the boys would come with their father and have a 'sing'. The deacon, like my mother, could sing almost anything he had ever heard, and there was but one hymn in the church hymn book to which he could not adapt a tune. The boys learned to sing by note, and they had a tuning fork at which the old deacon turned up his nose.

He disdained such help in starting a tune, though I must report that he was sometimes obliged to back up and start over again, pitching the tune too low or too high, though usually he struck the key note at the first trial.

So decided were the religious influences of the community, coupled with those of the Platteville church, that in the space of five years, five of us started from that community to prepare for the ministry. I was the youngest and last of the bunch to leave home for college and seminary.

Of course we had considerable association with Platteville. When I first began to go to the village on errands, Platteville, mining town that it was, was a rough place. I always expected to see men staggering on the streets, or lying in the gutter, and to see men leaving town full of whiskey, racing their horses at the top of their speed, and acting like men possessed with demons, as indeed they were; I expected to hear the town boys call me "country Jake," and to shout after me:

"Abolition hollow,

Three feet wide;

Nigger in the middle

And a McCord on each side."

Limestone was out of repute with some of the citizens of Platteville, because they considered us abolitionists, and Puritanical. But as the years passed by, this grossness and rudeness in a measure passed away, and I began to feel somewhat at home in the village. A few doors were open to me, and I began to attend concerts and lectures and the

exercises of the Academy, and to have companions among the young people of the village; and at length Platteville became an attractive place to me. There was one house which I passed by often, more often than was really necessary, but I seldom dared to enter. There was pink bonnet and shawl of unique pattern and brilliant colors which was a peculiar attraction to me, but I hardly dared to look that way when said shawl and bonnet were passing by. There was a desk at the Academy which attracted my frequent glances, but I never presumed to gaze upon it. There was a little cross-eyed girl whom I adored, but I had no hopes. I did venture to call a few times, and was her escort on two or three occasions; and then we parted.

That the door of a college should open to one in my position is still a marvel. It was on this wise. In 1860, Deacon McCord received a letter from Albert Hale saying that one of his parishioners would furnish one hundred dollars a year to help a boy through college, the only condition being that the beneficiary should have the ministry in view, and that he should attend Illinois college. Mr. Hale wished that this offer might be accepted by some one of the children of the Bethel people. After many consultations, it was decided that I was the logical candidate. I did not see how I could leave home, but my people were glad to make the sacrifice and thought the opportunity too good to be lost, and Uncle James advised it, and promised to see that my people should not suffer in my absence, and so I went.

My preparation for college was very incomplete, and it

was thought I would save time by taking a term in the preparatory department of the College. I left home in the spring of 1861, a few days after the first shot at Sumpter. The breaking of home ties was a more serious and sorrowful event than I had anticipated. There was a great lump in my throat and tears in my eyes and voice and on my cheeks as I went out from that humble home. It was all the harder to leave because I was not sure that I was not running away from duty. I went to Galena by stage. There I was met by Mrs. Lewis, the wife of our pastor, who was spending a few days at the home of a friend. I remember asking her if she thought the train would stop long enough for me to get on. I had never seen a train before, and it is literally true that I boarded the first train I ever saw on my way to college. When the train reached the station, I made a wild rush for it, fearing that it might get away before I got aboard. Many times afterwards Mrs. Lewis laughed over that frantic rush for the train.

On my way to Jacksonville, I made a call at the home of Mr. Hale in Springfield. I received from all the family a most cordial welcome, and this was home to me during all my college course. The son Albert was for a time a classmate of mine in college, but he graduated at Yale.

I do not remember much about that term in the preparatory department, only I remember that it was a hard grind, and that I had to revolutionize my dietary habits, confining my coffee drinking to one cup in the morning, and I remember my first visit to the little college library, which appeared to me immense; and I was so discouraged by the number of books,

that I went away without taking one. Indeed, I had but little time for library books, and there was no one to direct my reading or to show me how to use the library.

It was a hard time to begin a college course. Disquieting news of the marshalling of contending forces north and south, and the clash of arms, came into disturb our study; and there were angry debates in the college halls and students in sympathy with the South were taking themselves off in hot haste and in hot blood.

Of the Freshman year, I have no very distinct remembrance, only that it, also, was a hard grind, for I was not really prepared for the work; and I remember also that again and again, as news came from the front, I threw down my books saying, "This is the end of study until this thing is settled." But each time I went back to my studies feeling that as yet I had "no discharge in this war." I also remember that I came to the close of the year with only one shirt to my back, and that so riddled and reveled that it would scarcely hold together. My condition was scandalous in the eyes of my mother when I reached home.

The Sophomore year was a hard grind, also, and it was in some ways harder than ever to study, as the war with its awful tragedies still went on; and the antagonisms of it were right about us, and we had guns in our rooms, and drilled on the campus, and we knew not what hour we would be called to meet the rebel sympathizers who openly threatened the town.

The Junior year was more eventful. By this time I was

fully up in my studies, and the subjects were more to my liking, and I had won something of a place in the school and in the community, and we thought we saw the beginning of the end of the war. I got on so well with my studies that I ventured to drop out the last term of the year to teach a school--the first and last of all my teachings. In May, the call came for Hundred Day Men to relieve the veterans from guard duty that they might go to the front. A company, mostly of college men enlisted, and I felt that I must go with them. I enlisted the seventeenth day of May, and we were soon in camp at Springfield. I entered into the drill with enthusiasm, rose to the high rank of first corporal; and sometimes was in charge of squads of men for drill, and a few times I was detailed to drill the whole company. We spent the summer at Roolla, Missouri. I am glad to say that I did not fire a gun. The most of the time I acted as Color Sergeant; and all went fairly well until I was stricken down with the malarial fever, followed by the chronic diarrhea. The regimental hospital was a place of monumental inefficiency. The cots were alive with vermin. The doctors fed all the patients the same medicine out of an old dirty spoon. The steward brought me sour bread and rancid butter for my meals. The chaplain came to talk with me and told me that I was going to die. It made me mad. I said there is a scripture which says: "I shall live and not die." and that means me. He did not trouble me any more. Finally, my case became so serious that they sent me to the post hospital. There I had good nursing, suitable food, and skillful medical attendance. Meanwhile, the regiment, the One Hundred and Forty-fifth of

Illinois, was ordered back to the State to do guard duty at Alton. I determined to go back with the regiment. The surgeon protested, and reasoned with me, but finally seeing that I had set my heart on going, and the disappointment might be fatal, he gave reluctant permission, but said; "Now, if you kick the bucket between here and St. Louis, you must not leave your spirit behind to haunt me." "Do you think I will die on the way?" "You take your chances," was his reply; and I responded: "I take my chances." It was a hard trip. I do not remember a single incident of the journey. I was more dead than alive. The hardest part of the trip was on the boat between St. Louis and Alton, for there I was in the midst of the confusion, and the boys wanted to talk to me, and playfully offered me their hard tack and their fat bacon, all of which was perfect torture.

At Alton, the next day, I was given a furlough and sent to Jacksonville. I was mustered out of service September 23, 1864. College was in session when we were mustered out. As I was not considered fit for study, I went home expecting to lose the whole year. Here I cast my first ballot for president, and that, of course, was for Abraham Lincoln in his second term of office.

But I was not contented at home. The school was in session, I was losing time; I wanted to be with my class. I studied some at home. I read through carefully our text book on Political Economy, and passed a first class examination in that study. I had no trouble in finishing with the class. The studies were easy and congenial. There was no

hard grubbing. I had no strength of body, but my mind was clear.

My college course, running parallel with the war, came to a close in the midst of its dramatic and tragic scenes. April 9, 1865, the college bell and all the bells of the North rang out the gladness news that Lee had surrendered to Grant, and that the war was over.

April 14th, those same bells tolled in their most mournful cadences the awful fact that Lincoln had been shot down by the hand of an assassin. I had the sacred privilege of looking upon the face of the martyred president as he lay in state in the court house at Springfield; and I heard from a distance the funeral oration delivered by Bishop Simpson. It was hardly equal to the occasion.

I was valedictorian of my class. This would have been something of an honor if there had been any competition. One of the proud moments of my life was when, after I had given my commencement oration, Governor Yates, "the was governor of Illinois", sent up to me a great boquet with his compliments. I kept that boquet for months. I left Jacksonville with great regret. The brightest and best of my life so far had come to me there. It was a long time before I ceased to look back to Jacksonville with longing, though I broke with the place abruptly soon after graduation, and I have kept up but little association with town or the college.

I went home from college to meet a sad experience. I preached my first sermon that spring in the home church at Platteville. Father heard the sermon. I think he heard it

with some degree of satisfaction. A little later, he was stricken down with his old malady. He died September 27, 1865. We buried him with Christian resignation and hope, but that was a desolate house the day his body was carried out. I felt on that day more keenly than I ever felt before the hardships and the poverty of the family, and I doubted if I ought not then omit my seminary course and help provide for the household. But Mother would not listen to this.

My seminary course, entered in the fall of 1865, was not very satisfactory. I did not see a well day in all the three years. The disease fastened upon me in the army held me in its grip all this time, and sapped away my vitality, and took from me the zest of life. My studies were congenial enough. I got nothing worth while out of the Hebrew. The Greek Exegesis, and the Systematic Theology were all right, and the Homiletical drill was valuable. We had no church history, no Hermeneutics, and but little pastoral theology. But the Seminary course on the whole was quite worth while and probably to me indispensable. I needed all the preparation I had and a good deal more. I derived much benefit from hearing the best preachers. Professor Haven was to me the best of all. I did not care to enter into social life during my seminary course; I had no heart or strength for it. I sang in the choir of the Union Park church a part of the time, and once conducted an Old Folk concert which was repeated.

In the second and third years of my seminary course, I preached almost every Sunday. In the summer of 1867, I supplied the church at Amboy, Illinois. I entered the seminary

with perhaps ten dollars. I graduated with all bills paid and about one hundred dollars in my pocket.

At our commencement exercises, Dr. Horace Bushnell, gave an address on the subject, "The Training of the Pulpit Manward." One of his petitions in his prayer on this occasion was that the class might be "delivered from the curse of talent, and the nonsense of sin."

After graduation, I spent one Sunday in Platteville. The next Sunday, May 17, 1868, I was at Osage, Iowa. I did not want to go there; I preferred other places; but Sup't Guernsey, for whose field I had pledged myself, insisted that this was the place for me, and so I went. I prayed earnestly that the people would not give me a call, but they did, though not very enthusiastically, and I accepted. I did not dare refuse, having a conviction that the hand of the Lord was in it. The hand of the Lord was in it. It was the place for me, for us. After supplying for a month, and getting the call, I went down to my *Parsonage*, which was Platteville.

We parted, but we came together again. In the fall of 1867, we took a fatal trip together from Platteville to Chicago. I did not then suppose that her hand was free. She wrote to say that she had reached Philadelphia safely. She wrote again to say that she was wanted for Foreign Missions. I promptly offered her a position in the Home Missionary field, which she at length accepted.

Maria Gree, of English ancestors on both sides of the house, daughter of Benoni and Oracy (Clark) Greene, was born in Richmond, Ontario county, New York, September 10, 1843.

In 1855, at the age of twelve, she came with the remnant of her family to Platteville. She graduated from the Platteville Academy, the Normal School at Albany, New York, took a course in the Teacher's Training School at Oswego, and taught for two years in Philadelphia. At the age of twenty-five she was petite, less than a hundred pounds in weight, with brown hair, brown eyes, and brown cheeks, unassuming, sober-minded, serious, conscientious to a fault, studious, ready for every duty or sacrifice life might have in store for her. But withal, she had a mind and will of her own, and some shade and tinges of radicalism, the product of heredity and environment, born and brought up as she was in the midst of anti-slavery, anti-Masonic, anti-Mormon, and other anti agitations of the middle decades of the last century, and her father took radical grounds on all these questions.

We were married at Platteville, June 25, 1868. After the wedding and the wedding trip, we journeyed to Osage via Dubuque, Waterloo, and Nashua, by rail, and from there by night ride in a Concord Coach, full to overflowing. We reached our destination about four o'clock in the morning, the doors of good Dr. Moore opening to us at that unearthly hour.

When we arrived, Osage was about a dozen years old, and had a population of about eight hundred. A railroad was approaching, but did not arrive until the next year. There was not a rod of sidewalk in the village, excepting the platforms in front of the stores; but the town was growing, and the country was filling up, and there was prospect that

the community would develop into a good parish.

The church we had come to serve was organized Dec. 18, 1858. It grew out of an Old School Presbyterian church. The church had a comfortable little brick building, but it was far too small for the congregation, and it was badly located.

There was no parsonage. I had always said that I would not live in a yellow house, and that the house I lived in must have a bay window. We began housekeeping in a house that did not have a bay window, and it was yellow of the ugliest description. The house had three rooms, and they were small, and in the winter very cold. We spent sixty dollars for rent on this house, and then as it was about to be sold over our heads, we purchased it for six hundred dollars. This was our home for about a dozen years. Here all the children, excepting Baby Grace and our adopted daughter Agnes, were born. The ground and building grew somewhat, until we had two full village lots and a barn, and seven rooms in the house. But it was always a very humble home, and only fairly comfortable.

The ordination occurred the twenty-eighth of October. Rev. S. P. Sloan of McGregor preached the sermon; Father Tinney offered the prayer, Ephraim Adams gave the right hand of fellowship, and D. M. Bordwell, of Charles City, gave charge to the people. Brother Adams assured me that I had come to Iowa in a good time, and that I would find my place and work.

Our pastorate covered a period of fourteen years. It was a hard, happy, and measurably successful pastorate. The

field was in some respects a difficult one. My predecessor had been deposed from the ministry on account of immoral conduct, and it was natural that the people should be slow to take me into their confidence. There was almost no genuine Congregationalist in the community. The Baptist sentiment was strong and it was greatly augmented by the influence of the Baptist seminary and the immense and merited popularity of Prof. Bush. The Universalist element was also strong, and they were nice people, and they gave us much help along some lines, but in some respects their presence in the numbers they mustered increased the difficulties of the parish. The ordinary burdens of the pastoral office were to me particularly heavy. My health was not at all good. The old army malady was still sapping my vitality, and the preparation of sermons was always to me a hard task. Once in a while a sermon would come of its own accord, but usually I had to search diligently for it. Since I have left the pastorate, I have looked with astonishment on anybody that can prepare two sermons a week. I did it for fourteen years, and survived; but how anybody can do it, is a mystery to me. The first year, especially, was a hard one. I came near failing under the pressure of it. There was a good deal of dissatisfaction. A good many thought I was not much of a preacher, and they were undoubtedly correct. It was doubtful how the first annual meeting would come out. It came out better than I expected. They voted to hire me another year, and to pay my salary quarterly in advance. This, of course, was never done, but the meeting as a whole

gave us fresh help and courage. I soon began to feel that I could straighten up under the burden, that I was the master of the situation, and with Henry Ward Beecher, I began to assert that I had "As good a right to preach a poor sermon as anybody." No doubt I fully lived up to my privileges in this direction. We soon began to feel that we had the best people in the world; and the bond of sympathy soon became so strong between pastor and people that they would put up with any sort of preaching and all sorts of mistakes, because they knew that we were sincere, and were trying to do our best, and had their welfare at heart. We did love our people, and the whole community, and were interested in everybody, and in all that concerned the life of all the people. I am rather glad to say that I have never named a salary or set a price upon my labors. When at first the people asked me how much I wanted, I said: "Whatever you think you ought to give." The first year, they raised six hundred dollars. The next year they raised eight hundred and cut loose from the Home Missionary Society. When, a year or two later they said, we think you ought to have a little more money, and added two hundred dollars, I said, Thank you. Then again, and yet again the trustees said, You are tired and need rest, and handed me out two hundred dollars for a vacation trip, I said, Thank you. When, at another time, the outsiders raised a purse of two hundred dollars and would not allow a church member to give a cent, I simply said, Thank you. This is Osage, and this is the Osage way.

For a time after our arrival, there was but little

progress, but after a while the church began to grow. People were coming in, many of them members of other churches. For two or three years, it was doubtful which way the large Free-will Baptist element would go. For the most part, they worshipped with us, but they did not unite with the church. They found me liberal on the subject of baptism. I would not turn my hand over to convert an immersionist. The first baptism I had was by immersion in the dead of winter. We went down through an opening in the ice eighteen inches thick. At length, nearly all the Free-will Baptist people came in with us. Some of the Episcopalians, also, joined us, and later a number of the Universalists, greatly to our comfort and edification, became members, and some of them pillars in the church. From the first, also, there were accessions by confession. We had a little taste of evangelistic work and interest in the first winter, holding meetings with the Baptist people. After a while, it became popular to be a church member in Osage. Early in our ministry it was said: "The churches have captured the social life of the community." And later it was said: "Main Street has been converted." This was after a great temperance fight and victory in which perhaps it might be said I had a leading part.

During our pastorate, we built a house of worship. The church inherited a little unfinished building, 35x50. It was a brick structure, and was a fairly good building for the time; but the location turned out to be unfavorable to the growth of the church. Moreover, some of the seats were owned by individuals and others rented, both of which

conditions were barriers to church attendance. The building also had but one room, no suitable place for prayer meetings, or Sunday School. I soon became convinced that the prosperity of the church demanded a new and larger building in some central location. My first attempt at the new church building was premature, and ended in defeat. I backed down with a smiling face, but with a sad heart. My second attempt was likewise a failure, but at the third trial, the people were ready for the enterprise, and we erected a building costing about seven thousand dollars, which was dedicated free from debt in October of 1874, Prof. Hyde of the Chicago Theological Seminary, preaching the sermon.

In some respects, the burdens of the pastorate increased from year to year, for my ministry to the sick and the bereaved extended to all parts of the county, and I grew into a sort of apostle of Congregationalism in Mitchell Association. In the fourteen years, the membership of the church grew from about forty to one hundred and sixty-eight.

It was not an easy task to leave Osage. Our roots had struck deep into the soil of the community, and the county. We were bound to the place and to the people by a thousand ties. There we commenced housekeeping, there all the children were born. There was our first and only love. Here we had witnessed wonderful transformations of character, men lifted from the depths of scepticism up into the bright sunshine of Christian faith and hope; men in bondage to sin, made free "in the liberty wherewith Christ maketh his people free; women forbidding afar off, antagonistic to the church,

becoming loving members of the Christian household; young people giddy and gay on the ways of the world, transported into the higher pleasures of Christian life and service. It was not easy to retire from the field of such experiences.

The people of other communions were good to us also. We were on familiar terms with many of their families. Sometimes they would come to me with their troubles, rather than to their own pastors. I was a fixture in the town, while the other pastors came and went; so that it is not to be wondered at that they sought me for counsel and advice. It was not easy, to leave such a church and such a people; but it had to be. We had been called to Osage, and now we were called away. We survived the ordeal. I got through the farewell sermon. I closed with the church the last Sunday in June of 1882.

The occasion for leaving Osage was a call to the superintendency of Home Missions in Iowa. The story of the call is told in part in Pilgrims of Iowa, page 227, and in my autobiography, pages 62-65. I have always felt that I came into the office not by the will of man alone, but by the manifest providence of God.

We moved from Osage to Grinnell, we waited, however, until after the cyclone. In fourteen years, the family had grown from one to ten. This included the two old folk, now forty years of age, and the seven children, and my maiden sister, Louisa. We moved into a little house of seven rooms, one of them an attic over the kitchen. The next spring the house began to grow, and it grew from year to year until we

had a dozen rooms, and when the children began to leave. I pity anybody that is obliged to live in a house all finished up at once. One occasion, Prof. Hendrixson asked Mrs. Douglass who was the architect of the house. She answered: "It had no architect. Like Topsy, it just grewed."

Of the Home Missionary service, I need not speak at length, for the details of it are given in the reports of the Society, the Minutes of the General Association, the files of Congregational Iowa, and my Pilgrims of Iowa.

Of course, there were hardships in the service. I never was a student, but to give up to study entirely was a hardship. I never was much of a reader, but to throw away all my books was a trial. It was a great hardship to be away from home so much, especially as I began to realize the burdens left upon the little woman at home. The night travel, and that was my favorite time of getting from place to place, was hard. I remember that once I was out nine nights consecutively, and did not take a sleeper once, and by that time I hardly knew at which end of me to feel for my head. I seldom took a sleeper, and often a sandwich and a cup of muddy coffee was a square meal. Long waits at railroad crossings in the night time were very wearisome. Often the soft side of a board would have been a luxury, if I could have stretched myself upon it, but the seats, devised for the torture of travelers, had arms and one was expected to sit bolt upright and wait patiently and without murmuring for the train and ask no questions. Often there was nobody to question. Cold beds and beds preoccupied were among the

trials of the service. More than once I have gone to bed with all my clothes, boots, overshoes, cap, mittens, overcoat and all, and then could not sleep for the cold. Scores of times I have been obliged to sleep on the floor to escape the tortures of the bed, and to cover every inch of my body to save myself from my tormentors. At times I encountered blizzards, and again and again I was snowbound for days together. I was usually comfortable enough under some shelter and by some warm fireside, but the torture came in thoughts of home, imagining that wife and children were suffering.

My old enemy pursued me through all the years. I recall days and nights of horror out upon the road. Once on a train between Marshalltown and Ames, I thought my end had surely come. The gorging of the gall ducts brought mortal agony. Fortunately, Paul was pastor at Ames, in whose house care and medical aid soon brought relief. I recall another day of agony. In a trip from Oto, beginning with a seven mile ride on a fearfully cold morning. Three times during the service I had serious sickness. Once I did almost nothing for three months.

The work itself was very exacting. There was almost no let-up, and little opportunity for a vacation, for the letters would come, and pile up, and they must be answered. Morning noon, and night, at home and abroad, at hotels and wayside stations, and in private homes, I was writing, writing, writing, all the time. I did not employ a stenographer as I should have done. I thought we could not afford it, but there I made a mistake. The work would have been better done if I had employed a good deal more clerical help than I did.

The greatest hardship was that named by the apostle when he said: "Beside all this, the care of all the churches." They were a continual burden. Something, somewhere, was always going wrong. Always some church was wanting a minister, and some minister was wanting a church; and it was always difficult to fit the minister into the field. This "care of all the churches" at length became an intolerable burden.

Of course, there were compensations, many and great. The privilege of having the family in Grinnell in the intellectual, moral, and spiritual environment of the place, as good as the world affords, was a prime consideration. Then, the work was large and varied, keeping the head full and the heart full all the time. My ambition for place was more than satisfied; Associations with the "brightest and best of the sons of the morning" was a rare privilege. The open doors and hearty welcomes of hundreds of homes and churches; the sympathy and cooperation of thousands of royal men and women kept the heart glad and thankful all the time. Then the assurance that the Lord had called me to the service, and the evidence that I was helpful to the churches were continual sources of inspiration and encouragement.

Of the success of the work, I need not speak in detail. The annual reports testify to the fact that the work was at least a moderate success. My last report summarizes as follows: "One hundred and thirty-seven churches organized; two hundred and twenty-two houses of worship completed and dedicated; seventy-eight thousand, nine hundred and fifty-eight added to the membership of the churches, forty-eight thousand, eight hundred and thirty of these on confession

of faith; the membership increased from fifteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven to thirty-six thousand four hundred and eighty-three; and one million, one hundred and seventy-six thousand two hundred and twenty-five dollars raised for missions. We have nothing to boast of in these accomplishments, but we need not be greatly ashamed of the record; and over it we may humbly rejoice and thank God and take courage."

At the end of twenty-five years, I thought it was time to quit. Some years before a little boy had looked up into my face and said: "Mr. Douglass, ain't you a hundred years old?" Again and again I was being introduced as a member of the Iowa Band, and once, in New England, as a member of the Yale Band, who came to Illinois in 1829, thirteen years before I was born. I thought it was time to quit. Then there was a little slump in the work, partly, I thought, because of the growing disabilities of the secretary, and I was fully conscious that the work demanded the services of a man at his best, and that a man beyond his prime had no business to hold onto the office. The big load was the care of the churches. In my closing report, I said, "I have cared so long that I can't care any more, and yet I can't quit caring." Moreover, my old stomach was going back on me more and more, admonishing me that it was time to quit, and to live the "simple life" at home with regular hours and careful diet. So I resigned and read my farewell report at the annual meeting in May of 1907. Along in those days, I heard words spoken which it is not lawful for a man to hear excepting under the coffin lid.

But this was not quite the end of my Home Missionary service. I was still retained as an Associate Secretary on an allowance of six hundred dollars a year, and I was given liberty to go and come at my discretion, and do as little or much as I saw fit.

Just then the National Home Missionary Society wanted my services. Dr. Herring had just come into the secretaryship of the National Society. He wanted to see the whole country at once, and had to do so largely through the eyes of others. He sent me on a tour of inspection of mission fields in the northwest. I visited North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, Washington, Oregon, California, and Nevada. Then I was asked to go to New England to enlighten the natives of the East on the subject of Home Missions. I went with Professor Steiner. Of course he was the big gun. We had lots of fun.

My next job was a visitation of the theological seminaries to enlist men for home missions. I had some degree of success in the mission. Then came a series of Home Missionary campaigns in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and South Dakota. After that I was asked to assist in the endowment campaign for Iowa College. I intended to give six months to this work. Just then, however, certain brethren in the state, Secly Johnson, the head and front of the generous proposal, decided that I should be one of the representatives of the state to the international Council held at Edinburgh in June of 1908, and raised a purse of five hundred dollars for the purpose. Almost at the last moment we decided that Mrs. Douglass should

go with me. June 17th, we sailed on the good ship Cedric of the White Star Line. The sea was almost as calm as a mill pond the whole way over.

Of the Council, I will only say this: it was good to be there. The whole, long, hard struggle of ecclesiastical and civil liberty came under review; and all the want and woe and sin of the world in minature were presented to us on high Street about the old St. Guiles Cathedral.

Of course, we looked about a little in the Old World. We visited the lake country of England, the Trossachs of Scotland, we did London in ten days; we saw the dams and dykes and windmills and Holstein cattle and wooden shoes and stuffed petticoats of Holland; we sailed the Rhine, we climbed the Alps, mostly by rail, but sometimes on the backs of mules; we walked the streets of Paris, made repeated visits to the Louvre; and we saw superstition in its baldest form at Notre Dame; we became well acquainted with Joan of Arc in her dress of gold, seated upon her golden horse. We crossed the English Channell, and sounded its abysmal depths of woe, and survived to tell the tale. We reached home the last day of August, and rested on the Sabbath. Monday morning I dipped into the College campaign.

We raked the state with a fine tooth comb. I was sent to the Pacific Coast to claim a fraction of a per cent of the millions we had sent out there. I ranged the coast from Los Angelos to Seattle, but did not stop long to parley with any man, for the time was short. We gathered from the coast about twenty-five thousand dollars. Then we raked the

state again. In Grinnel and vicinity, we held up about every man and woman, and even some of the children. December 31, eight o'clock A. M., we were still lacking about sixteen thousand dollars, and in the evening at six o'clock we were still about eight thousand dollars short. But we had arranged for a jollification meeting at the Colonial. Prof. Steiner led off and soon had the audience roaring with laughter. Then I came on with the serious business of raising the balance from a crowd that had already given their last dollar. But Pres. Main had a number of hundred of dollars up his sleeve, Every few moments the phone would ring or a telegram came in announcing a contribution; and canvassers returning late brought in their reports of the days work. Meantime, pledges from the audience were being sent up all the while. Finally, about eight thirty I said, let us drop now and see where we stand. We were still about eight hundred dollars short. Of course, that was quickly raised. But the end was not yet. We must make assurance doubly sure. We wanted supplementary pledges to the amount of twenty thousand dollars to be available if necessary. Here again we had several thousands in reserve, and by nine o'clock, we had raised the whole twenty thousand. Then the President arose, and in the mildest and quietest voice, made the casual remark, "The money has been raised, and the campaign is ended." Then the audience went wild, and the roof went off, and we sang, "We won't go home until morning"--and we didn't. Everybody made a speech, and no matter what anyone said, it was cheered to the echo, As the bells were

ringing at midnight, we sang the doxology, and were dismissed with the benediction.

Another job was waiting. Three national societies were in debt. It was proposed that a united effort be made to raise at least three hundred thousand dollars to pay these debts and to create a little surplus. I was asked to head up the work for the Home Missionary Society in the interior. Representatives of the A. M. A. and the American Board were associated with me in the work. It required a full month to launch the campaign. Then for three months we swept through Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, holding rallies and inaugurating campaigns for money. Then for two months longer, from an office in Chicago, I raked the Interior over and over for funds. Of course, we succeeded; July 1st, was the time limit for the campaign. I had the privilege of sending in on the last day in the afternoon, three thousand dollars which brought the amount up to the three hundred thousand dollar mark. It was a great and significant campaign. The Societies have had it easier ever since.

I came out of the campaign completely exhausted. I felt just as if I would like to close my eyes and never open them again. I was limp and lifeless for a whole month. Then I came to life again, and was ready for the next task.

Some years before I had been charged with the responsibility of writing the history of Congregationalism in Iowa. I now set myself to the task, selecting as the title of the book, "The Pilgrims of Iowa." Of course the thing could not

be done in a hurry. It involved much study and research, and the sifting and arranging of materials, etc. I began the work about the middle of August, 1909, and kept it up pretty steadily until the middle of December. Then there was an interruption. Sec. Herring wished me for another Home Missionary campaign on the coast. I think he arranged it for me partly to give us a winter in California and Oregon. I had a month's engagement in Southern California, headquarters at Berkely. I gave a month to Oregon and Washington, finishing my engagements April 15, at Pasco, Washington. We reached home April 26, and I started in again on my history. The work went limping, however, all the summer, for I had gone through the whole western campaign with a lame stomach, working on my nerves all the time, so that I was hardly fit for study the whole summer long. I kept at it, however, under very unfavoarable conditions, and made some progress.

In October, we went East to attend the meeting of the National Council at Boston, and to visit our son, Paul. We were in Upper Montclair something over three months. While there, though in miserable health all the time, I revised and rewrote portions of the book and substantially finished it excepting the two supplementary chapters. We returned to Grinnell in January, 1911, and I sent the manuscript to the Pilgrim Press in May. In due time it was accepted, but the proof sheets did not come to my hand until September. The book was finally finished just in time for the Christmas trade. It was well received, and the I. C. M. S. cleared about five hundred dollars from the first edition of a thousand copies.

As I finish this sketch, in June of 1914, I am seventy-two years of age. Partly for pastime, I am writing these sketches, though I hope they may be of some little value to those who shall come after. I almost entirely out of public life. I am still called Honorary Secretary of the Iowa Home Missionary Society, and the salary of six hundred dollars (really a pension) is continued.

It is the time for retrospection. Retrospection awakens conflicting emotion. At times my heart is filled with gratitude for the mercies of the past, and often it is filled with regrets for its failures.

"The mistakes of my life have been many." Perhaps I ought to add,

"The sins of my heart have been more."

But I will not admit that my life has been a disappointment or a failure. On the other hand, it has been a great boon and a blessing and a thousand times worth while. I hope I have contributed a little to the joy and fullness of life in the household. I think maybe I have had a little share in the making of the Commonwealth. I hope the world may be a little better for my having lived in it.

Of the future, its certainties and uncertainties, I do not care to speak at length.

"I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils my eyes."

It is certain that in due time one event will happen to us all. To me that event cannot be very long delayed. The almond tree flourishes and I am beginning to seek the quiet

nooks and corners of life. Physicians tell me that my pulse is of the sort that beat on the eighty and beyond, but eighty is less than a decade away, and my old crippled stomach may any day refuse to carry me further.

In this evening twilight time, what other tasks there may be for me I do not know. I have long thought that my working days would be cut short a decade by my army experience. Maybe I can write a little more. Maybe I can still go out among the churches a little longer; but I realize that there is not much more for me to do.

I approach the end holding firm in my heart the great verities of the gospel as expressed in that ancient symbol of the church: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried. The third day he arose from the dead, he ascended to the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the Resurrection of the dead and the life everlasting. Amen."

Sixty-second sketch,

Jacob P. Richards.

Here is another brother who was not permitted to live out his full measure of years as an accredited Congregational minister, recognized as such in the Congregational Year Book.

The records show that he was ordained in October of 1861, but through what parentage and tutelage he reached that point in his experience, we are not informed. When ordained, he was the Home Missionary pastor of the church in Caledonia, Wisconsin, his commission being dated April 28th, of this year, 1861. From this field, he reported to the Home Missionary Society, April 1862. We introduce this largely because it was his only report published by the Society. He wrote as follows:

"Drafts for the first and second quarters have been received; for which favors please accept my grateful acknowledgement. To me they were 'like refreshing showers upon a dry and thirsty land.' It would be strange if there were no discouragements as well as encouraging things to report during the quarter. The first encouraging item is that the people here are alive and trying to do the work of the church. A very pleasant state of feeling exists here among Christians of different denominations; and several Methodist brethren and sisters unite with us cordially in our prayer meetings and support me pecuniarily. This is what has never been done before, I am told. I have discountenanced a sectarian spirit since my first coming.

"The sustaining of the Caledonia church is a necessity to the country which surrounds it. In one direction, is a Catholic church, about two miles distant; in another, about three and a half miles away, is another Catholic church; and in another direction at a distance of four and a half miles is still a third Catholic church. Thus, on three sides we are surrounded by popery. We also have the errors of Universalism to combat."

In April of 1864, Mr. Richards was commissioned for Atkinson and Shabbona, Illinois. From March of 1867 to April of 1868, he was pastor at Avon, at which time he began a pastorate of two years at Keosauqua, Iowa.

After this pastorate, his name was dropped for a time from the Year Book, but it was taken up again, and he was located as a farmer at Bowensburg, Illinois. This seems to have been his location and status until January, of 1880, at which time we find him back in Wisconsin, pastor at Elk Grove.

In 1883, he came over into Iowa again, for a year at Parkersburg, and then returned to Wisconsin, locating at Hammond. He was still there in 1885, but without charge; and in 1886, he name was dropped from the Year Book. What became of him, I do not know. Perhaps he returned to his farm. Perhaps he died. Perhaps he did something else.

I remember him only indistinctly. He was a large man physically. I think he was not a college or seminary graduate. He was with us only three years in two pastorates..

He belongs properly to Wisconsin.

A little additional scrap of information has come from Father Henry A. Miner, of Wisconsin, who says Mr. Richards was born in Virginia, educated in Illinois, commenced work in Caledonia, Wisconsin, in May of 1861. This does not locate Mr. Richards in his early life, nor tell in what schools he received his education.

Sixty-third sketch,

Joseph Swans Barris.

Joseph Swans Barris, son of Joseph Barris, was born in Bainsville, Beaver County, Pennsylvania, July 25, 1800. Details of his youth are wanting. He was married at the age of twenty to Mary Peppard, October 17, 1820.

Mr. Barris began his ministry in connection with the Methodist Episcopal church, and continued with that organization fourteen years, having in that time been twice a Presiding Elder. Charges being brought against him for praying for the negroes and attending a colored church, his connection with the conference was severed, and he became a Congregationalist. A few years later, the very men who preferred charges against him, besought him to return. "No," he said, "I have found a church fellowship that affords me peace and sympathizes with my conviction of right. I will remain where I am."

He began his Congregational ministry at Chagrin Falls, Ohio, but for the most part, his work was in New York, where he had pastorates at Gaines, North Evans, Alexandria, Brighton, and Grand Island.

He came to Iowa in 1868. Here he had two pastorates. He began at Salem in September of 1868, and closed in September of 1873; and then for a little while in 1873-4, he was located at Washington. There are two reports of his work at Salem. The first in the May issue for 1870 is as follows:

"Rev. J. S. Barris, of Salem, Henry county, at the age of seventy, is rejoicing in a good work that has been in progress since the work of prayer. At the March communion, twenty-three were received on profession of faith--the fathers and mothers of four families, the mothers of four others, and twelve young persons from eighteen to twenty years of age."

The other report published in February of 1874 was as follows:

"I have not been able to preach in the neighboring school houses as in former years, and through much interested in both Salem and Hillsboro, I am constrained through age and infirmity, to relinquish this field and look for one where I may have but one congregation to care for. I have been trying to preach over half a century, and am in my seventy-fourth year. Considering the work I have been permitted to do, I feel thankful to God that I am able to preach at all, and had I the means of a comfortable support, would retire from pastoral service, and preach as opportunity offered in feeble and vacant churches. My wife and I have lived and labored together for fifty-three years, and have laid up scarcely anything to lean upon in our old age. Yet we are fully confident the great Head of the Church will see to it that we finish our race with joy."

Mr. Barris died in Davenport at the home of his son, a Professor in the Episcopal seminary located there, August 26, 1874, aged seventy-four years, one month, and one day.

Sup't J. W. Pickett, in his obituary for the Minutes said:

"In March of 1873, on account of enfeebled health, Mr. Barris left his field at Salem and Hillsboro, where for six years he had labored with great fidelity and success. His vigor of intellect remained unimpaired to the very close of his ministry. After resigning his charge, he continued to preach to destitute churches until too weak to do so longer. The work of the ministry was the joy of his life. He expressed a hope three days before his death to still be able to supply some small church. There is no space in this brief report to speak as we would of one of the noblest, truest, and most devoted ministers that have ever labored on this field. The last years of his laborious life were cheered with abundant tokens of the Divine favor."

J. M. Chamberlain, writing for the Home Missionary in November of 1874, said:

"In almost every field of his labors, God has blessed his efforts with revivals--thirty-two heads of families at one time uniting with his little church at Salem. Our departed friend and brother was a man of vigorous intellect, clear convictions, untiring energy, a ready speaker, a faithful pastor. Three days before he died, he said that he hoped yet to preach in some little place the gospel of his Savior. His last year was full of pain and weakness; his last days witnessed agonizing suffering; his last moments were quiet--he fell asleep. His faith had never faltered; his patience was never exhausted; he died, as he lived, faithful to the Master. He leaves a widow and one son. His estate is all in Heaven."

Sixty-fourth sketch,

Richard B. Bull.

Richard Brockway Bull, son of William Clark and Susan (Brockway) Bull, was born in Saybrook, Connecticut, September 22, 1820.

He studied at Haddam Academy. There was no record of a college or a seminary course. He was ordained at Sinclaineville, New York, March 14, 1855. His pastorate at this place was from 1854 to 1857. His next pastorate was at Aurora, Illinois, 1857-61. In 1861-62, he was chaplain of the state prison at Stillwater, Minnesota, and for a short time was chaplain of the Sixth Minnesota Regiment. In 1865-66, he was at Waukegan, Ill. From this place, March 1866, he sends the following report:

"My first year of connection with the A. H. M. S. as missionary at Waukegan terminated last Sunday. It has been a year of hard work, but the results have been compensatory. My congregation has gained at least two hundred percent, and so has the Sabbath School. We had eighty or more in the Sabbath School last Sunday, against twenty-three when we started, about Christmas. Nineteen were added to the church last year. Our prospects are good for next year. We shall want Home Missionary aid one year more, when, if we succeed as we hope, we shall be able to go alone."

Mr. Bull was the pastor of the church at Henry, Illinois, from 1866 to 1868. He then came to Iowa, beginning at

Marshalltown September 1, 1868. He was the first pastor of this church, which was organized in July of the same year. He served this church for two years only. From Iowa, he went to Massachusetts, and was installed at West Brookfield, March 12, 1871, and dismissed July 6, 1874.

He next, in 1876, had a short pastorate in Geneva, Wisconsin. In 1877, he was at Fair Haven, Connecticut, without charge. Later 1878-81, he had a pastorate at North Greenwich, Connecticut. In 1881-4, he was stationed at Lamar, Missouri; and in 1884-87, at Grand View, Dakota. He died at Grandview, May 14, 1888, aged sixty-seven years, seven months, and twenty-two days.

Mr. Bull was three times married. His first wife was Orpha Clark Brainard, of Haddam, Connecticut. They were married September 25, 1843. She died March 11, 1874. His second wife was Mary A. (Hemmingway) Young, of Fair Haven, Connecticut. They were married February 9, 1876. She died March 11, 1879. His third wife was Mrs. Hannah C. (Knapp) Corwin, of Greenwich, Connecticut, to whom he was married October 6, 1879.

For some reason, I cannot bring a picture of Mr. Bull distinctly to mind. I remember to have heard him give an address of some sort in connection with a Commencement in Iowa College. I do not remember the subject of his address, or the general drift of it, or a single sentence; but I do remember his apology. He said he had had only a month to prepare the address, which ordinarily would have been ample time, but it had been a month of unusual

interruptions. This is an illustration of how often a little thing which is entirely one-side will cling to the mind while weightier things evaporate.

We cannot in any way count Mr. Bull as an Iowa man. It is a question where he did belong, he moved about so much.

Sixty-fifth sketch,

William H. Barrows.

William Henry Barrows, son of Andrew and Sarah (Storrs) Barrows, was born in Mansfield, Connecticut, September 9, 1830. He was educated at the Kinball Union Academy of Meriden, New Hampshire, Amherst College, and East Windsor Hill (Hartford) Theological Seminary.

His first pastorate, begun in 1865, was at Blanford, Mass. In 1864, February 10, he was married to Abia Chapin Baker, of Newport, New Hampshire. Near the home of his bride, at Goshen, he found his second parish where he remained two years (1865-67) and then came West.

September 1, 1868, he was ordained by the Garnavillo, Association at Lansing, Iowa; and began September 9th, a pastorate of one year at Postville. September 1, 1869, he moved to Cass, and found there a congenial home and a good field of labor for five years. From this field, in May of 1870, he reports:

"I find here a united, intelligent, farming community; the people mostly Americans from the states east of us. An unusually large proportion are church-going families, free from intemperance and kindred vices. Intoxicating drinks are not sold in the township. The people are as industrious, moral, and intelligent as in almost any similar New England community.

"The church numbering a little over fifty resident members includes in many instances the parents and children,

and in some cases the grandchildren. We have a neat church edifice in the center of the township, with public services regularly upon the Sabbath, morning and evening, cheered by excellent singing and an interesting Sabbath school.

"An effort for a new parsonage almost succeeded, but the unexpected low prices of wheat (scarcely paying the cost of raising it) put off the happy day."

In his next communication, Mr. Barrows reports the church self-supporting. He writes.

"I am happy to say that this church will not take or ask aid the present year; and, unless weakened by removals or otherwise, we expect to be permanently self-sustaining. Our numbers are still small, and we are by no means wealthy, and so it is only by united effort that we can take this step. We have great reason for gratitude for the aid received from the Society in the past, and I trust we shall remember its claim in our annual contributions.

"What is in store for this little church on the prairie, we cannot tell; but we would humbly trust in Him who has begun the good work here. We have now a neat edifice, a good organ, a good Sunday School library, and a complete parsonage.

"I would express my thanks to the Society for the sympathy and encouragement I have received while acting as one of its missionaries, and whether I shall labor in that capacity in the future or not, I shall ever take a deep interest in it, and its great and good work."

It was not long after this that Mr. Barrows was again in the Home Missionary ranks. In September of 1874, he was commissioned for Hampton, in Franklin county, and was there as a missionary of the Home Missionary Society for three years. In 1877, he made a change to Stacyville, which at that time was a self-supporting field. Here he was my neighbor for five years, and when I moved from Osage to Grinnell in 1882, he was still at Stacyville. The next year, however, he followed me to central Iowa, coming down to Montour where he served the church for six years--from May 1883 to June, 1889. He then turned again to Cass, where he had another pastorate of five years. He was most at home with this good people.

In 1894, he returned to the East, where he spent the remainder of his days. From 1894 to 1899, he was pastor at Southbury, Connecticut. Later he moved to Vernon Center, where he died October 18, 1902, aged seventy-two years, one month and nine days.

How in the world Brother Barrows lived so long is a mystery to those of us who knew him, for, for a quarter of a century, he had all the appearance of one in the last stages of consumption. Probably he lived so long because he took good care of himself, and his good wife took good care of him. His mild disposition, the quietness of his spirit, his lack of ambition for great things, his contentment with the lowly places in life, no doubt added to his days.

Handicapped as he was, by ill health and lack of phy-

sical vitality, he did us good service here in Iowa for more than thirty years. He was respected, trusted, and honored by all his brethren in the ministry, and by all his people.

His loyalty to Iowa and his love for the brethren here, and his sympathy for ministers in poverty and misfortune were evidenced by one of his bequests. Mr. and Mrs. Barrows had no children; their tastes were simple, and they lived the "simple life." They had no one of near kin who needed the little savings of their lifetime. So it came about that two thousand dollars of their estate, after the death of Mrs. Barrows in 1907, came to the Iowa Ministerial Relief Fund.

Among the noble men and women of the Congregational ministry of Iowa, we write the names, Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Barrows.

Sixty-sixth sketch,

Charles F. Lyman.

Charles Northrop Lyman, son of Diadete Brockway, and Eliza (Vibert) Lyman, was born in Hartford, Connecticut, May 14, 1835. Through his ancestors, his family is traced back in England and Scotland to the twelfth century.

Mr. Lyman spent his boyhood days on a farm, attending country school during the winter terms. He afterwards attended the preparatory school at Munson, Massachusetts, where he fitted himself to enter Yale College. Without financial resources he worked his way through the college, engaging in any kind of honorable employment, and alternating a year of college work and a year of teaching school to earn money for the next year. He graduated in 1859. He afterwards attended the Yale Divinity School.

Before he left New Haven he was married, October 13, 1862, to Eveline Upson. She kept step with her husband in the path of life for more than forty years.

October 29, 1862, Mr. Lyman was ordained, as pastor over the church at Canton Center, Connecticut, and was dismissed from this charge September 21, 1868. While pastor here, in 1864, he enlisted as a private of the Thirteenth Connecticut Infantry, but was soon commissioned as chaplain of the Twentieth Regiment, and served to the close of the war.

In December of 1868, he came to Iowa to make his home here for the remainder of his life. He began his Iowa ministry, December 16, 1868, at Dunlap, and closed his work

in this field in December of 1870. Following this, beginning January 1, 1871, came a pastorate of twenty years at Onawa. We get glimpse of him in this long pastorate from his reports to the Home Missionary Society. The first, published in July of 1871 is thoroughly characteristic of the man, it being a generous appreciation of his predecessor. The communication is as follows:

"In my intercourse with the people, I am daily reminded of the power of a good man's life, and learn how eloquently he may speak after his death. Rev. George L. Woodhull, my predecessor in this field, who died at the post of duty here last October, left behind him a very marked power for good, through the influence of his faithful, laborious, persevering, charitable, and prayerful life. Ungodly men recognize it, and almost invariably speak of him as a good man who was every day alike, a true Christian, if ever there was one, and then add that it will be a long time before this community will forget him or his work. His widow and relatives having consented that his body may remain in our cemetery, the common council of the place has granted a lot for this resting place, and there is talk of erecting a suitable monument to his memory by the citizens. In the death of Mr. Woodhull, you have lost one of your most faithful missionaries.

"A chief memorial of him is the really beautiful church edifice erected almost wholly through his labor and influence. Upon it he labored with his own hands, at the trade acquired before he turned his attention to the mini-

stry. So long as this house shall stand, and may it be long! this community cannot forget Mr. Woodhull, who gave his life for it; for it was while laboring thereon that he contracted the cold which led to his death. And thus we are sent "to reap that whereon we bestowed no labor."

In January of 1874, Mr. Lyman writes of an experiment in self-support as follows:

"In view of the pecuniary straits of the Society, that has nurtured us for several years past, our church, congregation and Sabbath school, after an appeal from the pastor, raised as their annual contribution for Home Missions, an amount which cancels your dues to your missionary for the quarter just closed.

"This is much better than the church has ever done before, and gives me hope that next year we shall come very near to self-support in spite of hard times which we feel sensibly. One brother, in moderate circumstances, promises, in addition to his yesterday's contribution, to give Home Missions one dollar a week for the next two months. By the end of the year, I expect the congregation will have given at least two dollars for each church member. Our Sabbath school is deserving of especial credit, for the part they have taken in the matter. An attendance of ninety-two yesterday gave ten dollars--three times the amount of the usual weekly collection. This is the third year they have given ten dollars to home missions. May God bless you all, and help the churches to meet the full claims of the Home Missionary cause!"

Two months later (March 1874) Mr. Lyman reports his

experiment a success, and bids farewell to the Home Missionary Society. He writes::

"WE hoped we should come to self-support with the new year. At a recent meeting, the pastor was moved to urge the people to make the effort. Some doubted our ability, and others feared the pastor would sometimes find the meal in the barrel quite low, but as he was willing to run the risk, the vote was passed almost, if not quite, unanimously.

"The pastor then stated what would be needed for church expenses the coming year, proposed that the renting of seats be abandoned, and necessary funds provided by means of weekly pledges and offerings. At this point, it was asked who should inaugurate the plan, and seek the pledges from the people. No one seemed willing to volunteer. Determined to see if fairly tried, the pastor, at whatever cost of delicacy of position, offered to be responsible for its execution. He has canvassed the community, and obtained pledges enough to remove all just fears of failing. So, with the blessing of God, we are going alone hereafter. This is one of those revolutions that never go backward. At least, such it shall prove by the help of God.

"This step is not the result of any rapid increase of population, nor of unusual additions to our membership, nor any great increase in wealth. But there has been an increase of liberality, and a multiplication of givers, especially of small ones. The church wishes me to return hearty thanks for your past aid, liberally furnished; our prayers will continue

to rise in your behalf, and we hope the churches will respond so cordially to the claims of Home Missions, that all the waste places of the land may soon have the living preacher and the Christian church. Five adults expect to unite with us on profession of their faith next Sunday.

"The Society voted last night, at my request, to let me have one Sabbath evening of each month for preaching in needy places in the country. I think, also, of giving up my Sabbath school class, that I may have the afternoon for missionary work."

Mr. Lyman's confidence in the church was realized. The church never again received aid from the Home Missionary Society. As intimated in his last report, he did not confine his labors to Onawa. He ranged all up and down the upper Missouri bottom, a self-supporting missionary. He planted churches at Blencoe and Whiting, and did the work preliminary to the gathering of the church at Castana. He also had much to do with the educational interests of the region. Without seeking the office, he was elected to serve three terms as County Superintendant of Schools in Monona county. He successfully combined the work of that office with that of pastor of the Onawa church, and a missionary in communities about.

After twenty years of strenuous self-supporting and fruitful labor, in this great Monona county field, he felt that he must seek rest by a change to a smaller and less exacting service.

His last pastorate of eleven years, beginning in

September of 1891, was at Alden. This field also enlarged as the years went by. For a part of the time, he served the church at Buckeye, and prepared the way for organizations at Burdette and Popejoy. He also served for nine years as a director of the Alden public schools. His death occurred July 4, 1905. His age at the time of his death was seventy years, one month, and twenty days.

I felt honored that he had beforehand asked me to speak for him at his burial, as I had done for his wife, when she died, February 8, 1903. The casket was draped with a flag; soldier comrades were guards of honor; floral tributes eloquently testified the love of the people. In his obituary, prepared for the State Minutes, Rev. J. E. Snowden wrote:

"One of the earliest friendships I formed after coming to Iowa was with C. M. Lyman. To know him was to love him. He was a grand man, simple in his faith, and simple in his life. His faith in and love for Christ was so deep that he could scarcely speak the name of his Savior without tears. His whole life was characterized by a spirit of love toward all, and a devotion to the kingdom of Christ which regarded sacrifice in the light of love. He was modest, faithful, and true. Of such as he, it was written long ago, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, for their works do follow them'".

Sixty-seventh sketch,

Hermann Ficke.

Hermann Ficke was born at Blumenthal, province of Hanover, Germany, April 19, 1838. He belonged to a family of seamen, and when a mere lad, he took his place "before the mast" and for many years, Old Ocean was his home. He visited many quarters of the globe, crossing the Atlantic nineteen times.

But all the while he was a student, devouring books as they came in his way. He read books by the light of the Midnight Sun at Archangel, in Northern Russia, and on the frozen Black Sea of Odessa. At length, a distinct call came to him, as he believed, to enter the gospel ministry, and with such preparation as he could pick up, began the work in the province of Pommerania, where he organized a church which remains a flourishing society to this day. He planned to go on a mission to Africa, but later changed his purpose, and in 1864, came to America, laboring first for one year among his countrymen at Birmingham, Pennsylvania. Not content to be simply a German in this, the English country of his adoption, and wishing to get into the American theology and the American religious life at its best, he spent three years at Andover Theological Seminary, graduating in June of 1868.

In September of this year, he began to build his great monument at DuBuque in 1869, but that had been Presbyterian land in 1853 by Pastor Van Vleet, who did not think that

Congregationalism was orthodox enough for his people. Another church had been organized in 1857, but when Mr. Ficke came, there was nothing left of it but a quarrel and a debt. At Mr. Ficke's first service, there was a congregation of five adults and two children, but he had come to stay, and was willing to wait. He did not wait long, for, one by one, and family by family, the German people of Dubuque gathered about him. He grew rapidly into the life of the city. In 1876, he was elected librarian of the city library, and held the position for ten years. From 1875 to 1896, he was a teacher of German in the public schools of the city. In the meantime, his church and Sunday school were growing in size and importance. He had at times four hundred in his Sunday School, and often two hundred in his congregation, and the value of the church property rose from nothing to twenty-five thousand dollars. For years, no citizen of Dubuque was greater factor in molding the life and the character of the city than was Hermann Ficke. After 1905, when Dr. E. S. Hill, of Atlantic, resigned, for six years Brother Ficke was at the head of the list as to the length of his pastorate. Dr. Salter was still pastor at Burlington, but not in full charge of the church. In the whole history of the state, there were only two longer pastorates, those of Drs. Salter and Robbins. From 1868 to 1911, is forty-three years; for so long a time was he pastor of Immanuel Kirke Dubuque.

The disease, quinsy, of which he died, developed into pneumonia. The end came peacefully, and without pain,

Sunday, June 4, 1911, aged seventy-three years, one month and fourteen days. So passed the prints of our German Congregational pastor in Iowa.

Mr. Ficke did not much commit himself to writing. Though a Home Missionary for many years, not one of his reports was published. For some years, Immanuel Church was reported quite frequently in Congregational Iowa, but always by Mrs. Ficke, who had the pen of a ready writer. I find one little bit of direct quotation from Mr. Ficke in Congregational Iowa, for November, 1888. This was in connection with the dedication of a church building. The quotation is as follows:

"This church was not built to magnify any denomination or body of men, but the Most High God. It was built for the people, and everyone is welcome, whether he came from the valleys of Switzerland, or the great German empire; whether he came with the Augsburg Confession, or the Heidelberg Catechism; the only question would be 'Do you feel that you are a sinner and need a Savior?' We are children of the Reformation, and believe in the subjective and objective principles of the reformers, justification by faith alone, and the Bible, the only rule of faith and practice. The Bible is still The Book, and will remain so until the end of time, for in the Old and New Testaments, we have Christ. The Bible has stood the test of the centuries, and such men as Leopold von Ranke, the greatest historian of the nineteenth century, died in the Christian faith, firmly believing the grand facts recorded in Holy Writ.

"In this house, in holy baptism, the little ones will be put in the arms of the Good Shepherd, and here the followers of Christ will gather around the communion table to partake of the bread and wine. Here, also, in hours of deepest sorrow, comfort will be found in the matchless hymns of the Fatherland."

"Who built this church? Christian people and the children of the Sunday school, for if it had not been for the self-denial and sympathy of the humble followers of Christ, your minister would long ago have lost heart, and given into other hands this work, which has cost him so much toil and care."

In one of her communications, Mrs. Ficke hints at the fact that her husband, to a large extent, lived apart from his brethren. He did not have much fellowship either with the German or the English churches of the state. He was so absorbed in his own particular work that he had but little time for fellowship outside.

In late years, the church withdrew itself almost completely from participation in the missionary work of the denomination. In another respect, as I think, Brother Ficke was at fault; he would not welcome any helper in the German works of the city. When we thought to establish a second German church in the outskirts, he resented it, and claimed that all the German element that could be counted as in any wise a Congregational element, belonged to him and his parish. So he magnified his office, and so he worked beyond his strength to cultivate his great field. Despite some little defects, he was a wonderful and glorious man.

Probably Dubuque has never had a more influential citizen. I have been told that "no man that ever lived in Dubuque has done so much for the young men of the city as Hermann Ficke. Find here a prosperous and trusty young man, and you are pretty sure to find Hermann Ficke somewhere in the process of his making."

All honor to this prince of our German helpers,
Hermann Ficke.

Sixty-eighth sketch,

John E. Elliott.

John Euclid Elliott, son of Eclid and Lucy Smith (Coit) Elliott, was born in New London, Connecticut, October 22, 1829. He was educated at Norwich and Marietta Academies, Marietta College, Amherst College, class of 1857, and Hartford Seminary, from which he graduated in 1860.

Immediately after graduating from the seminary, he became acting pastor at Barkhamstead, Connecticut; and this same year, 1860, November 2, he was married to Miss Mary A. Thompson, of East Windsor, then the seat of the Hartford Seminary. He served the Barkhamstead church for three years, and was then, May 6, 1863, ordained pastor of the church at Ridgebury, from which pastorate he was dismissed, May 16, 1865. He next had a two year's pastorate, 1865-67, at Higganum, and then supplied a year at Old Hadley, Massachusetts, and then came west.

In October of 1868, he was commissioned for Lucas Grove, Iowa, and the commission was renewed in 1869. From this field, in June of 1870, he reports:

"This church, five miles west of Muscatine, is an off shoot of Dr. Robbin's church and has been tenderly cared for by him and his people. The friendship of that dear pastor and his people is a great joy to us."

"During the past year, besides our own services, I have been preaching once and sometimes twice on the Sabbath in schoolhouses, from three to eight miles distant, and have

visited places fifteen and twenty miles away to preach. At Grand View, in Louisa county, I have preached in the German Congregational church at the request of your agent. At present I am preaching at Columbus City once a month, my people releasing me every fourth Sabbath for that purpose. I have just returned from my third visit to that place. That church, two years ago was apparently strong and flourishing, but unhappily was broken down, and I am caring for the fragments. Last Saturday morning, it being too cold to attempt the journey of twenty-two miles on horseback, with the uncertainties of getting across the Iowa River, I walked to Muscatine, five miles, took the cars to Clifton, twenty miles, and completed the journey on foot, three miles further. My congregation the next morning numbered eight, the severe weather keeping people at home. I walked home with a brother after church, three miles, took dinner, and walked some distance further to spend the night. Monday evening, preached to a full congregation in a school house, and walked about six miles further, on Tuesday morning, to visit and preach in another school house on the evening. I would gladly have spent the whole week thus, but an invalid wife made it necessary for me to return. I was kindly carried to the depot, there to be left by the train, with others.

"Walking three miles to the next station, I found my way accidentally to a church where a 'big meeting' was in progress. I was astonished at the noise and excitement, but being invited to join, did what I could under the circumstances. Taking my seat by the side of one of the 'mourners'

and putting some questions to him, I learned that the confusion was such that he was bewildered. He said, 'When I am alone, I can think, but here I know nothing.' At a similar meeting held nearer my home, one preacher said to another, who was attempting to sing: 'Shut up, Brother O., and go to shouting; we can do more at that.' Are we not called to preach the gospel?"

Later in this year, 1870, October 12th, Mr. Elliott was commissioned for Columbus, Nebraska, where he served for four years. In a report from this field, May 1871, he says:

"This field consists of three counties lying along the Pacific Railroad, and opened for settlement. Platte county contains a population of about two thousand; Columbus, ninety-three miles west of Omaha, has about six hundred inhabitants, and three houses of worship, Congregational, Episcopal, and Catholic. There is a Congregational organization with a few families at Silver Creek.

"The coming of your former agent, Rev. Mr. Reed, from Davenport, Iowa, to this place, has given a new complexion to things. There seems to be a new era as to attending church and prayer meeting. The week of prayer was observed with an attendance that was gratifying, and I think we shall soon add by letter a few who will greatly increase the strength of the church."

"To organize society here, to successfully encounter unbelief and worldliness, calls for all the good qualities in

a minister that many large parishes in the East demand. How needful that strong men should be willing to occupy such fields! Fremont, Columbus and Schuyler, are occupied. North Bend, Lone Tree, Grand Island, and other points on the Pacific Railway are growing and hopeful places. Altogether it is an inviting, important, and laborious field, and who is sufficient for the work? Yet I greatly enjoy it, and feel courageous as to the future."

In 1874, Mr. Elliott returned to the East, where he served the church at South Glastonbury, Conn., for five years; at Newington, 1880-84, and from 1884 to 1887, at Bridgewater. Mr. Elliott then removed to North Yakima, Washington, where he spent the remainder of his days, dying there January 19, 1888, aged fifty-eight years, two months and twenty-seven days.

This brother evidently belongs to Connecticut, not to Iowa, but his two years of service at Lucas Grove entitles him to the little place we give him in this imperfect sketch.

Sixty-ninth sketch,

Samuel V. McDuffee.

Samuel Valentine McDuffee, son of Samuel and Emily (Way) McDuffee, was born in Corinth, Vermont, January 9, 1835. He studied at Barre, Vermont, Academy, graduating in 1861. He entered Amherst College, but left after one year to enlist. He served in Company A, of the third New Hampshire Volunteers, from 1862 to 1865.

Returning from the army in 1865, he spent one year in Princeton Seminary, one year in Union, and one at Bangor, where he graduated in 1868. Before leaving the East, he was married September 15, 1868, to Mary Alice Patterson of Bangor.

With his bride, he came to Iowa, beginning in December of 1868, a pastorate of one year and one month at Wayne. He was ordained at Wayne by a Congregational Council, May 25, 1869. There are no memorials of his work at Wayne.

In January of 1870, he returned to the East, where within a few years, he had numerous pastorates. From January of 1870 to June of 1871, he was at Acworth, New Hampshire; from October of 1871 to November of 1873, at Barton, Vermont; from November of 1873 to November of 1874 at Fisherville, New Hampshire; from January of 1875 to March of 1882, at Ludlow Center, Massachusetts; from March of 1882 to March of 1884, at Brimfield, Mass.

He then had a pastorate of six years (March 1884 to April 1890) at Orange City, Florida. Returning north, he was for eight years (September 1890-August 1898) at Thetford, Vermont. From the year 1900 until his death, he was assistant pastor of the Hope church in Springfield, Massachusetts. He died at Springfield, February 28, 1904, aged sixty-nine years, one month, and eighteen days.

Here is another man who evidently does not belong to Iowa, but by virtue of that ordination and one year and one month of service at Wayne, we give him a little place in these sketches.

Seventieth sketch,

Hiram P. Roberts.

Hiram Page Roberts, son of Albert and Sally Maria (Stevens) Roberts, was born in Thomaston, Connecticut, September 22, 1831. He studied at Wilbraham (Massachusetts) Academy, and graduated from the Wesleyan University, in 1857. During his university course, November 22, 1856, he was married to Anna A. Blanchard, of Whitingham, Vermont.

His first occupation after graduation was that of teaching. From 1857 to 1861, he was principal of High Schools first at Milbury, Massachusetts, and then at Warsaw, Illinois. From Warsaw, he went to Quincy, and had begun teaching there when the war of the rebellion came on. Enlisting in the Eighty-fourth Illinois Regiment, he was at the front for about two years. He was the first lieutenant of his company. In one of the engagements in which he had a part, he received a shot which finally caused his death. This shot, however, did not finish his army service.

Returning to Quincy, he was ordained, April 19, 1863, and at once was appointed chaplain of the One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, in which capacity he served up to the close of the war.

A After the war, Mr. Roberts was for two years pastor of the Presbyterian church at Cairo, Illinois, and in 1867-8 he was at Peru.

In 1868, he came to Iowa, and had a pastorate of three years at Council Bluffs. Of this pastorate, in his History

of the church, N. P. Dodge says:

"Rev. H. P. Roberts, having accepted the call to the church, commenced his pastorate, November 7, 1868, the first year services were held in the church, on Pearl Street, the last service there being on September 14, 1869. The circumstances of the church demanding greater accommodations, the Pearl Street building was sold, and the ground broken for a new church, September 7, of this year. The work was pushed with such energy that in less than four months, about January 1, 1870, the building was enclosed, surmounted with a graceful spire, on March 3, the basement plastered and seated, and the congregation took possession, the rooms being dedicated to the worship of God. The church at this time had cost \$16,000, which had been raised and paid to the builders. The basement, which was mostly above ground, light, airy, and cheerful, had one large room for Sabbath school, church gatherings, and social worship, Bible and infant class rooms, library room, and kitchen.

"At about two thirty, on the morning of May 6th, a heavy wind swept down from the Northwest, with such tremendous fury, it carried the main building from its foundation, crushed the timbers to atoms, and scattered them in all directions, so that no appreciable part of the lumber was worth gathering up. This crushing blow did not long hold pastor and people in suspense. It was determined to rebuild. Subscriptions were renewed--the pastor went East, was well received by the churches, and raised among them for the

rebuilding, \$3,400. With this aid, the church was rebuilt. The frame work was made stronger, and the graceful spire omitted. The church began to forget its disaster, and to move forward with new courage and patient hope. Mr. Roberts resigned in May of 1871, and returned to Illinois, leaving a united church, grateful for his faithful service."

There was one report from Mr. Roberts himself from Council Bluffs, published in the Home Missionary, April 1869, which was as follows:

"Our church has long stood on your books as a beneficiary; but, thanks to God, and the Society, and the churches that lie back of the Society, it has been able to live until its feet and ankle-bones have received strength, so that it is no longer obliged to lie at the gate of the temple asking alms."

"Last fall, it pleased God to put it into the hearts of the congregation to become independent of foreign aid. They decided to try to raise a salary of \$1500. The whole amount was easily raised, and was promptly paid in monthly installments. In their prosperity, the church has not forgotten the aid received in the days of its weakness. The contribution which I send you with this, is not as large as I wish it was, but if you will credit us with what we do not take from you, it will make a pretty little sum.

"At the meeting of the church last Wednesday evening,, which was very fully attended, the following was unanimously passed: 'Whereas, This church, after a long struggle, during

which it was materially aided by the American Home Missionary Society, has through the favor of God, become self-supporting, therefore,

"Resolved, That we hereby express our sincere gratitude first to Almighty God, for his goodness to us in giving us a name among self-supporting churches. Second, to the American Home Missionary Society, for the aid received during the day of small things; and that we hereby pledge ourselves to assist it in its noble and necessary work, not only by our sympathy and our prayers, but by contributing to its funds, according as God shall prosper us."

Leaving the Council Bluffs pastorate, Mr. Roberts returned to Illinois, residing without charge at Galesburg for a season. From 1876 to 1880, he was acting pastor of the church at Wataga. He died of paralysis, resulting from the bullet wound received in one of the battles of the war of the rebellion, at Platian, Colorado, December 2, 1888, aged fifty-seven years, two months, and ten days.

Mr. Dodge's characterization of Mr. Roberts is as follows:

"He prepared his sermons with great care. His rich thoughts were clothed in simple language. His delivery was easy and attractive. Energetic, zealous, and always cheerful, he was an inspiration to his people through the trying times of church building and rebuilding."

Seventy-first sketch,

Fayette Hurd.

This good brother, in a recent communication, speaks for himself as follows:

"I was born, August 12, 1835, in the township of Burlington, Calhoun County, Michigan, the eldest of five children of Homer C. and Sarah Jane (McGee) Hurd, my father being from Roxbury, Connecticut, my mother from Bolton, Warren county, New York, had lately settled on a farm, part prairie and part oak openings, about two miles from Union City, where Deacon Chester Hammond and wife, as lay missionaries, had laid the foundations of a Congregational church. For several years in the forties, L. Smith Hobart was the pastor. Other pastors in my early days were Henry C. Morse, A. S. Kedzie, Reuben Hatch, and Sereno W. Streeter. My parents were among the early members of this church, and I united in 1854.

"I studied first in the State Normal School at Ypsilanti, and in 1856, entered the Sophomore class at the University of Michigan, graduating in 1859. After teaching a year in a family school in the South, I went, in 1860, to Andover Theological Seminary, graduating in 1863.

"My ministry began with a stay of something less than a year at Hancock, Michigan, and a briefer engagement at Lansing. Then came a year at Memphis, yoked with the Columbus church."

"Later, in 1868, November 15th, I went to Orford,

(afterwards Montour), Iowa, where I remained until the spring of 1876, going thence to Cherokee, and remaining with the church there until the fall of 1878.

"Family considerations led to a return to Michigan, where I served the church at Lainsburgh, four years; at Grand Blanc nearly five years, and at Nashville, two years."

"The education of a son led me to a change more ambitious than successful. We returned to Ann Arbor, placing our son in the High School, while I entered on a course of special study, receiving the degree of Ph. D. in 1891; my plan being to teach in positions where our son could pursue at least part of a college course.

"The following three years were spent in Vinita, Oklahoma, (then Indian Territory), teaching in Worchester Academy and preaching in the little church there. The last year I was acting principal of the school. It did not seem best to remain longer in Vinita, though urged to do so, and in view of the later fate of the academy, it has seemed possible that a decision made in the best attainable light may have been mistaken. It practically ended my work as either preacher or teacher, when I was in good health and a little short of sixty years old."

Having a son in Drury College, we came to Springfield, where we have since resided. Some inherited property enables us to get along in a humble way, though not to live a life of idleness. Various attempts at making a livelihood were tried with indifferent success, at times with considerable loss.

"In the fall of 1908, I made a brief trip to the conti-

From the above it will be seen that the following

principles are to be observed in the construction of

any system of weights and measures.

1. The unit of length is to be the metre.

2. The unit of mass is to be the kilogramme.

3. The unit of time is to be the second.

4. The unit of force is to be the dyne.

5. The unit of energy is to be the joule.

6. The unit of power is to be the watt.

7. The unit of temperature is to be the degree Celsius.

8. The unit of luminous intensity is to be the candela.

9. The unit of radioactivity is to be the curie.

10. The unit of magnetic flux is to be the weber.

11. The unit of electric charge is to be the coulomb.

12. The unit of electric potential is to be the volt.

13. The unit of electric resistance is to be the ohm.

14. The unit of electric capacitance is to be the farad.

15. The unit of electric inductance is to be the henry.

16. The unit of magnetic field strength is to be the oersted.

17. The unit of magnetic flux density is to be the tesla.

18. The unit of magnetic moment is to be the joule per tesla.

19. The unit of magnetic field strength is to be the oersted.

20. The unit of magnetic flux density is to be the tesla.

21. The unit of magnetic moment is to be the joule per tesla.

22. The unit of magnetic field strength is to be the oersted.

23. The unit of magnetic flux density is to be the tesla.

24. The unit of magnetic moment is to be the joule per tesla.

25. The unit of magnetic field strength is to be the oersted.

26. The unit of magnetic flux density is to be the tesla.

ment of Europe, from Rotterdam via Cologne, Frankfurt, Luzerne, Milan, Florence, and Rome, to Naples, thence to New York.

"In June, of 1909, I was one of thirteen out of a class of forty to meet at Ann Arbor, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the class of 1859. The whereabouts of five more were known then, or have been learned since."

"Two years ago last spring, I began work on the staff of the Daily Leader of this city, and have been steadily employed ever since. The work is, in many respects, congenial, giving me steady income. I enjoy excellent health, my chief trouble being two or three hard colds a year, which do not reach my lungs. I am in my seventy-fifth year, apparently good for some years of service and of life, not without joy, if God wills."

"I was married in 1866 at Ascutneyville, Vermont, to Miss Julia T. Robinson, of that place. We have a son a graduate of Drury College in 1897, and for most of the time since on the staff of the St. Louis Post despatch."

"We have the joy of being grandparents, and are as foolishly fond of the little folks as grandparents are likely to be."

"I don't feel much like bragging about what I have been or done. Perhaps the thing I regret most is that I did not take my work seriously enough. I may frankly own that I left the ministry with a sense that it was the proper thing to do. I had somewhat grown out of touch with the work. In my present life, I feel the need of daily fellowship with my

Father and my Savior. I am more in sympathy with the Christian interpretation of life, and have a broadening view of God's universal fatherhood. I have no proper conception of what lies behind the veil. But I believe that life more abundant is there, and that He who is to us the nearest of all beings in the universe, will be revealed a little more fully there, and that His Son, our Elder Brother, will be still more the central figure there, than he is increasingly in this world."

Seventy-second sketch,

Allen Clark,

Allen Clark, son of William and Jane (Allen) Clark, was born in Whitehall, Washington county, New York, October 12, 1841. Here he spent his early years, and from this home, attended the Conference Academy at West Poultney, Vermont. In 1865, he graduated from the Connecticut Wesleyan University, and from the Union Theological Seminary, of New York, in 1868.

He was ordained May 2, 1868, at Seymour, Connecticut; and here he was married in 1869 to Miss Rhoda Kendall. His first pastorate, beginning in November of 1868, and continuing until March of 1872, was at Wilton, Iowa.

In 1873, Mr. Clark returned to the East, and for a few months supplied the church at Huntington, Connecticut, and a little later, the church at Whitehall, New York. In January of 1874, he became pastor of the Olivet church in Bridgeport, Connecticut, his time of service here covering a period of six years.

In 1880, we find him up in Vermont, stationed at Bradford and Fairlee. He was dismissed from this charge, September 30, 1884. At this time, he began a pastorate at Manchester, Vermont, from which he was dismissed November 16, 1886. This was the end of Mr. Allen's work in the East. From that day to this (1914) he has been identified with the work of the churches in the Middle West.

He first went to Nebraska city, and labored there for a

short time, and then for a little longer time, he was without charge.

In 1890, he returned to Iowa, and took charge of the work at Lewis and Bear Grove. In 1893-95, he was pastor of the Second Church in Ottumwa, and in 1896-98, at Agency. Since 1899, he has been laboring in Minnesota, having had pastorates at Cass Lake and Farris, Brainerd, Bermidje, Lake Itasca, and also Manvel and Grand Forks, North Dakota; and later he was Dawson, West Duluth, and Akley, where he is now located.

Under date of January 28, 1914, Mr. Clark writes:

"I am now seventy-two years old, but in good health and active service. For three years, I was Assistant Home Missionary Superintendent, with Northern Minnesota as my field."

Mr. Clark is a tall, spare man, with hair once as black as a raven's wing, and an eye almost as bright as a coal of fire. His temperament is of the most pronounced sanguine type, and his movements, quick and nervous. He is fluent in speech, fertile in imagination, well posted in literature, theology, and current events, and has decided opinions and convictions respecting all political issues. He is a special advocate of the laboring man and the poor.

We gladly give him an honored place in the list of our Iowa men, but acknowledge that he belongs to Minnesota.

Seventy-third sketch,

Horace Dutton.

Horace Dutton, son of George D. and Mary (Pomeroy) Dutton, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 16, 1840. He was educated at the Boston Latin School, Yale College, of the class of 1862, and Andover Seminary, from which he graduated in 1866.

In 1866-7, he was pastor at West Newbury, Massachusetts, and at Wareham in 1867-8. Here he was ordained in January of 1868. In December of the same year, he began a pastorate of two years at Eddyville, Iowa.

He then took a year of post-graduate work at Andover Seminary; and was then located for nine years (1870-79) at Northborough, Massachusetts. At the beginning of this pastorate, August 24, 1870, he was married to Martha G. Sweet, of Auburndale, Mass. She died June 25, 1871. While still at Northborough, September 3, 1873, he was married to Frances Newell Bird, of East Walpole, Massachusetts. She died September 30, 1901.

In 1879, being out of health, Mr. Dutton retired from technical pastoral work, but continued as a Volunteer Christian Worker for many years. For a time he was assistant pastor at Berkeley Temple, Boston. He was also connected with the Rescue work of the Boston Morgan Memorial. From 1900 to 1906, he was the European Representative of the World's Christian Endeavor Union. He had the honor of introducing the Endeavor Society into Norway.

In his retirement, Mr. Dutton has made his home, for the most part, at Auburndale, a suburb of Boston. He is now, in 1914, seventy-four years of age. In a communication dated June 10, 1914, he says:

"I do not think my record particularly important. I feel that the less said about your humble servant the better. I have tried to serve the Kingdom and my Master. The intentions have been good, but the performance -----."

"As to the outlook on life now at the age of seventy-four, I can only say that I am an optimist, and that my one desire is to seek first the Kingdom of God. All things tend to unity, and all that promotes unity deeply interests me. I am a pacificationist, and expansionist, and a humble follower of my Lord and Master; but as to things done, results attained, I have nothing to say.

Very truly yours.

Horace Dutton."

Seventy-fourth sketch,

John D. Bell.

There is no material for a sketch. According to our State Minutes, Mr. Bell was ordained in 1864. By what route he traveled up to that point does not appear. The records are silent as to his movements from 1864 to 1868.

February 12, 1868, he was commissioned from Monticello, Iowa. The commission was renewed in 1869. Evidently he did not stay at Monticello through the second year, for November 14, 1869, he was commissioned for Emporia, Kansas, and the commission was not renewed.

At this point, his name was dropped from the records; and at this point ends this fragment of a sketch.

Seventy-fifth sketch,

Hollie S. Clark.

Hollie Sampson Clark was born in Bath, New Hampshire, March 8, 1838. He was a student in Dartmouth College in 1856, and 1857, but not a graduate. In 1860-62, he attended Hartford Seminary, but graduated from Andover in 1863. He was ordained at Raymond, Wisconsin, October 27, 1863, Rev. Joseph W. Healy, later of Iowa, then of Milwaukee, preaching the sermon. His pastorate here was continued for two years. In 1865-66, he was pastor of the Presbyterian church at New Lisbon. In 1867-68 he was at Lisbon, Illinois, and then came over into Iowa.

He began at Genoa Bluffs and Williamsburg, January 1, 1869, and on this field died in office May 26, 1873.

In an obituary sketch, published in the Home Missionary for August, 1873, Sup't Pickett said:

"Rev. H. S. Clark, late Home Missionary at Williamsburg and Genoa Bluffs died at the age of thirty-five years. He preached in Williamsburg and Genoa Bluffs four and a half years with eminent success. Many young men were there converted to Christ, and houses of worship were built on both his fields during his pastorate."

"His was a sweet, loving, Christian spirit, that reminded one of the beloved disciple. On his return from the County Sabbath School convention, he was taken ill of

typhoid-pneumonia, and after twelve days passed peacefully away."

"He said: 'Life is very pleasant to me, but if God wills it, certainly I am ready to go.' Among his last words were these---'Pray for me that my faith fail not.'

"He leaves a noble Christian widow, who writes: 'In such separation and utter desolateness, there is only one ray of comfort---it is God who hath done it, and he knows best.' The churches are very deeply bereaved, and almost unconsolable. May this sad providence prove rich in blessings to them!"

Seventy-sixth sketch,

David Wirt.

David Wirt, son of George and Catherine (May) Wirt, was born in Perry township, Ohio, October 2, 1821. He studied at Oberlin from 1841 to 1844, but did not graduate from college or seminary.

From 1844 to 1847, he worked at saddlery, but at the same time studied theology with an uncle, April 3, 1845, he was married to Sarah Corbin of Sheffield, Ohio. In 1847, he began the work of a colporteur in the northern part of the state. May 3, 1848, he was licensed to preach by the German Reformed Church. As the name indicates, Mr. Wirt was of German descent. In October of 1848, he was stationed at Rehoboth, with five preaching stations, and on this field he was ordained February 25, 1849.

In September of 1850, Mr. Wirt became a Congregationalist. He began his long Congregational pilgrimage at Hartford, Ohio. In December of 1850, he changed from Hartford to Mt. Liberty. In September of 1853, we find him at Henry, Illinois, in 1855, he was at Amboy. In 1856, he went back to Ohio, and from June of this year to October of 1857, had charge of the work in the Seaman's chapel at Toledo. He next had a year's pastorate, 1857-8 at Ligon, Indiana; the next, November 1858 to May 1860, at Allegan, Michigan; the next, June 1860 to June 1862, at Lamont.

It was time now for a more radical change. From June of 1862 to November of 1863, he was a General Missionary

in the Muskegon Valley, with residence continued at Lamont. Now, he drops back into the pastorate for a season, and from December of 1863 to December of 1865, was pastor at Portland. New Baltimore was his next field, and he was here from December of 1865 to February of 1867; then from April of 1867 to May of 1869, at South Haven.

Now comes his Iowa pilgrimage. He was settled at Ft. Dodge from May of 1869 for two whole years, and then, for a year, he was General Missionary for Northwestern Iowa. In the December number of the Home Missionary for 1869, we find the following:

"The Fort Dodge church, under the care of Rev. David Wirt, is building a chapel, 22x36, to cost about two thousand dollars. Mr. Wirt is extending his missionary labors to the surrounding country, rapidly filling up with a promising class of settlers."

In January of 1870, there was another note as follows:

"The Congregational church at Ft. Dodge, formed fourteen years ago, was reorganized in August last, with twenty-one members, under the missionary care of Rev. D. Wirt. Driven from place for temporary worship, they undertook the erection of a brick chapel and pastor's study, costing \$1,900.

The church and Sabbath School were hoping to enter their new house on the first Sabbath in December."

From July of 1872 to July 1873, he was located at Bloomington, Wisconsin; then for two years at West Rosendale. From this field, he reports, May 1874, as follows:

"Great interest clusters around our fellowship meetings.

Meetings have been held at Green Lake, Brandon, and Fair Water. Mr. Doe is usually with us, and every meeting increased in interest. On the day of Prayer for colleges, Pres. Merriam, of Ripon College, preached in the morning, a sermon full of Christ, and in the afternoon and evening prayer and conference meetings were held, where eight or ten rose for prayers, some of them young men in the advanced college classes. It was a day long to be remembered.'

In November of the same year, Mr. Wirt, reviewing twenty-five years of his ministry, writes:

"It is a grief to me that I have done so little for the Master, but I do not regret that twenty-five years the strength and vigor of my manhood have been given to Home Missions. No; God be praised, that I have been permitted to preach the gospel to the poor in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin. Some precious souls, I believe, have been brought to Jesus, that shall be the crown of my rejoicing. True, I have always been poor, and it has been a constant struggle to provide for my family. But usually, we have had enough. I had an early offer to go into business--as did a classmate, abandoning the ministry. He is now president of a national bank, has gained some political honors, and is worth, probably, two hundred thousand dollars. I said to him, some time since, 'Brother ----, let me now go into this bank and make some money, while you take my place, and preach the gospel to the poor,' He did not accept; nor would I exchange places with him."

From May to December of 1875, Mr. Wirt was stationed at Markesan; from December 1875 to December 1876, at Oakfield, and from May, 1877, to May 1879, at Plymouth.

Next we find him down in Illinois, May 1879 to May 1880, at Des Plaines, and from May 1880 to November 1881 at Chebance.

Is it not time now, for our itinerant to be invading a new state? This time, it is North Dakota, where from June of 1881 to November of 1887, he was General Missionary, with residence first at Cleveland, and then at Jamestown.

Oregon comes next, for a portion of the year, December 1887-October 1888, he was General Missionary in the Eastern part of the state. Then, he moved up into Washington, and from October of 1888 to June of 1890, he was pastor at Medical Lake. Next, in 1890, for a short time, he had charge of the work at Fort Gamble.

Where now? Californai, of course, from July of 1891 to September of 1892, at Tiburon; and from November, 1892 to April 1894, at Kenwood. This seems to have ended his preaching pilgrimage. In all these changes, he had with him a wife, and from first to last, nine children. I wonder what the family report of this pilgrimage would be. His children have turned out well. One of the daughters is a missionary in Siam; and a son, Rev. Royal Wirt, once Superintendent of Home Missions in Alaska, and later Dr. Brown's assistant, in Oakland, is now (1914) pastor at Campello, Massachusetts. Mr. Wirt finally ended the pilgrimage of his life in Oakland, California, June 16, 1900, aged seventy-eight years eight months, and fourteen days.

As I knew Mr. Wirt at the age of fifty, or thereabout, he was a small, spare man, with a very wrinkled face, alert, active, nervous, restless, always in a hurry to get to the next place, enthusiastic, intent upon his missionary schemes and campaigns, fervent in his piety, evangelistic in temper and spirit, unceasing in his efforts to do good. In his way, in his day and generation, he was a useful man. There are monuments of his work in several states.

Seventy-seventh sketch,

William F. Rose.

William F. Rose, son of Thomas and Huldah (Wilmarth) Rose, was born in Victor, New York, April 21, 1835. He carried on his preparatory studies at Albion, Michigan, and graduated from the Northwestern University in 1862. He was ordained December 29, 1863. In 1864, he was acting pastor at Lowell, Michigan. May 10, 1864, he was married to Sarah B. Devendorf, who died May 16, 1874. In 1865, Mr. Rose was pastor at Vienna. In June of 1865, a report was published in the Home Missionary from Pine Run, which is as follows:

"The church here intends to raise my salary, the coming year, without calling on the Home Missionary Society for aid, if it is possible. Indeed, they have already raised six hundred dollars by slip rent, and intend to raise two hundred dollars more. Then you consider that until this year, they have never raised over about three hundred dollars, you will see that the community is becoming decidedly more in earnest than ever before in respect to the support of the gospel. Our audiences have more that doubled since I commenced my labors here ten months ago. We are much encouraged, and believe that so hearty an effort to support the gospel, must be the harbinger of brighter days in spiritual things. While this church feels greatly indebted to your society for its long continued assistance, they rejoice at their increasing strength and hope no more to seek aid at your hands, but henceforth to

stand among sister churches, free and able to aid in enlarging your labors."

July 7, 1869, Mr. Rose came to Iowa, locating at Waukon. A note in the December Home Missionary of 1869 reports:

"Rev. W. F. Rose, joyfully announces the efforts of his people that, with a pledge of five hundred dollars from the Congregational Union, have reduced the church debt from \$2,800, to \$1,300, with a fair prospect of lifting the balance."

Mr. Rose at Waukon was a neighbor to Father J. R. Upton, who in 1869, went up into the Sioux country, and in June of 1870, organized his first church at Cherokee. Undoubtedly, Father Upton called on Brother Rose to come and help him out in his new work. At any rate, September 1, 1870, we find him at Cherokee, beginning a pastorate of five years with the new church in this frontier region. The church prospered under his care, and he had a part in the religious development of the region roundabout. He was one of the charter members of the Sioux Association, when it was organized with five churches and five ministers in the spring of 1872. There is one report from the Cherokee field during this pastorate. The communication, November 1874, is as follows:

"It is nearly four years since I first took charge of this little church, then in its infancy, and having only twelve members. At the end of three years, there were twenty-nine--a slow, but steady growth. Then, for three months, the church was without a pastor. Last February I was called to resume my position. The twenty-nine members have increased to sixty-three--the church having more than doubled within

the last six months. Two-thirds of those uniting have been heads of families, and those the most intelligent and influential families in the place. Within the last six months, our church edifice, for which we have labored so hard, has been dedicated. It is a beautiful house. Our Sabbath school is flourishing, and the prayer meeting increasing in size and interest. Thus God has greatly blessed us, and we feel encouraged to labor with greater zeal than ever. We have yearly reduced the amount asked for, and hope soon not only to support ourselves, but to return liberally into your treasury, May God bless the great mission field, those who fill the treasury, and those who direct the disbursements of the Society."

Closing his work at Cherokee in 1875, Mr. Rose was without charge until 1883, when he became pastor of the church at Pecatonica, Illinois, and was in service there for two years.

In 1886 and 1887, he was pastor at Pierre, South Dakota, In 1888, he moved out to the coast, stopping first at Port Gamble, Washington. Then, from 1890 to 1895, he was at Houghton, and vicinity; and in 1866-68, at Stellacoom. He died of paralysis at Tacoma, February 17, 1898, aged sixty-one years, nine months, and twenty-six days. He was the first pastor at Cherokee. He helped to make that noble church what it is to-day. His whole ministry was fruitful. We are glad to give him a place among the pastors of Iowa.

Seventy-eighth sketch,

Davis R. Barker.

Davis Robert Barker was born at Hope, in the state of Maine, July 16, 1813. His parents, Robert and Hannah (Minott) Barker, were of English Puritan stock. They located in Maine, but removed to Monroe, Ohio, when the subject of this sketch was nineteen years of age.

Trained to habits of industry and economy, with only the educational facilities common to the masses in that early day, he yet developed in his youth a peculiar thoughtfulness, originality, independence, and decision of mind that marked him as a leading spirit. Possessed of strong convictions, and a keen sense of wrong, he sympathized deeply with the oppressed, and had scarcely reached his majority when he publicly advocated the antislavery cause, whenever opportunity offered. Even when sceptical in regard to Christianity, he never doubted the doctrine of universal freedom; and it was largely his activity and earnestness in that cause, bringing him as it did into contact with Christian workers in the same field, that became the means of his conversion.

"Becoming a Christian at the age of twenty-five, he felt called of God to preach that gospel which he had labored to destroy. After spending three years in Oberlin Theological Seminary, he was graduated in 1842, and was ordained August 23, of the same year. He was married August 24, 1843, to Amy Ann Chamberlain. From the Seminary he went to Johnson, Humboldt county, Ohio, where he labored two years;

then he was two years at Canfield; for three months he acted as financial agent of Oberlin College, but preferring to preach the gospel, he went to Mercer, Pennsylvania, where, for seventeen years, he labored in the gospel, both in his own church, and in destitute neighborhoods around. On leaving Mercer, he spent five years at Jay's Mills, in Crawford county, Pennsylvania.

He next came to Iowa, locating at College Springs in Page county, where he was installed pastor of the Congregational church, October 13, 1870. He began his work at College Springs in August of 1869. While in this field, in October of 1870, he reports:

"The third quarter of my missionary labor in this field has been one of severe trial. While laboring last fall to get the meeting house plastered and warmed, so that we could use it during the winter, I over-worked, and exposed myself, and the result was a rheumatic fever. I suffered much for four or five weeks, and have not been able to speak for ten weeks. During my sickness, with aid pledged from the Congregational Union, the house was finished. Last Sabbath, it was ready to be used, and I was able to preach. That it was a joyful day for us, I need not say. The house was full. It seats three hundred and fifty. Our friends and neighbors who met with us were happy. The Sabbath school children were happy, and we were all as happy as we well could be. Without a house, we were almost nothing. With the house, we have a place and position in the community worth having. How kind the Lord has been to us! Fifteen have recently been added

to the church, and some others are waiting for an opportunity to unite."

In April of 1874, Mr. Barker reports a revival. He says:

"We commenced the week of prayer with trembling. The church was feeble, divided, distracted, and apparently almost dead. Every evil influence about us seemed to have been let loose upon the church. A Methodist preacher came to visit his friends. We set him at work, and soon found that the Spirit was with him. Our difficulties have vanished, and our hatred has been turned to love. The whole community has been stirred to its depths. There have been from forty to sixty hopeful conversions. The work is just now at its height."

There is still a third report from this field, published in December of 1874, which is as follows:

"The spirit of revival has been well maintained, and of late I think there is an increase of religious feeling."

"At the close of our financial year, the church passed the following resolve: 'In taking our leave of the Home Missionary Society, we take pleasure in expressing our gratitude for the aid it has bestowed upon us. A feeble church, isolated from sister churches, we could not have been sustained but for its timely and continued aid. With it, and the blessing of God, we have become self-sustaining. Our constant prayer shall be for the prosperity of the Society, and we will contribute to its support as God gives us ability.'"

"May God's richest blessing rest upon the Society and its officers, whose aid and sympathy I have highly prized for the last five years."

Mr. Barker died October 22, 1875, in the sixty-third year of his life. He had performed his usual day's labor, after which he went to the Post Office. As he returned to start home, he fell and instantly expired.

Mr. Pickett, in the Home Missionary for January, 1876, speaks of Mr. Barker as follows:

"It is my painful duty to record the sudden death of Davis R. Barker, who had for many years borne the commission of the Home Missionary Society, and whose church some two years since reached self-support.

"I had recently visited this remote field, and aided in a fellowship meeting. Mr. Barker was then in excellent health and spirits, and deeply anxious for the welfare of his people. But a few days after, without the slightest premonition, he fell dead upon the street, in a fit of apoplexy."

"Six years since, Brother Barker entered upon his labors with this church. It was small in numbers, without a house of worship, and isolated from all others of our denomination. His strong faith and indefatigable labors, ably seconded by his people, a neat house of worship was dedicated about four years ago, (October, 1870). Two years since, he became deeply anxious for the spiritual welfare of the community. A revival followed such as probably no place of equal size in the state was ever witnessed. It spread among all classes, so that two hundred or more united with the different churches. The town was revolutionized in sentiment (it had been a stronghold of infidelity) and the church assumed self-support."

"Mr. Barker was a very positive, earnest, radical reformer. Yet to the simplicity and tenderness of a child, he added a rare combination of Christian virtues, which endeared him to all who knew him. A shining light has faded from our extreme frontier, and God only knows who can kindle it again."

Father Todd of Labor, brings a like testimony. He says:

"Mr. Barker was a man of deep piety. In him were happily blended guileless simplicity, ardent love for God, and fearless moral courage. His very presence seemed to inspire devotion, and draw the soul Heavenward. His earnest words, through flowing tears, urging his brethren to faithfulness, will not soon be forgotten by them. While he was bold and unfaltering in maintaining his own convictions, yet no one was more tolerant, charitable, and forgiving than he. A true patriot, he was loyal to his country in the time of her peril, and labored in public and in private in her behalf. Secret societies were an offence to him. His artless soul abhorred them in all their forms. As a man he was upright, public-spirited, self-forgetful, generous, genial, condescending, and hospitable. As a student, he was thorough, industrious, and persevering. As a speaker, his words were with power. His style was logical rather than ornate. He spoke only what he believed, and therefore threw his whole soul into them with an irresistible earnestness and pathos. His ministry was an eminently successful one."

Seventy-ninth sketch,

William Henry Burnard.

William Henry Burnard, son of Henry and Hannah (Sleep) Burnard, was born in Bodmin, Cornwall, England, March 7, 1829. The date of his coming to America is not given, but it must have been in his childhood, for it is reported that he fitted for college in the preparatory department at Galesburg, and graduated from Knox College in 1851. He took his theology at Lane Seminary, graduating in 1854. The same year, he was ordained and began his ministry at Hazel Green, Wisconsin, in the Presbyterian church of that place. In 1855, he made a change to Roscoe, Illinois. Here he was married November 12, 1856, to Sarah Cole, one of his parishioners. In 1857, he was back in Wisconsin at Shopiere, and Clinton. In 1864, he began a short pastorate at Green Bay; in 1865-6, he was at Broadhead, and 1866-69, at Mineral Point. From Mineral Point, in July of the year 1867, he reports:

"The past quarter has revealed a more hopeful state of things among us than we have seen before many months. When I wrote my report for the year ending March 1, we were holding some extra meetings. No very deep feeling was developed, and the church as a whole did not get much interested in the work; still we had several conversions. Last Sabbath, nine persons, all but one adults, united with the church by profession, and four by letter. I am sorry to hear that the treasury of the Society is embarrassed. I have the pleasure of informing you that this church has

decided not to draw from your treasury any longer. This good result indicates not only a little increase of strength, but a great increase of courage and liberality on the part of our people."

In September of 1869, Mr. Burnard came over into Iowa, locating at Mt. Pleasant. He was in service here until May of 1871. From 1871 to 1875, he had charge of the church at Jefferson, Illinois. He then returned to Iowa for a twelve years' pastorate at Algona, where Father Chauncey Taylor had labored for twenty years. At the Semi-Centennial celebration of the church, Rev. W. J. Suckow, pastor of the church (1898-1902) in his historical address, spoke of Mr. Burnard's pastorate as follows: "Mr. Burnard was a strong man, wise, patient, faithful; and the years of his labors with and for the church were years of steady progress and healthy growth. In 1883, the church celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. In the closing words of his sermon on that occasion, Mr. Burnard expressed the hope that his people might soon rally to the project of erecting a new and larger building, as the old one had become entirely inadequate to their present needs. This hope was realized in 1886, when the present handsome edifice was completed and dedicated in the month of June to the service of God.

"The dedication of the new church was the high water mark of Mr. Burnard's pastorate. Two years later he felt that his best work for the people was done, and he resigned his charge."

From Algona, in February of 1889, Mr. Burnard went to Miles and Preston. A pastorate here of three years closed

his active ministry.

His daughter, Julia, a graduate of Iowa College, was at that time teaching in LaGrange, Illinois. It was natural that he should select this as the place of retirement in old age. He had a decade to wait for his release. He died January 24th, 1902, aged seventy-two years, ten months, and seventeen days.

Of course I was quite intimately associated with Mr. Burnard during his pastorate at Algona. For seven years we were in the same association, and then, as Secretary of the I. C. M. M. S. , I had frequent occasion to be at Algona. It usually cost the church one hundred dollars to have a visit from me.

My most vivid recollections of Rev. Burnard, however, were connected with our summer outings at the Clear Lake Retreat. He was one of the stockholders of the corporation. I can see him now, at the door of his tent, a venerable patriarch, with his long whiskers covering his breast. There he would sit, hour after hour, quietly enjoying the scenery, or the activities, sports, and antics of his fellow campers. He did not care to mingle with us in our sports or labors about the grounds; it was enough for him to look on.

This will indicate that he had a phlegmatic temperament. He took things easy; he allowed others to do the fretting. But he was industrious and faithful to his tasks. His churches prospered under his administration; Algona is in part the product of his work. He helped to build the Commonwealth.

Eightieth sketch,

George F. Bronson.

George Franklin Bronson, son of Leonard and Nancy (Richardson) Bronson, was born in Middlebury, Connecticut, January 21, 1821. He studied at Phillip's Academy, and graduated from Hartford Seminary in 1849. September 30th, 1850, he was married to Miss Charlotte Maria Holt, of Andover, Massachusetts.

His first pastorate was at Shelburne Falls, Mass., where he was ordained February 19, 1851. From 1852 to 1857 he was in charge of the Presbyterian church at Sackett's Harbor, New York, and from 1858 to 1860 he was at Paris Hill in the same state. He had also a pastorate in Ohio at Kirkland, beginning in January of 1861, and closing in May of 1869.

From September of 1869 to September of 1872, he was pastor at Postville, Iowa. He then went over into Wisconsin, and was pastor for seven years (1872-1879) at Clinton. From 1879 to 1881, he was located at Odell, Ill.

His last parish was at LaSalle, where he died, in office, February 6, 1883, aged sixty-two years and sixteen days.

I had only a slight acquaintance with Brother Bronson. I met him two or three times while he was pastor at Postville. He was a solid man, physically and otherwise; he did substantial work. Iowa had only a little fraction of the man in her service.

Eighty-first sketch,

Horace B. Woodworth.

Horace Bliss Woodworth, son of Oral and Amanda (Allen) Woodworth, was born in Chelsea, Vermont, March 1, 1830. He was educated at Thetford Academy, Dartmouth College (class of 1854) and Hartford Theological Seminary (from which he graduated in 1861). Between his courses at college and seminary, he was married August 6, 1857, to Phoebe P. Clark, of Lynne, New Hampshire.

He was ordained at Hebron, Connecticut, February 28, 1862, and was pastor of this church from that date up to December 29th, 1864. His next pastorate, at Ellington, Connecticut, was from February 8, 1865, to August 24, 1869.

In September of 1869 he came out to Iowa, and located at Charles City. His pastorate here covered a period of three years. In September of 1872 he accepted a call to Decorah, becoming there the successor of Ephraim Adams, then called to the superintendancy of Home Missions in Iowa. In this field he lived and labored for a full decade.

Leaving Decorah in 1882, he was for a time without settled employment, his residence being at Mitchell, South Dakota. In September of 1885, he was called to the chair of History in the State University at Grand Forks, North Dakota. This position he held for nineteen years, and then for two years longer, up to the time of his death, he was professor emeritus. While in the University, he published an outline of a study of the Reformation Period, and Civil

Government in North Dakota.

He died at Grand Forks, December 21, 1906, aged seventy-six years, nine months and twenty days.

After a fashion, while Mr. Woodworth was in Iowa, he and I were chums. The beginning of our acquaintance was not very promising. When he came to candidate at Charles City, he came up to call on me at Osage. He was very reticent and noncommittal. About all he did in the way of conversation was to grunt out an answer, yes or no. But he thawed out at last, and I found him very congenial. He was about as full of fun and mischief as a preacher is permitted to be. Still, he was not a "good mixer." He could not meet people easily. I think pastoral visiting was a good deal of a bore to him. In the pulpit he was superb; but he belonged properly to the school room. He found his place when he struck the University of North Dakota.

A lovable, forceful, valuable man was this Horace B. Woodworth. He left his mark at Charles City, and Decorah. He helped to create North Dakota University.

Eighty-second sketch,

Benjamin A. Dean.

Benjamin Angier Dean, son of James and Keziah Stearns (Hyde) Dean, was born in Shrewsbury, Mass. November 4, 1838. In writing of his childhood Mr. Dean says:

"My earliest recollection is of visiting with my mother and elderly woman who was dying. Her low sepulchral voice filled me with fear. It is not well for children to be introduced to such a scene. The awe of it I have never forgotten. Six months later came the strange sight of some fifty eyes in our old school house looking me thru and thru at my first entrance upon school life.

A little later, as I was approaching the church for the first time in my remembrance, I jumped with terror at the thundering sound of the big bell right above me. But I was fascinated with the stringed and wind instruments that were with the large choir. I also call to mind my first Sabbath School attendance in which a sedate and dignified woman taught some thirty or forty of us children.

The usual experiences of country boys, hunting, fishing, bathing, skating, coasting, nutting, berrying, playing in and out of doors, were mine, along with my five brothers and one sister. Fortunately we were set early to work, and were kept away from bad company, and were at home evenings, and had a district school library of two or three score books. We had good teachers, with spelling schools, speaking, singing, and debating outside of the ordinary

school work. We had also some good lectures in our school house.

In our town of fifteen hundred people, drinking, dancing, and cheap shows were not prominent. The two churches and Sunday Schools were fairly filled. In our home we heard the Gospel read and preached every morning at family worship, and we were constant attendants at church and Sunday School. I had a start in Latin in the home school. In the winter of '55 and '56 I attended the Berlin boarding school nine miles distant, continuing there my Latin and algebra, and working to pay my way.

Part of my earnings the next summer were never paid, but, beginning with August 1856 I studied for three months at Thetford Academy, Vermont; pawning my watch and violin to pay my bills, and walking part of the way home. With what I earned teaching four months of the winter of '56 and '57 I started in at Phillips Academy, Andover, entering the Senior class. I there worked, sawing wood, setting glass, in the hay field and in the garden, etc., so that I paid most of my way that year, accepting however gifts of clothing from the Academy and some in the Berlin church.

In July of 1858 fifty five of us graduated from the Academy.

In 1858 I entered Amherst College with fifty dollars in my pocket, and in four years I graduated with the same amount. I enjoyed, and profited fairly by my College course. I doubt whether I had any favorite study, unless it was the Greek Testament. I stuck pretty closely to the curriculum. The most of my studies came hard to me. I had to be out

teaching one eighth of the time. I think I had as little money as any one, and as poor clothing. I saved wood, built college fires, carted trunks, cared for the gymnasium, bought and sold second hand furniture, worked hard in vacation, and sometimes walked all the way between College and home. I enjoyed my religious opportunities at the College. I had some pecuniary aid from the American Education Society, and part of my bills were refunded. Out of our class of fifty five twenty two entered the christian ministry."

Dr. Dean had four years of Seminary life. The year '62 to '64 he spent at Princeton, but graduated from Union Seminary in 1865; and took a resident graduate course at Andover '65-'66.

During his Seminary course he was drafted for the army, but purchased his exemption, and finished his studies without loss of time. He did some work for the country, however, serving under the Christian Commission in the Washington and Maryland Hospitals, and in the central office of the commission in Philadelphia.

In November of '65 he was brought very low in sickness, and in that experience covenanted with the Lord if He would spare his life, he would take the first work offered him, however lowly or hard the field might be.

About a week before the close of his Seminary year at Andover, July 20, 1866, he was ordained in his native town, Shrewsbury, Dr. Ebenezer Cutler of Worcester, Massachusetts preaching the sermon.

His first work was in Minnesota. Of this he writes:

"Having been appointed by the American Missionary Society to Minnesota, I started early in September (1866). I floundered about in southern Minnesota in one vacancy and another for several months--then spent six months in a New England Colony Zumbrota, as a supply--doing my best there. (His commission was dated December 1, 1866). Then I had an equally enjoyable two months at a Mississippi river town (the name not given), but there they thought me too inexperienced to be their pastor. Then after engaging to serve for a year a church above St. Paul, (Monticello) I went back east, and was married and returned."

He was married September 2, 1867, to Miss Ellen Fleroma Palmer, daughter of Rev. and Eleanor (Hubbard) Palmer of Woodstock, Conn. In one of his communications he tells of meeting this lady just after graduating from the Seminary at the home of a mutual friend--"A woman, he says, whom I loved at first sight. We lived together thirty one and one half years--a very superior woman she was!"

In the two years of his pastorate in Monticello, twenty one were received to membership, some of them becoming later pillars in the church of Minneapolis. From this field, Oct. of '68 he reports as follows:

"Three months ago I ceased teaching in the Sabbath school and began preaching in the school houses from two to ten miles distant, to audiences varying from fifteen to fifty. In four cases after the sermon, a Sabbath school was organized, and these schools are attended by from fifteen to fifty."

These districts are small, but the people will not go to any other meetings.

I wish to call your attention to the destitution of the county seat--Buffalo. There are a dozen houses in the center, two hotels, a liquor saloon, and a court house. This field with a radius of six or eight miles, and a population of five hundred at least, needs a minister. The few christians of four or five denominations do not work together; no one can be found even to manage a Sabbath school. Unless the place has a Sabbath, a Bible and God soon, I forebode evil for its future.

In September of 1869 he was commissioned by the Home Missionary Society for Barnaville, Iowa. Of this pastorate he writes:

"Going thence to Iowa, we served two years a church founded by Rev. . . J. Hill of the Iowa Band, which was depleting thru emigration and foreign influx. There it failed to assimilate from want of character and lack of discipline. While there I reached out to neglected neighborhoods from three to ten miles off trying to be a 'pastor-at-large'. While there, a sermon by Rev. E. Adams from the text, 'One wishing to do God's will shall know of the teaching' helped me much, affecting for good my work. Till then I had been burdened to show to all formally, the doctrinal and practical principles of christianity--putting this convincing, and proving, above the declaring and exhibiting the Gospel good news, and persuading the people to accept it.

About this time Rev. J. R. Upton moved from our ministerial

association to northwestern Iowa, where some ten years later
 as rich fertile countries were about to be opened to settlers.
 as glowing account of that frontier, and appeal as to its
 religious needs, enthused and captured me, and I set out for
 a new country. I journeyed one hundred and fifty miles by
 stage, then by stage over fifty more, and then walking a
 score of miles further, I joined with pastor Upton, and with
 two equipped plowmen went on twenty miles further to a go-
 vernment quarter section, where we pitched out tent, and the
 plowing began while I mowed the grass, and dug stonns for
 cellar and well.

The next Sunday at the first meeting for worship in that
 new country, we had a dozen present, including one resident
 family. By the end of the first week, we had six acres
 broken.

I then returned east, the two hundred and fifty miles to
 complete my two years Carnaville ministry; and early in Sep-
 tember of 1871 I started west again with my strong horse
 and heavily laden buggy. Crossing Shell Rock creek I
 barely escaped drowning.

That night I had to sleep with a gang of threshers in my
 wet clothes on the floor. This was nothing to the savage
 eating which, for an hour, they gave Christ's ministry; only
 one of them all was a christian, and he practically joined
 in their slurring and slandering of the messengers of the
 gospel.

Reaching pastor Upton's in Dickson county, I made his
 place my base of supplies, sitting out there for the time.

stead work. I dug a cellar, then brot from the railroad forty eight miles away lumber for a shanty eight feet square. Next we got a car load of lumber from a railroad point thirty six miles distant. Then six of us worked with vigor about two weeks, building a house sixteen by twenty, and digging and stoning a well.

Then came cold November, and I saw that I must get, without delay, the lath for my house, and must bring it over the level prairie, with no landmark of building, or tree or road or track or hill or dale, but all one dead level and solitude."

Here follows a description of the perilous journey, how he lost his course, broke down, and was at last rescued by a settler who took good care fo him and refused any payment in return. Of his return trip he writes:

"The track was hardly discernible. Rain was coming on, and night. I built up sod on two sides of my load, laid down part of my hay; spread on it the rubber blanket, and on that a quilt, and I blanketed the horse. Then we ate our supper, and spent a very comfortable night."

The next morning, breakfast being over before daybreak, we hastened on in the rain storms, which in two hours became snow. The track was very slight, and all the region devoid of people. After the noon baiting I soon found I could not get my load home. Unloading at a house near Round Lake, Minnesota, I hastened to my place; gathered up all I needed, and retired for the winter. On my way to Carnavillo I was distressed with a felon; met many refusals for lodging and shelter for the horse. Reaching my northeastern Iowa home greatly

worn, I studied and preached here and there giving service that winter helping as I could."

In March of 1872 Mr. Dean returned to Osceola County. In his autobiography he says:

"Returning west I faced again exposures and storms in ice and snow and mud and streams. At pastor Upton's I had to be nursed a week for snow blindness; then I pushed on, and in sight of my house was stuck in a deep snow filled ravine. How I got out of it I hardly knew. At my house I dug two and a half feet of snow out of the house. After eating a cold supper a long came a local preacher following me from a school house where I had preached for him the Sabbath before some twenty five miles east. He said he had had a vision, beckoning him to a new county seat to preach the gospel. In his sleigh he had not even one ration for himself and horse. For this my first guest I did my best to provide entertainment. The next Sunday I had as a guest another exhorter seeking for both a homestead and ministerial work, and evidently with meagre outfit. They both proved later to be well meaning men despite their improvidence.

In a few days came the family of a nearby homesteader, who occupied my house for six weeks, boarded me, plowed and dragged the breaking so that upon the coming of my family a little later they found a garden and a cornfield.

Under the commission of the American Home Missionary Society, dated March 1, 1872, I began work promptly.

At Sibley the county seat, eleven miles from my homestead, I preached first April 21, 1872. I was the first to

preach in that place. Services were held in the kitchen of one of the pioneers. About twenty five were present. The next Sunday the meeting was in a little land office. The next we met in a store just enclosed, and then we had the school house. While in country places, in four directions from Sibley, from five to fifteen miles distant, we had our meetings first in homes, and then in school houses. I led the way early in this summer to the starting of six Sunday schools in the county. The Massachusetts Sunday School Society gave each of these schools a library of a hundred volumes. That first year I had from four to six preaching places, two of them in Minnesota. More than three fourths of the salary came from the Home Missionary Society."

His first report to the Society, published in August of 1872, was in part as follows:

"This region being destitute of timber, remained unsettled until a railroad was graded thru it, when a rapid influx of settlers began, most of whom are poor. Half of the land being held by the road too high for the present incomers, the homesteaders are far apart, and christian meetings will be widely separated for the present."

Starting in March I traveled two weeks thru storms and deep snows, and over trackless prairies, being snow blind a week; and after which I preached twice in Dickinson county (the home of father Upton). In April, after getting my house habitable, I preached once at home twice at Indian Lake eight miles northeast; once at Round Lake fourteen miles

away. I preached the first sermon in Worthington across the Minnesota line to nearly one hundred, and again to seventy five attentive hearers. This is a rapidly growing railway town, the center of a colony from Ohio. I preached also ten miles southeast of my home in the Perry neighborhood, where sixteen attended. A Sabbath school organized the next week, now numbers from twenty five to thirty five scholars. The congregation there three weeks later was from thirty five to forty. The last Sunday of the month I preached at Sibley, ten and a half miles west of my home, our proposed county seat and chief railway station. Twenty three were present, most of whom came two, three and four miles. The afternoon I gave to the Everett neighborhood. The first Sabbath in May I preached to a very promising neighborhood eight miles northwest of my home. Thirty five were present, and I was heartily welcomed. A Sabbath school was organized three miles west of that point, and preaching here as well as at other places will be in connection with the school once in four weeks.

I am now attending a meeting of the Sioux Association at Cherokee, on my way for my family whom it will take ten busy days to remove. During the quarter I have traveled probably six hundred miles. Having no money, and each man here doing for himself, I have also had to plant my own tree-seeds, corn and potatoes, to paint and lath my house, grade the yard, set out trees and cuttings, etc. Others must fill the railroad centers; I take for my work the scattered people, five ten and fifteen miles back.

We need a man in Lyon county, west of this. I propose a tour thither. Also one northwest in Rock County. But I do not intend to organize a church until I find material which I know to be suitable.

We shall have a hard lot here with these poor people; but tho wearied with my work, I rejoice in it, and am thankful to have been sent just here.

In January of '73 Mr. Dean has another report, which is in part as follows:

"Last week I visited Rock County (over the Minnesota line) in which must be a thousand settlers, with many wheat stacks, corn fields, and frame houses. This is its third year, but no minister is living there yet. It is promising ground, if the Society could send a man at once. The people want a minister, and are harmonious. A Wesleyan Methodist preacher comes twenty five miles once in three weeks. Luverne, the county seat on Rock River has ten or twelve houses.

Since I returned with my family, there has been great progress in this county. Nearly all the land is taken, and a majority of the families spend the winter here. I am visiting the scattered homes as fast as I can, and find many church members, but only a few maintaining family worship. Almost every denomination is here represented by several individuals. I have found seven Baptists, four United Presbyterians, five United Brethren, five Disciples, five Second Adventists, three Protestant Methodists, thirty five to forty Episcopal Methodists, ten or twelve Congregationalists. We purpose to organize a Union Evangelical church, with Congregational government, of twenty or thirty members, whom

I regard as sincere christians, and likely to feel at home with us. Of the nine townships of the county, I have visited nearly every family in the middle and northwest, all those in the northeast and the greater part in Sibley. Of the rest I have probably been in two fifths of the homes. We have now eight sabbath schools in the county; none of them denominational; all of which I have in part supplied with books, papers, etc. I have an appointment in Lyon county, and one in Nobles county--making in all no less than nine places.

'Why goto so many?' Because, till lately (except at Sibley,) only myself has had a regular appointment at either of them, and they ought to be provided for. The scattered people, if not supplied, will have no preaching. We have now seven school houses, and I have succeeded in introducing several preachers of other denominations to provide for the pressing wants. These places average seven or eight miles apart. The roads are rough, and the teams are worn down with heavy work and light graining.

Many here will be nearly destitute this winter, having spent all for breaking, horse feeding, provisions, and lumber for houses. If I can get enough fuel, and food for my family, I hope to visit among them all winter, and know their straights, and preach when possible."

While Mr. Dean had for his field the whole of Osceola County, and for a time several other counties in the region, his principal work, taking into accounts his whole pastorate, was at Sibley.

Of the organization of this church he writes:

"Among the members of the council which organized the church were pastors Upton, coming thirty miles, Rose from Cherokee coming forty miles, and Coleman from Spencer coming forty two miles. The covenant was criticised as somewhat 'cast iron'; and was modified later.

The church began weak--only nine members, a majority of them living ten miles east from Sibley. Two or three were soldiers, three were liberally educated, one was an editor and county officer. Others a little later joined us, several of whom were active as Sunday school superintendents and teachers in six or eight union schools in the county.

We had in those days to help weld us together a monthly social of the church and congregation, with prayers and christian songs, and a meal together, with reports from our work in different parts of the county. We had also for a while a weekly teachers meeting, going from house to house. Before the church ~~was~~ built we came to have ~~services~~ and Sunday school every Sunday, so that some country appointments had to be dropped; yet the Sabbath schools there continued. I aimed as a minister to visit all the people thru the county, no other minister in those seven year undertaking the like. We lost by grasshopper raids and thru removals in five or six years some good helpers, yet in their places came new workers and contributors. The American Home Missionary Society stood by us; and every year the congregation surprised me at their generous giving both for expenses and for benevolences--for all those seven years of my stay there, were, for the whole region, financially and agriculturally, hard years.

There was very little disharmony in the church, and it commanded the respect in the community. It, with its pastor, took a firm stand as to intemperance and the saloon, and as to county official dishonesty.

While I was working in Osceola County, I had two opportunities to go to more inviting fields; but I replied that I would not leave them in the lurch if they wished me to stay. I think it can be fairly said that we on our side of the square and thru the county not only had the spirit of comety and tolerance, but strove to practice the largest catholicity. We did not exact of a christian that he should join us or hold with us more than the essentials in order to be put into important church work."

As to the church plant, Mr. Dean says:

"Seven months after we organized we built our parsonage 16 x 24 on a lot given us by Capt. R. J. Chase. I put into it (else it could not have been built) \$275, half a year's salary; and the people about the same--the church holding the title thereof; and we moved in from the homestead about June 1, 1873.

Till then our Methodist brethren had divided with us the use of the Sibley school house; but now the Presbyterians, contrary to comety, demanded that we give them half of our time in the school house. So we quietly withdrew without a word to the court house just at hand. The Methodists were then building their church. But the Sunday they were to dedicate the air was so full of hoppers they saw that dedicating then was impractical, and so put it off. We then saw

that if as a church we were to live, and not be crowded out, we must build a sanctuary of our own. So then quietly, thru the fall and winter, we canvassed the church and congregation and the region, and applied to our friends far and wide; so that we obtained gifts from the outside, including the Church Building Society, \$1003; however of the \$1600 subscribed in the county only about one half of it was paid. Nevertheless on Thanksgiving week 1874 was dedicated, clear of debt, a complete, warm, neat and comfortable meeting house costing over \$1800; and on that day five members joined us coming in on the victory; and we had achieved standing; and we praised the Lord for his presence with us."

Of course Mr. Dean has a good deal to say about the grasshopper scourge. They began to appear in the summer of '72 and, says Mr. Dean, "There was no let up of this plague until after 1878. In 1873 besides those hatched with us there came in midsummer swarms of the raiders looking in the bright sunshine like miriads of snow flakes high in the air, or like dark scudding clouds close to the horizon. Nearly half the serial crops and the gardens were eaten up.

The Sioux Cong. Ministerial Association meeting that autumn in Dickinson County, thru the Congregationalist and Advance appealed to the churches for aid for the people of Osceola, Obrien, and some other counties, and appointed the Rev. H. D. Wiard of Sheldon, and myself, as a committee to receive and distribute. There came to me thirty packages large and small, some valuable ones from New England, which during the winter we distributed far and near according to

the need. Also for our county the leading Sibley people made an appeal. I was also on that county committee of ten. We received large supplies of clothing; food and seed, and there was great need, for many had almost no crop, had not the means to get away, or friends within reach, and there was no work, and they must be helped or suffer. Some sold out at great sacrifice, some got jobs back east, and so in one way and another the most of those in need were provided for.'

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to introduce two of Mr. Dean's reports, which to a considerable extent dwell upon the grasshopper scourge. Writing to the Home Missionary Society late in 1876 he says:

"The first part of this quarter families came and houses were built, but near the last of it an immense host of grasshoppers poured in from the north, staying about two weeks, taking about three fourths of all the crops, and laying innumerable eggs. There has not been here one twentieth of a full crop of corn. As to other crops probably wheat is the best, and we shall have some to spare, not much. Hay will be used much for fuel again. I estimate that one family in ten or fifteen will leave for the winter, or not return; and many more will need to be helped by the people. Very many are in debt here, and must remain so.

Quite a number in the church are sick, but there is harmony and love; and I believe if ministers and members do their duty this season we shall be in a better state spiritually than ever before. I don't know whether it will be better for me to stay. If it is I shall rejoice in my field; for this

is the fourth year of my grasshopper experience here, and I have no fear but that 'the Lord will provide.'"

Again in August of '77 he writes:

"The cloud still hangs heavily over us, and does not break. The farmers have been moving away one by one, so that within the past two or three years about one half have gone. Not more than half of the broken ground was sown this spring, and one quarter of what was sown is already eaten by the hoppers. The first army of raiders came the twenty seventh of Jun --a month earlier than last year. We have six absentees from the church, four of whom will not return, and more will leave next fall. Because of meagre support we have to return to no 'help' in the house, and thereby home work comes back on me again for the comfort of my family."

But there are some encouragements. Our Sabbath school is gaining, and the congregation somewhat. Also the county Sabbath schools we reopened this summer with improved attendance. The temperance cause is gaining ground. It is believed that very shortly prohibition will be established in our village.

Things of joy and sorrow often go together. Friends in my native town have paid the cost of shipping our piano to us. Already we feel both younger and happier for it, and regret staying west ten years without it; feeling too poor to have it come, and lacking a place to put it.

The third army of raiders are today, July 5, flying over to the northwest, probably to return from those uninhabited regions very voracious.

This is the last report from Mr. Dean in his Osceola county field, altho he remained for some months longer.

Commenting on his pastorate in Osceola County, Mr. Dean says:

"I can see some mistakes in my teaching of practical righteousness there--I mean in the way I taught it. And I am not sure that as to the grasshopper scourge I did not tend towards an old testament interpretation, rather than toward the largest christian interpretation. I ought to have studied that devastation and chastening to draw from it impulse to better christian living. Now as to my preaching in those days it was poor enough--with too little prayer; with too much of the 'Thou shalt not', with too little persuasion, and too imperfect acquaintance with the spiritual needs of my people.

But when five votes in the parish, which included three of the church members, were against inviting me for the sixth year, it was natural that I should decline staying, tho I did remain a year and a half longer.

The following paragraphs give Brother Adams picture of brother Dean in his Osceola county field.

"Partly as the result of father Upton's exploration in northwestern Iowa, he was followed in 1872 by Rev. B. A. Dean who went from Carnavillo to take possession of Osceola county, when its population was about one thousand, and the county seat not yet located. His was true pioneer work. Himself as well as both horse and buggy being shorter (than father Upton and his outfit) he could turn quicker than his forerunner. With his bag of books he went every whither estab-

lishing Sabbath schools and preaching stations at every available point. By universal consent the verdict was that no Methodist itinerant had ever been known who could get over the country as could he; not that his horse Tim was so very fleet, but always at it. Meantime his wife, a true daughter of Folyoke, was training the growing family in a christian way, and getting up missionary bands among the children for the foreign work. Many scenes, many descriptions of those early days might be given, but thus much for a glimpse."

In the spring of 1878, closing his nine years of labor in Iowa, Mr. Dean went over to Nebraska, under commission of the American Home Missionary Society, dated April 1st of that year, locating at Clarksville. Of this pastorate he says:

"In the next field, Clarksville in Nebraska, I resigned after a year, because of circumstances arising from which I was not responsible, and over which I had no control. While there I reached the school houses in neighborhoods round about, enjoyed the work, and I hope I accomplished some good."

In the next church, Exeter (beginning April 1, 1879), I stayed four happy years. At their organization they had agreed to work together in harmony; they were kind in their attitude to other churches and had the respect of the town. In those four years we gained fifty percent in membership, and the benevolences increased. Here we tried to rescue the nearly defunct church at Dorchester. We got from the east money enough to finish their meeting house; but it was too late. In this pastorate I took a two weeks exploring trip along a new railroad line next to Kansas, in which I

led to the organization of a Sunday school and was instrumental in sending a minister to that field.

With Exeter, thru my first year, another church was yoked, which had orgainzed with fifty members, but was I lacking in harmony. It waited nine years for its meeting house.

Closing his work here in 1885, Mr. Dean returned to New England, locating first in Meriden, New Hampshire, where he labored for three years '83-'86. Of this pastorate he writes:

"It was an Academy town. I was installed. To preach to fifty or more students was a great privilege, but no easy task. The influence of Principal Cyrus Richards there for forty years gave character to the church, which was staid, generous, and , as a whole, exemplary. Not a few students in our church there went forth for a larger training for the ministry, and other lines of usefulness. But cider in the parish had many devotees, debasing young and old at our very doors."

I next served two years ('86-'88) the yoked churches Harrisville, a railroad burg with a woolen mill, and Nelson a lilly farm town. The Harrisville parsonage stood between two saloons--and we had a juvenile temperance society which was not somnolent. Our temperance ardor was too much for the tippling element on the railroad, but it suited the other parish which was training up for church leadership a considerable group of young people. However I avoided a clash with the drinking element in my field by resigning. Quite likely our juvenile temperance meetings, and my temperance sermons, helped on the prosecution of the two liquor sellers, whose

indictment for keeping a nuisance stirred them up to work the church to get rid of me.

My next three years of ministry '88-'91 was in the oldest county in New Hampshire, in Brentwood--a farming parish with few children. This church has had several able and devout pastors whose influence was still working there for good. They were church goers, peacemakers, liberal givers. Building up the church fund has been popular with them. Ninety nine years ago, in 1815, under parson Bolton from Connecticut, they raised for parsonage, meeting house and new pastor, over three thousand dollars. This parish we much enjoyed.

Our next ('91-'95) was at South Medford, Mass., a home missionary church, which unfortunately had been from the start somewhat inharmonious, being made up of several denominations, races, nationalities, and kinds of training. But there was with us there no money cast, no strong drink. But there was some tale bearing, and not a little distrust, so that not a few living near never came into our chapel. But in the church was goodly number of peaceable, patient, long suffering ones, who were our ballast, and faithful to Christ like ideals.

I was here on the school committee when Medford became a city at a time when the outlays for schools, cites, and buildings, amounting to about four hundred thousand dollars, fell to our charge.

I next served for over six years ('95-1901) the self supporting church in Colebrook, Connecticut, in the famous Litchfield county; coming thither in season to celebrate its centennial. At the organization of this church Jonathan

Edwards was installed. At that time for fourteen years, the parish had contended where to locate their meeting house, but at the coming of Mr. Edwards there was peace and prosperity. In three and a half years he was called to the Presidency of Union College. That church had, and still has, members of substantial character. Lawyers and the saloon have been kept out. Quiet industry prevails. Summer visitors find the place restful. The ordinances of the gospel are sustained thru all the year. A carefully prepared gospel sermon is appreciated. The worship in song is valued. A few of the young came into the church while we were there, adding strength in place of depletion by death and removal.

In our fourth year here my dearly beloved wife died of paralysis after six days illness. To her was due whatever success I have had in the work. My oldest daughter came from South Dakota and kept house for me a year. Then I was alone in the parsonage for a year and a half, lonely but not disconsolate.

My next work (1901-'03) was in a Presbyterian church in South Wales, western New York. Here was harmony, and some good degree of consecration, and the Sunday school work was helpful.

While in this pastorate my daughter begged me to go with her to visit another daughter in northwest Washington. As I could not ask my church to give me a leave or absence for so extended a vacation I resigned. We visited the Pacific Slope, and then I returned to New England.

After a few months engaged in family duties I spent the next two and a half years ('03-'06) serving the North Hyde

Park church in Vermont. Here I married a Presbyterian home missionary worker from the parish adjoining (this was a Miss Eloise Julia Partridge, daughter of Joel M. Partridge of South Bend, Indiana).

At length my teaching as to our Lord's physical near return did not suit some, and we went to Vershire, Vermont, where we stayed two years ('06-'08), and where two of our children were born. Here we were victim of slanderous gossip against which I believed it was my duty to defend ourselves, and I am confident that the community will not repeat this thing with any minister's family. The young people there were to us very interesting and promising. The Sabbath school did more for benevolences than any other that I served.

The next church--East Hartland, Conn., was a hill town of small area, and sparse settlements, and in a somewhat decadent community, yet with some members who were the very salt of the earth. Here the work for the young had serious drawbacks, few of the men in the community being the best professing christians, and no young people in the church; but we had out in a school house a very interesting congregation."

Mr. Dean was in this field for about two years. In 1910 he again found his way back to Nebraska, and was for eighteen months located at Center, the county seat of Knox County. Here Mrs. Dean was ordained, and preached about one fourth of the time, besides attending to her household duties.

"This church, also, "says Mr. Dean, "was in a sparsely settled region, its members scattered, the men few, those of foreign stock numerous. But here too some four miles out at

a school house, we had a goodly attendance.

Next in 1911 we were engaged at Hildreth, and were there for two years. In that time we received some fifteen members, and the Sabbath school and endeavor societies gained in numbers and in influence. My last year here I preached mostly with brief notes; yet I did not fail to state carefully the larger interpretation of the New Testament, and especially the Old Testament in their relations to the supremacy of Christ.

These autobiographical paragraphs were furnished me by Mr. Dean at my request to be used for this volume.

Commenting upon his life as he looked at it in retrospect, he wrote as follows:

"In some things I wish I had done differently.

1. I wish I had attended Phillips Andover Academy three years instead of one. I might then have entered College prepared to make the most of my course.

2. I wish I could have had much more private instruction--individual tutillage.

3. After choosing the ministry I needed some one to open up to me the largeness of character required of a minister of Jesus Christ.

4. I wish I had had thru all those years every possible training in composition and structural discourse; my preparation herein was certainly inferior.

5. I certainly should have begun speaking without notes even before College days, learning easily to utter myself deliberately and lucidly on my feet.

6. I needed to acquire at the start a larger love for man, and therefore a better knowledge of men. In all these things I have been painfully deficient.

7. How much better in all these years had I been less self conscious and sensitive. Every public man in order to succeed must be the soul of patience, forgiveness and charity.

8. I wish that in all these years I had been content with what people were willing to let me do for them. One should make room in his heart for all, but not expecting that everybody will come into his heart.

9. I wish I had learned how to stop, and do nothing."

Still further along the same line of retrospection he writes:

"For about twenty years I have ceased to believe that it is orthodox to hold to the literal return in the body of our Lord, or that our Master intended to teach it. This literal physical coming of the Lord I now account to be athwart the very soul of the gospel, and a slandering of Him who laid down his life in love for the world."

While the subject of the destiny of the human race no man can fathom we know that the love of Christ passeth knowledge.

These forty eight years I have been preaching very little theology or dogma; but I am obliged to confess that it is not twenty years since I came into the newer light; and I now wonder at so large a part of Christ's visible church holding such Judeastic traditional, mechanical, anthropomorphic conceptions of God and man, and their relations. My

work as a minister might have been far better if all this time I had taken everything to God in prayer. I have always been searching the Scriptures, but therein might have had more divine help.

When I promised the dear Lord that I would take the very first opening I had felt that I had been training myself for a more important type, a more intelligent type of parishoners than I have had. Whether even now I have got rid of all false pride in the matter, I am not sure. One thing is certain, conscientiousness with God is of tremendous importance, as compared with where we were in His church. Yet what credit is it to be conscientious? Is it not our bounden duty even in the eyes of the world?"

Now at the age of seventy six Mr. Dean is living in retreat at Berea, Kentucky.

With this full autobiographical sketch, further comment is unnecessary. Brother Dean has lived a long, busy, useful life. The influence of his work for us in laying foundations in northwestern Iowa still abides.

Eighty-third sketch,

Benjamin F. Haviland.

There is little material for a sketch of this man. He first appears in the records of the Home Missionary, commissioned for Cannon Falls and East Prairie, Minnesota, the date of his commission being June 1, 1858. He was ordained in 1859, and continued his services in Minnesota for about ten years. In November of 1866, he was commissioned for Glencoe, and in November of 1867, for Alexandria.

In 1869, he came to Iowa, and was commissioned for Lewis, October 1st, of this year. The commission was renewed in 1870 and 1871, but he left the field in 1872.

In 1873, we find him out in Nebraska at Hastings and Harvard. In 1875, the Congregational Quarterly locates him in Nebraska, but without charge, and no place of residence is designated. This is the last mention of the man in our denominational records.

We get a little flashlight picture of the brother in a report to the Home Missionary. In January of 1871, he writes from Lewis as follows:

"Our first year with this church has been one of much anxiety and effort, and of substantial results. Though we can not record the copious showers, we have enjoyed the gentle distillations of God's love. It has been a time of planting, not of harvest. There have been additions to the church at every communion but one during the year.

"Aside from the Missionary's support, the church and

society have raised for Home and Foreign purposes during the year, \$625! A truly gratifying fact when we remember how feeble was our condition at the commencement of the year.

"Our educational facilities are attracting the better class of people. We hope by early spring to report the certainty of one or more railroads; in which case ours will be one of the most desirable and promising localities in Southwestern Iowa. (Lewis now, in 1914, has one little stub road.)

"The same unanimity, concert of action, generous spirit, punctuality, effort, prayer and faith, blessed of God, will mark us ere long a great power for good to the whole community and county. For the present, however, after lifting to our utmost, we shall be compelled to lean upon your Society."

Eighty-fourth sketch,

Samuel Clinton Downs.

Samuel Clinton Downs, son of David Griffen and Parmelia (Cook) Downs, was born in Plattsburg, New York, July 4, 1829. Of his early life and schooling, there is no record at hand. Evidently he came to Iowa some years before he began preaching, for there is a record of his marriage in Iowa, March 2, 1852, to Miss Liza Reed, of Newton Falls; and before he had settled down to the ministry he had spent a year at Central City and Troy Mills. This comes out in a communication from him published in the News-Letter for October, 1866, which is as follows:

"Major S. C. Downs, a licentiate of the Dubuque Association, has resigned the charge of the churches of Troy and Central City, which he supplied with much acceptance for more than a year. Writing from Zanesville, Ohio, he says: 'I am here engaged in the publication of a book written by me in the army, from which I have already realized several thousand dollars, and from which I expect to realize a competency for life. I had hoped to effect an arrangement with my publisher which would require only a temporary absence from my field in Iowa, but am unable to do so. The field is very promising, and it grieves me to leave it unsupplied. I have offered to give the two churches \$400 toward a salary for a minister to fill the field for the six months of my engagement unfulfilled. My salary for the entire year was only that amount.'"

The title of the book was "Four Years a Scout and Spy." Of course such a book, well written as this was, would have an immense sale in the years following the war.

It would seem that Mr. Downs did not return to Troy Mills (Central City was then supplied otherwise) until October of 1869. As yet he was only a licentiate. He was not ordained until 1871. I notice that he was not commissioned for this field. No doubt his book supported him. It was not properly a self-supporting church, but a church supported by the minister. Only a little later, however, he was again laboring under a commission of the Home Missionary Society.

In October of 1871, he was commissioned for the Polk church of Benton County, in connection with Troy Mills. His next commission, dated November, 1872, was for "Polk and Center Point," but in 1874, Troy Mills was again a part of his field.

In November of 1875, we find him at Farmersburg and Garnavillo. His commission for this field was renewed year by year up to 1879. In December of this year, 1879, Mr. Downs went to Dakota, and was pastor there, first at Firesteel, and later at Garden Prairie, and Alexandria. He died in office March 15, 1884, aged fifty-four years, eight months, and eleven days.

Two reports published in the Home Missionary will give us a little of the flavor of the man. Writing from Troy Mills, Iowa, in September of 1875, he says:

"We have been much blessed by a quickening of the Spirit. The hearts of God's children were warmed, and

several have been inclined to unite in forming a Congregational church. To-morrow a council of the neighboring churches will meet to advise, and assist in the organization. It is expected that fifteen or more will unite in the movement. The ladies have already organized themselves into a Society and friends have commenced raising funds to build a house of worship. The want of a place of worship has been one of our great hindrances. We have been driven about, with no fixed abiding place, and to build is a necessity. The people are too poor to do it, and need assistance. Will not the churches help them to put up, not an expensive building, but only something that will answer their necessities? Such a gift would dispel the clouds that are now very dark over us."

In the February issue of 1881 we find from the pen of Brother Downs, not a report exactly, but an article, written from Alexandria, South Dakota, which is as follows:

"Evidence proves it to be true of towns and settlements as of individuals, that the period of infancy and childhood is the most hopeful time for exerting all good moulding influences. A young settlement, like a young child's mind, is plastic, easily shaped, and fitted to gospel institutions. The force of the gospel ministry applied to the beginnings of a settlement, most effectually restrains evil influences and modifies character. Pioneer work is the work now most urgent. To neglect the frontier is to endanger the future of our country."

"The Home Missionary at the frontier is the layer of foundations. His work is initiatory. It starts at the

beginning of settlements, and moves abreast of immigration; going with the pioneer to soil heretofore unoccupied by civilization. At first this preparatory work is largely the visiting from house to house, becoming familiar with the people, getting into their sympathies, and inducing them to attend religious services. Right here comes a formidable obstacle, the need of a place for holding meetings. For months, generally, pioneer settlers have no more shelter than will cover themselves, and their goods; and that is of the most primitive kind.

"Usually the frontier population is religiously apathetic; much of it rough, profane and vicious. Adventure and gain are the ruling motives. Such people are not given to providing for or attending religious service, yet they need the gospel, and are much more likely to enter a comfortable chapel than a crowded cabin. People, too, of doubtful piety are often very fastidious as to where they attend worship."

"Pioneer work has also to confront denominational antagonisms. Generally there are some religious people in every settlement; here and there is one of devoted piety; but they are of various church connections and preferences. Each thinks his own the best, knows little of the excellencies of the other systems; sometimes is bitterly against them. These prejudices and preferences have to be overcome, and unity of spirit brought about before steps can be taken to organize a church. The missionary first on the ground, and first to open a church home, will draw about him most of the evange-

lical Protestant families; and usually this one Protestant organization is enough to supply the people for a considerable time; it ought to suffice for years if its ministrations are conducted upon the broad basis of Christian charity and good will.

"The polity adopted by the apostle Paul in his missionary work at Antioch, Corinth, and elsewhere, proves to be admirably suited to frontier missionary work in the United States. Congregationalists ought to be in the van of frontier work, multiplying membership and churches faster than all other evangelical combined."

"There is in the vernacular of the United States Land office Department the term "pre-empt", which means the securing of right to land by being the first to live on it. This is what should be done in Home Missionary work at the frontier. Every important town and settlement should be preempted by a Congregational Home Missionary and a chapel. In most cases, not all, if our missionary cannot be first to occupy a new place, let him move on to unoccupied ground, so saving denominational rivalry and controversy, and imitating Paul's way of building, not on another man's foundation.

"Our Home Missionary work at the front is not at its best until its towns and settlements in their infancy shall be thoroughly and efficiently provided for. As a rule, we do not apply our assistance near enough to the starting-point of settlements, nor operate rapidly enough to secure the most profitable results."

"But how is the A. H. M. S. to prepare the ground and

plant these new churches without a great increase of funds?"

Eighty-fifth sketch,

Jacob Reuth.

Jacob Reuth, son of Jacob and Susanna (Martin) Reuth, was born in Canton Thurgau, Switzerland, June 9, 1838. He graduated from the Pilgrim Mission Institute, St. Chrischona, near Basel, in 1869.

After graduating, he came at once to Iowa, and settled first at Muscatine. His commission for the German church of Muscatine was dated November 1, 1869. In December of the same year, he was ordained. In 1870, he returned to Switzerland for his bride, and was married August 4th of this year, to Walburga Griff, of Basel. His Muscatine pastorate covered a period of two years and nine months.

August 1st, of 1872, he was commissioned for Davenport, and was in service there until May of 1874. He then spent a few months in Minnesota with the church at Portland Prairie. But he was soon back in Iowa, and in October of 1875, began a happy and prosperous pastorate of nine years at Sherrill's Mound. It seemed to be the fashion of our Iowa German ministers to go from some Iowa pastorate to LaGrande, Missouri. Mr. Reuth was there from October of 1884 to October of 1888.

In October of 1888, he returned once more to Iowa. This, his last pastorate in Iowa, was a short one, for the summons came to him December 11, 1889. His age at the time of his death was fifty one years, six months, and two days.

Brother Reuth was a lovely man. His piety was of the most simple and beautiful type. He was an earnest preacher, and a most laborious and faithful pastor. He gave himself without reserve, to the work of the ministry. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-ministers, and by all his people. He gave us fifteen years of most excellent service. He did much in establishing the German churches of the state. His name is still fragrant in many German households in Iowa. He had no children. After his death, Mrs. Reuth returned to the home of her childhood in Switzerland.

Eighty-sixth sketch,

Rufus M. Sawyer.

Rufus Morrill Sawyer, son of Jeremiah and Lyda (Morrill) Sawyer, was born in Otisville, Maine, September 1, 1820. He pursued his preparatory studies at different academies in his native state, but mainly at Gorham; and, without a college course, he entered Bangor Theological Seminary in the autumn of 1848, graduating in 1851.

He was ordained pastor of the Congregational church in Winthrop, Maine, October 15, 1851. About this time he was married to Miss Sophia Blake, of Otisville. To this Winthrop church, he ministered for about eight years.

In the summer of 1859, he had a call to the church in Great Falls, New Hampshire, but was in this field for only a single year, when he accepted a call to York, Maine, where he was pastor for about five years.

May 25, 1866, he was installed over the church in Middleborough, Massachusetts, to which he continued to minister until the fall of 1869. Finding here conditions unfavorable for a throat difficulty which he had suffered for a number of years, he resolved to try the West.

For a short time, beginning December 1, 1869, he supplied at Iowa City. In April of 1871, he began a short pastorate at Anamosa. His last field of labor was at Le Mars in Plymouth county. He thought the bracing atmosphere of Northwestern Iowa might be good for his sore throat. He began at Le Mars in July of 1872. The family had not yet

arrived, when he was stricken down with typhoid fever. It would have been better if his household had delayed their coming, for five of them had the fever, and with a son and a daughter it was fatal.

Mr. Sawyer himself had the disease in a mild form, but he did not rally from it in a normal way. He did some pastoral work, then took a vacation in the hope of improvement, but he returned all the more exhausted. In his weakened condition, he became the victim of consumption, which soon ended his work and his life. He died November 29, 1872, aged fifty-two years, two months, and twenty-eight days.

In an obituary of Mr. Sawyer published in the Congregational Quarterly for 1873, are the following paragraphs:

"Mr. Sawyer's size was rather above the medium, and he had a strong and robust constitution; but he never was well after his first settlement. Old difficulties in the church culminated during his pastorate at Winthrop; and in some respects his position was most arduous and trying; so, by overwork, he sowed the seeds of disease that carried him to the grave."

"His ministry as a whole was emphatically successful. At Winthrop, the old troubles in the church were, to a large extent, removed, the meeting-house was rebuilt, and the way was well prepared for the prosperity that has followed. In several of his fields, he was blessed with powerful revivals--at Winthrop, York, Middleborough, and Anamosa. He had special influence with sceptics. Fortified, as few are, with the philosophy of unbelief, he compelled

respect from them for him and his religion.

"His power to win the masses was shown especially in the manner that he built up his congregations at Great Falls and Middleborough. A strong man in the pulpit, he had a peculiar power in commending Christ to his people in free conversation. There are few in the ministry that can show equal results for so short a period of time."

"Mr. Sawyer was a lover and student of books, but he was yet more a student of men. Compelled to begin his course of study late, and then to work his way along with slight assistance, he could not but be late in entering the ministry, but each one of the twenty-one years was crowded full of good accomplished. He was a man of stir and life. He worked fast and hard. He did not spare body, or reputation, or anything else, and in this, in large measure, lay the secret of his success. In these times, ministers of a slow and easy pattern can scarcely hope to excel."

"But he was a man to live religion as well as to serve it. Those who were nearest to him will bear witness to the rare Christian fervor in his life. He was benevolent and generous. When straightened in his circumstances, his deep poverty abounded to the riches of his liberality. Leaving his family at last, under circumstances that must have been peculiarly trying, he could yet trust them in God's hands. During his last days, his mind was full of plans for the good of this people."

I remember that on one occasion, Brother Spurgeon Adams spoke very appreciatingly of the work of this good brother, Rufus Sawyer.

Eighty-seventh sketch,

Edmund R. Stiles.

Edmund Root Stiles, son of Benjamin and Rhoda (Root) Stiles, was born in Clarksfield, Ohio, July 12, 1835. He studied for a time at Williams College, but graduated from Oberlin in 1859.

Without delay, he entered the theological department of that institution, but his course was interrupted by the war. In 1861, he enlisted in the first company raised in Oberlin, and was hurried to the front, bearing commission as one of the sergeants of the company. He saw but little service, however, in the field, for almost at once he was taken prisoner, and he suffered all the horrors of that misfortune for nine long and dreary months. He and Alexander Parker must have been together in that woleful experience. At last the policy of exchanging prisoners was adopted by the government, and Mr. Stiles was sent to the North, more dead than alive.

To all appearances, he was a dying man, but, by the grace of God, through good nursing and nourishing food, he rallied and returned to Oberlin, finishing his theological course in 1865. When he graduated the war was still going on. He could not be in it as a soldier bearing arms, but he could as a worker in the Christian Commission, ministering to the men in the camp, and in the field, and to the contrabands and refugees who sought the protection of the Union Army.

His first pastorate (1865-66) was at Brighton, Ohio, where he was ordained Feb. 2, 1864. From 1866 to 1869, he was pastor at Lowell, Michigan, and then came to Iowa.

He began in Manchester in December of 1869. Here he was regularly installed November 8, 1870, and here he served for eight happy and prosperous years. We do not hear very much of Brother Stiles in his Manchester field because of the fact that he soon took himself and the church from the list of beneficiaries.

I note in the Home Missionary for October, 1870, the manner in which Mr. Stiles began his work in Iowa: "The church in Manchester (Rev. E. N. Stiles) has been increased at a recent communion season, by thirty three members, twenty four of them heads of families."

Then comes the report of graduation from the Home Missionary (May 1871) as follows:

"Here closes a year of happy labor. Other years spent under the fostering care of the Society have been pleasant but this has been unexpectedly joyful; a year of harvest, while I looked for the hard preparatory year of seed-sowing. It seems as though the Lord had permitted me to enter into the labors of others and to gather their fruits. The clouds that at the beginning of the year hung over the church, have proved to be filled with blessings. The hearts of those who mourned in sadness have been filled with rejoicing. At the beginning of the year there were found on the roll of membership forty-eight names, but not so many persons could be found to answer to them. There have been additions at

The first part of the book is devoted to a general
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The second part of the book is devoted to a
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every communion during the year, bringing in eleven by letter, and thirty-one on confession of faith. In addition to these, eight were received last Sabbath, making a total of fifty. The church has decided to ask no more aid from abroad, expecting to raise \$500 more than they have heretofore. This will be a heavy load, but with profound gratitude to you for past favors, and looking to God for help, the church is determined to go forward."

Mr. Stiles did not report himself or his church very much in the Advance or Congregationalist, but it was all the time well understood that things were being done at Manchester, and the pastor, as we met him at the State Association, was always cheerful and happy and hopeful.

At length Michigan again laid hands upon him, and planted him at Hancock. He was dismissed from Manchester September 4, 1877. This pastorate was cut short by reason of his death. His army experience doomed him to an early death. He died January 15, 1881, aged only forty-five years, six months, and one day.

After his death, a local paper in an obituary notice said:

"His labors here have been abundantly blessed of the Lord; all who knew him testify that, even beyond his strength, he labored for the salvation of souls. He had the invaluable power of winning the respect and love of those he met for the first time, and by continued acquaintance those feelings were invariably deepened. His thorough consecration to his work his self-forgetfulness and kindly manners, made his grave but pleasant face ever welcome in the homes of rich

and poor. His earnestness in the pulpit, having behind it high Christian character and sterling manhood, made him an effective preacher.

"As a pastor, he possessed the qualities that would make any man efficient, while the sweet Christian influence that went out from his delightful home added much to his pastoral power. The absence of ostentation about the man, and the correctness of his business habits, gave him great influence with business men of the town. His loss is deeply felt by the whole community.

"He has left his church free from discord and from debt, and his death has strengthened the bonds of affection by which his people have long been united to each other, to himself, and the Master. He was only in his forty-seventh year when he died, and had it not been for the privations he endured in the War, he might have been spared for many years more to the people that loved him so dearly."

One of Brother Stiles' sons, now pastor of the church at Dundee, Illinois, under the date of January 1914, writes of his father as follows:

"I have often tried to analyze my father's power with men, but with little success. That he had it in a remarkable degree, I cannot doubt, for although I was but eight years old when he died, and must depend on the imprint of his character on other lives, I have found that impression so deep and beautiful of outline as to leave no doubt but his influence over men was of a most uplifting and enduring kind.

"I have read his sermons, of which my mother has entrusted me with some of the best, and I would call them commonplace except for a simplicity and directness which reach quickly to the central things of a man's soul, but their effect was all out of proportion with worth of the written page; yet his delivery, I vaguely remember and have heard, was as quiet as his English was simple. He seldom shouted and then only, as he once remarked, when he had nothing to say. Visiting his former pastorates, after a lapse of twenty-five or thirty years, I have had persons tell me the texts and line of thought of sermons heard from him those many years before. The power of his preaching was, I believe, in the quality of the man, for he was loved as a man, as few men are ever loved. I visited a cottage in Hancock thirty years after his death, and when the old Scotch man and wife found who I was, they held my hand in both theirs, and wept as if I were a long lost son returned, so great had been their love for him. How did he find his way so deeply into men's lives and so quickly? One might call it personal magnetism, but I believe it was personal love. It seems to me he loved the people he served in a way quite beyond the experience of most pastors; and since love is the "gravity of the spirit world" he bulked large with the souls of men.

"This power to win the confidence of men was characteristic in his school days, in his prison life, where his diary tells of the heart-breaking task put upon him of distributing the scanty food to his half-starved comrades, born through the years to his last work at Hancock, where he spent himself

without restraint in the mining villages around as well as in his own church, and was loved as well by the Captain of the mine as by the foreigner who pushed the car a mile below the surface.

"His death bed was impressive and inspiring in an unusual degree to those who were present. I well remember how he called each one of us children to the side of the bed, and in his weak but perfectly controlled voice gave each a few words to carry through life as an influence which should take the place of his personal presence. To me he said words which might have been the motto for his own life: 'Live for Jesus, William, and try to make other people happy.'"

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Eighty-eight Sketch,

Asa S. Allen.

Asa Smith Allen, son of Phineas and Ruth (Smith) Allen, was born in Medfield, Mass., June 21, 1797.

I think he did not have a college education. He studied Theology with Dr. Robert Hunter of Angelica, New York, and was ordained March 2, 1837.

He was pastor at Cuba, New York from 1837 to 1846. From Cuba he reports in February of 1839 as follows:

"Our meeting-house is now nearly finished, and will accommodate about five hundred people. The congregation now numbers about three hundred, but they cannot all get into the school house and stand around the windows. The revival which commenced last winter extended into the spring and summer. There have been at least a hundred hopeful conversions. Since the revival thirty eight have joined the church on confession, and four by letter. There are probably thirty more who will join soon."

Again in May of 1839 he writes:

"During the last quarter our house of worship has been completed and dedicated. The house was crowded, and the season interesting and solemn. The slips were sold previous to the dedication for more than sufficient to pay for the house. There was great interest manifested in obtaining slips, even among some who had not been attendants on my ministry before. The dedication of the house was followed

by a series of religious meetings, which have resulted in a glorious work of grace in this church and congregation.

The largest hotel in this village has been converted into a temperance house, and there is now only one public house, and one store, where the poison is sold."

Again in August of 1840 he writes from the same field:

"It is now three years since I commenced preaching the Gospel to this people. Through the kindness of our Heavenly Father, my health has been excellent, and there has not been a Sabbath, but that I have been able to labor in his vineyard. When I came here the church had enjoyed the stated administration of the word of God but for a short season. They had no house of worship, and had done little or nothing for the cause of benevolence. There were then about ninety members. Since that time thirty three have been dismissed, and three excommunicated, leaving about fifty of the original members.

Ninety two have been added, making our present number about a hundred and fifty. We have now a respectable place of worship, and are able to support the Gospel without further aid from the American Home Missionary Society. We are thankful for the assistance afforded, and intend, by the blessing of God, to repay it into the Treasury of your Society. The first year they raised only one hundred and fifty dollars for my support. This year they have agreed to raise four hundred and fifty dollars, and they are able to do it.

The church has agreed to make a more thorough and systematic effort to aid in the cause of Christ than has been done before. Many have come forward and pledged themselves

for a certain amount the coming year. One man subscribed sixty dollars, another twenty five, and others eight and ten, to be divided among the principal benevolent objects in certain fixed portions; and we think we shall raise four times as much this year as in any previous year. The times are hard, but the cause of Christ is dear to us."

The next we hear from Mr. Allen, he was out in Wisconsin. His first commission for the new territory, dated October 1846, was for the Presbyterian churches of Ridgeway, Dodgeville, and Floyd Settlement.

September 2, 1847, he was commissioned for Dodgeville and Porter's Grove; and Dodgeville was the center of his missionary operations from 1846 to 1855.

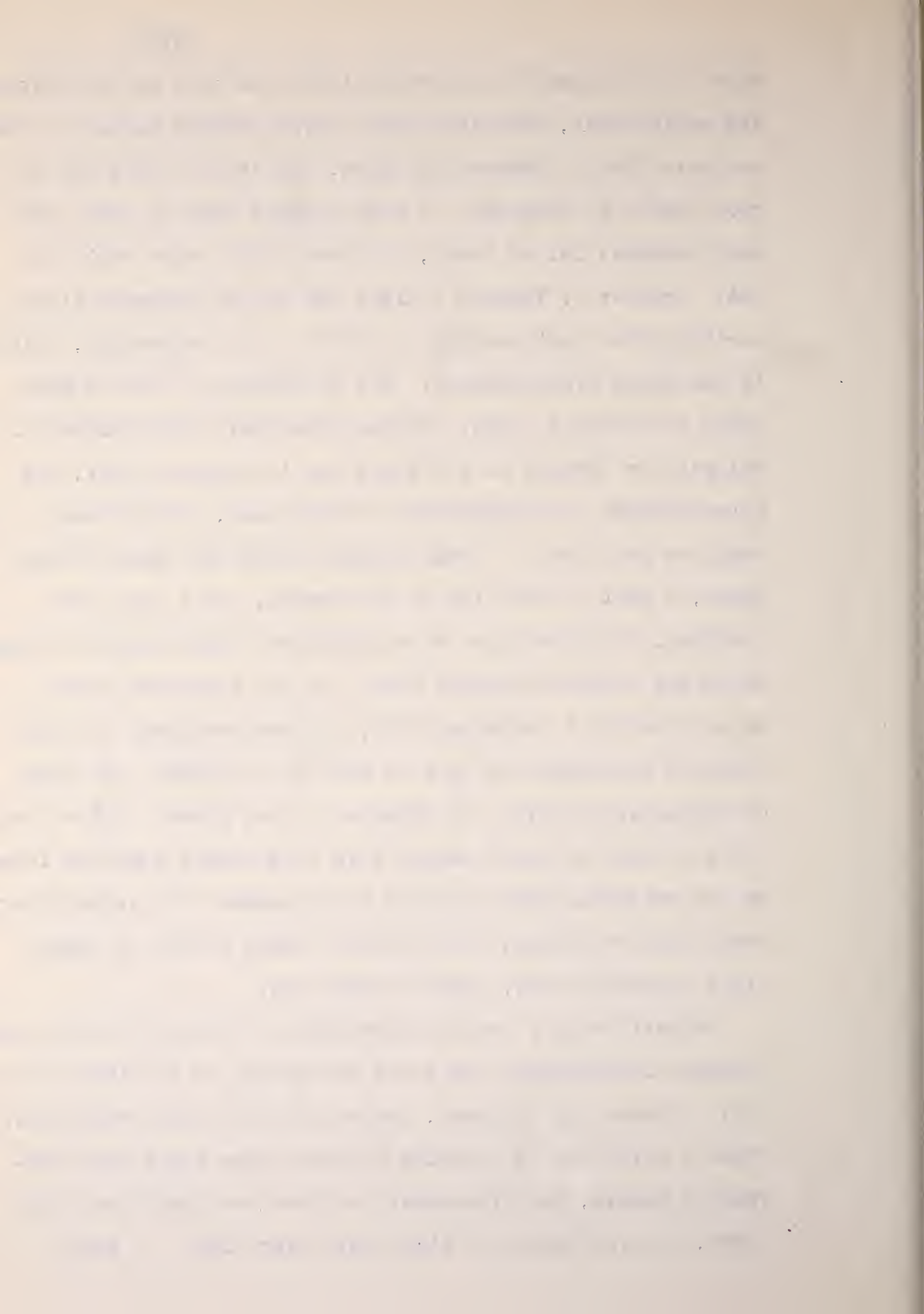
From this field, he sent a report in March of '47 which was in part as follows:

"Agreeable to your appointment and directions, and the good providence of God, I am preaching the Gospel at Ridgeway and its vicinity. I arrived in the Territory the fore part of September last. I should have written to you sooner, but I have been waiting in order to ascertain at what particular points my efforts should be directed, and what amount would be raised by the people toward my support.

I was in the mining region (southwestern Wisconsin) when my appointment came in June last, and on return after my family in July, I received my commission. I immediately wrote to Brother Eddy at Mineral Point to secure me a house at Ridgeway or vicinity, knowing that in the mining country houses were scarce and difficult to be hired. We then hast-

ened to the place of our future labors as fast as circumstances would admit, traveling about three hundred miles by land, and more than a thousand by water, and arrived safe and in good health at Ridgeway. I then learned that no house had been obtained for me there, not even a log house could be had. Brother M. thought I might get one at Dodgeville; accordingly the next morning, we started for Dodgeville, which is ten miles from Ridgeway. But no house--not even a room could be obtained there. We were then told that Brother B. had said he thought he could get one in Mineral Point, six miles further. We then went to that place, but no house could be had there. After staying there two weeks on suspense, a part of the time at the Tavern, and a part with brethren, I learned that a log cabin was vacant about twenty two miles north of Mineral Point, on the Wisconsin River. Being tired of a wandering life, and anxious again to enjoy domestic privileges we thot it best to go there. The last of September we moved our effects to that place. But we were not sure that we could occupy even this humble dwelling long, as the owner was about selling the premises. We stayed there more than two months, and finding a house to let in Dodgeville, removed there, where we now live.

Dodgeville is a new and flourishing village of about one thousand inhabitants, and about the center of my field of labor. I preach at Ridgeway, Dodgeville and Floyd Settlement. Twice I have been to Franklin Village where there are hundreds of miners, and wickedness to deter some men from going there, or even daring to stay there over night. A small



Presbyterian church was organized there about one year ago with ten members. I preached there three weeks since, and admitted three new members. While I was preaching on the Sabbath others were fighting. A real battle took place; an Irishman and an Englishman engaged in combat. When they became so exhausted as to be unable to stand, they rolled and tumbled, bit and scratched each other till bruised and mangled most brutally. One had his finger bitten off entirely. Eyes were gouged, etc.; and no one was permitted to interfere or stop the fight. It is a promising field of labor. Only two sermons by Presbyterian or Congregational ministers, have been preached there before I went. From there I went to English Prairie, eight miles from Franklin, where lived some Irish Presbyterians. I was the first Presbyterian or Congregational minister who had ever preached there. A good sister had recently lost her husband, and could have no religious exercises at the funeral, because no minister to be had. She was overjoyed to hear a sermon. From there I went to Muscoday, six miles farther; no preaching of any kind came at this place. Here were two Irish Presbyterians, godly persons, who had not heard a sermon before since they came from Ireland. It was good to feed these hungry souls with the Bread of Life. I preach at Willow Springs at Wyoming Valley. My circuit is about a hundred miles in circumference, and needs two additional laborers. I have now concluded to devote most of my time to Dodgeville and Ridgeway. There has been much sickness and suffering thru the region, tho not many deaths. What has been done for the

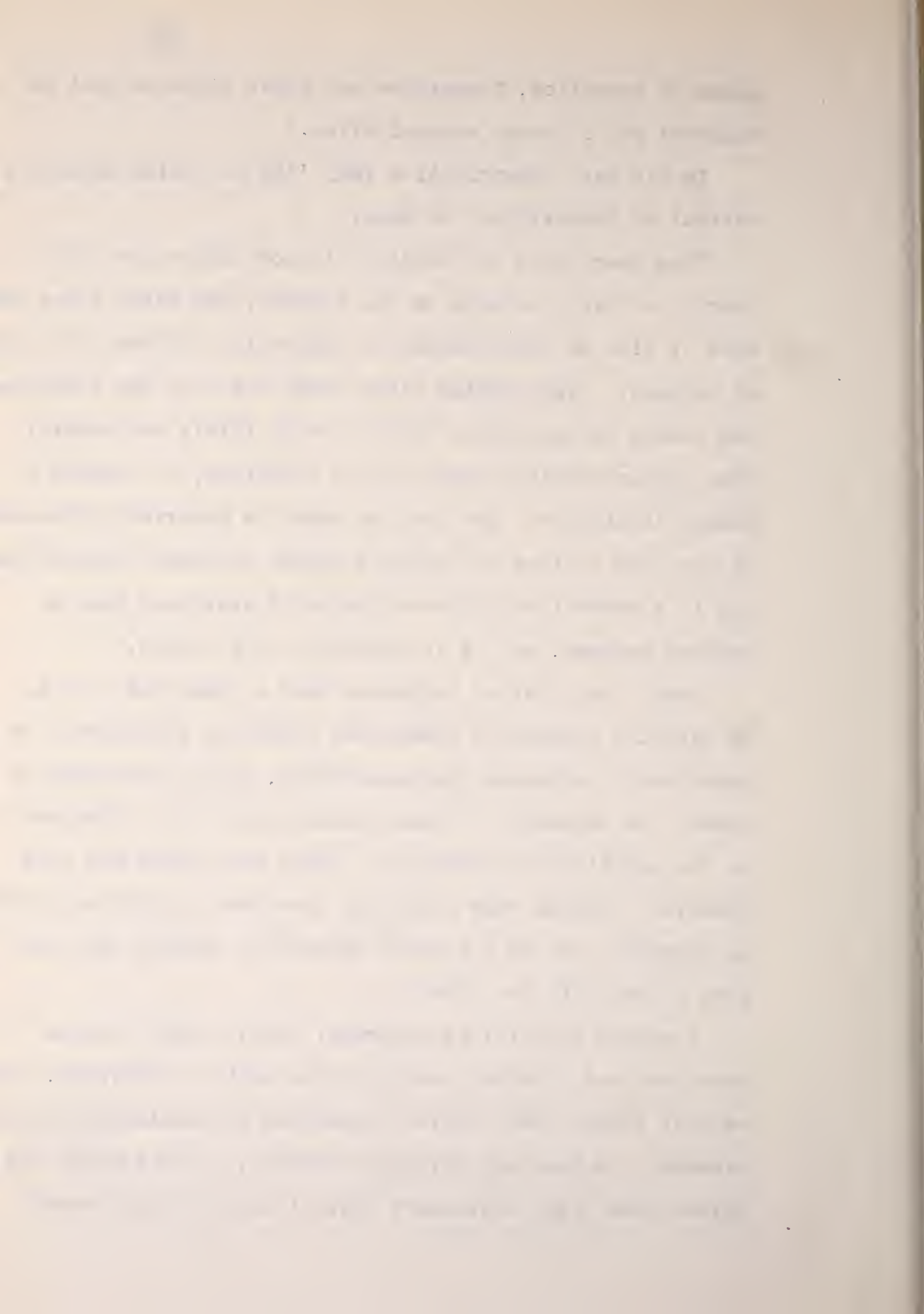
cause of education, temperance and other subjects must be reserved for a future communication."

In his next communication (May '48) Mr. Allen reports a revival at Dodgeville. He says:

"One year since our meeting did not number more than twenty or thirty persons on the Sabbath; and often I was unable to fill my appointments in Dodgeville for want of a place of worship. Eight months since there was only one Presbyterian family to sympathize with me in my trials and labors. Then prayer meetings could not be sustained; all seemed a dreary desolation. But now the scene is materially changed. We now have a place for worship fitted up--made comfortable, and in a central situation--which will seat more than a hundred persons, and it is generally well filled."

About the first of September last a young man brot up by Catholic parents in Canada was hopefully converted. We immediately commenced prayer-meetings; going from house to house. We orgainzed a Presbyterian church of six members on the thirtieth of September. Three more aded the next Sabbath. Several were hopefully converted during the month of December, and on the first Sabbath in January four persons united with the church.

The work is still in progress; twenty eight persons were received into our church in the month of February, and several others have offered themselves as candidated for admission. We have now forty one members. This revival has spread into Floyd Settlement where I have an appointment.



There have been two or three conversions at Ridgeway. It has also spread to Mill Creek, where there are about twenty families, all English except two which are American. Twenty six persons have given in their names to unite in a class for religious instruction at the Floyd Settlement.

In this revival, those who have been converted have been trained up under instructions and influence of twelve different sects of Christians. Yet they are all united in the Presbyterian church of Dodgeville. We have now in our little church two Norwegians, one from Finland, one Canadian of French origin, two from Wales, three from Prussia, one Yorkshire man, and one Cornish, from England, and one from Scotland. The remaining are from the following states of the union, Alabama, Missouri, Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, and three were born in Wisconsin. And, what is best of all, they appear to love one another as brethren of one family, and are agreed in the truth. The converts are teachable as little children. There is some stammering in speaking English to be sure, as might be expected--yet it all bears the stamp and has the sweetness of the language of Canaan. Bless the Lord O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!"

In December of '48 there is another communication from brother Allen of Dodgeville, which is in part as follows:

"We render unfeigned thanks to God our Father in Heaven for his great mercy to us during the two years past. He has bestowed upon us health, strength, and disposition, to labor for him in his vineyard; has inclined the heart of this

people to hear, and in some good degree to obey the truth; and he still permits us to hope in his mercy.

We feel very grateful to the A.M.S. for their timely aid, sympathy and counsel, such as have cheered and encouraged us in bearing the burdens and responsibilities of the missionary work of this interesting and important field.

It is now eleven months since this church was organized, consisting then of only six members; since which forty three have been added.

The temperance cause is progressing among us; several intemperate persons have broken off from the use of intoxicating drinks within a few months past.

The people of the outstations are very poor; all they can do for a minister's support is to give a few potatoes, onions, and the like.

I would here take occasion to acknowledge with gratitude a donation from Rev. Albert Barnes of Philadelphia for a set of his notes on the New Testament. Such a present is of great value to a western missionary, who has not the means to replenish his scanty library. There are several of the missionaries in the mining region, and doubtless thruout other parts of the west whose libraries are not worth fifty dollars each."

There is another communication from brother Allen in August of 1850, in which he says:

"Our congregation has not diminished, but has somewhat changed since the California emigration in the spring. Before that, there were more men than women--quite a

number of wives with their children have come into the village to live, whose husbands have gone to the gold regions. There are now about thirty 'California widows' as they are called living in Dodgeville. News lately reached us that several have died in the mines., who left us a year since.

Our meeting house remains unfinished. We have, however, expended one hundred dollars upon it this spring, laying the floor and putting in the windows and temporary seats, thus fitting it for summer use.

A free school, on the union plan has been commenced. It makes a new era in Dodgeville. I obtained a young lady to take charge of the female department; and also employed a young man from a Seminary in Ohio to teach the male department; and also employed a young man from a Seminary in Ohio to teach the male department. The schools opened two weeks since, the first district public school ever had in the place. The first day there were eighty boys present. There were a hundred girls the first day, and they number now a hundred and fifty. In both departments there were one hundred and twenty who did not know the alphabet--some from ten to fifteen years of age. I have spent much time for two months in getting the schools in operation; and, if I had not done it, the plan would have failed entirely. But it is an interesting sight; two hundred and fifty young immortals commencing an education under competent and pious teachers!"

About the time of his leaving Dodgeville, Mr. Allen reports a serious accident as follows:

"During last spring as I was removing my furniture with

with a horse and wagon, my horse took fright and ran most furiously, going down a steep pitch and turning a short corner, throwing me with tremendous force upon the hard ground, which so stunned me, for a season, that many feared for my life. However, I soon recovered, and never before did I feel so sensibly the special interposition of Divine Mercy in saving my life. My horse ran thru the streets of our village until the wagon, harness and furniture were dashed to pieces, and strewed a long the way. But in a few hours, by the kindness, sympathy and liberality of our citizens, it was all made up to me; and I soon perceived that some of those who formerly looked upon me with an eye of suspicion, had now begun to consider me as a friend, and were occasionally seen in the house of God listening to his words; a thing not known before."

After eight years of service at Dodgeville and vicinity Mr. Allen made a change. November 1st 1855 he was commissioned for Dover and Black Earth; and Black Earth was his home from 1855 to 1868. Some of the incidents of this pastorate are narrated in his reports. In April of 1857 he writes:

"When I came to Black Earth in 1855 there were about one hundred and fifty inhabitants in the village, and perhaps twice as many more in other parts of the town; my congregation on the Sabbath varied from twenty five to forty; there was no church, prayermeeting or Sabbath school, and not a Presbyterian or Congregational family known to reside in the place. There were three or four Methodist families;

The first part of the book is devoted to a general introduction to the subject of the history of the English language. It begins with a discussion of the early forms of the language, such as Old English, Middle English, and Modern English. The author then discusses the influence of other languages on the English language, particularly French and Latin. The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed study of the English language in the Middle Ages. It begins with a discussion of the early forms of the language, such as Old English, Middle English, and Modern English. The author then discusses the influence of other languages on the English language, particularly French and Latin. The third part of the book is devoted to a detailed study of the English language in the modern period. It begins with a discussion of the early forms of the language, such as Old English, Middle English, and Modern English. The author then discusses the influence of other languages on the English language, particularly French and Latin. The fourth part of the book is devoted to a detailed study of the English language in the modern period. It begins with a discussion of the early forms of the language, such as Old English, Middle English, and Modern English. The author then discusses the influence of other languages on the English language, particularly French and Latin. The fifth part of the book is devoted to a detailed study of the English language in the modern period. It begins with a discussion of the early forms of the language, such as Old English, Middle English, and Modern English. The author then discusses the influence of other languages on the English language, particularly French and Latin. The sixth part of the book is devoted to a detailed study of the English language in the modern period. It begins with a discussion of the early forms of the language, such as Old English, Middle English, and Modern English. The author then discusses the influence of other languages on the English language, particularly French and Latin. The seventh part of the book is devoted to a detailed study of the English language in the modern period. It begins with a discussion of the early forms of the language, such as Old English, Middle English, and Modern English. The author then discusses the influence of other languages on the English language, particularly French and Latin. The eighth part of the book is devoted to a detailed study of the English language in the modern period. It begins with a discussion of the early forms of the language, such as Old English, Middle English, and Modern English. The author then discusses the influence of other languages on the English language, particularly French and Latin. The ninth part of the book is devoted to a detailed study of the English language in the modern period. It begins with a discussion of the early forms of the language, such as Old English, Middle English, and Modern English. The author then discusses the influence of other languages on the English language, particularly French and Latin. The tenth part of the book is devoted to a detailed study of the English language in the modern period. It begins with a discussion of the early forms of the language, such as Old English, Middle English, and Modern English. The author then discusses the influence of other languages on the English language, particularly French and Latin.

otherwise, so far as religion is concerned, all was desolation and death. Universalism, spiritualism, and infidelity were the order of the day. There was, however, one redeeming circumstance--there was no grog shops in the place; and a strong public feeling existed against such nuisances. In some respects there has been improvement. In the rapid increase of inhabitants there is a mixture of good and evil. All sorts, as to character and crime, commingle, and throng our streets; and it is a sorrowful fact that very few indeed have come thither with a decided, consistent, christian character. There is still a great neglect of the means of grace, and an almost universal apathy in relation to the soul's salvation. I often fear and tremble in relation to my own responsibility and shortcomings.'

Four years later brother Allen again reports from Black Earth, telling this time of the efforts of the church in building a house of worship. He writes:

"For the last year and more, for want of a suitable place of worship, I could preach but one sermon every alternate Sabbath at Black Earth. For the future we expect it will be otherwise. Our church edifice, which has been more than a year in building is now completed, and we expect it will be dedicated and open for worship.'

It is the neatest, pleasantest house of worship in the county--in the opinion of those who ought to know--and yet cost less than \$1500. It is the only church edifice between Madison and Prairie du Chien, except a very small one at

Avoca, a distance of a hundred miles. We are straining every nerve to collect the last payments to satisfy the contractor, and we shall succeed. God has prospered us wonderfully from the beginning to the end of the enterprise; for we are a very poor people. There are only five male members in the church, and they are all poor as to this world's goods. We expect that our brother Langworthy, when on his journey to Kansas, will be with us and preach at the dedication; for it was he who helped us to three hundred dollars toward the expense of the building--without which we could not have succeeded. (This Mr. Langworthy was at that time pastor of the church in Chelsea, Mass.) Many, thru this great western valley, will hereafter rise up and call him blessed for his work and labor of love.

Now that our house is completed, I feel relieved of a great burden, which I have necessarily had to bear in overseeing the work and collecting the funds; having been compelled several times to borrow money, as otherwise the work would have ceased. I feel thankful that God gave me strength and opportunity to do it. This is the third house of worship that I have had a chief management of in building since I entered the missionary field, about twenty five years ago. I was poor then, I am poor now--with a family of eight children dependent upon me for support. Besides these I have a son, my oldest child, an officer in the army, enlisted for the support of the government against this most unnatural rebellion.'

In February of 1862 we hear from Mr. Allen, and of

course he has something to say about the war. He writes:

"Nothing special has occurred during the last quarter among us, except that nearly all our young men have enlisted and gone to the army. The choir in both of my fields is about broken up, and our congregations are much lessened. I am now out of funds, and with not much prospect of obtaining any soon, unless I receive what is due me from your society. Batables, fuel, clothing, etc., can only be had here for ready pay. The prospect as to clothing for my large family for the approaching winter is not very cheering. But I will trust Providence, and do that best I can, God's grace assisting me. My two oldest sons are in the army fighting the battles of freedom; while nine other children are with me dependent for support. If I can live through, even scantily, these times of depression and embarrassment, I shall be content; and I intend to labor on in the good cause as ability will permit, until my Master calls me home."

In December of '62 we have another communication from Brother Allen, in which he says:

"I was called upon one Sabbath last summer to preach a funeral sermon on occasion of the death of two excellent young men who died in the army in Arkansas. Between fifty and sixty persons came a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, so highly were these young men respected and esteemed by those who knew them. One of these was a lieutenant in the 11th Wisconsin, and at the time of his enlisting was a student of the State University, and a candidate for the Gospel ministry. Within about six hours after President Lincoln's first

call for seventy five thousand men was received, young Smith had enlisted as a private, and when the three months expired, he enlisted again for three years, or during the war; and when a vacancy occurred he was elected lieutenant.

That added to the interested and solemnity of the exercises was the following circumstance: William Smith, the oldest of these brothers, left a young widow and two small boys. After the sermon these boys were brought forward by their widowed mother for baptism. Their father had often spoken of his desire to have them thus consecrated to God, but his wife, coming from a Baptist family was averse to having it done. During the exercises, as the mother presented them for baptism, there was scarcely a dry eye in the congregation.

O! how many of our best choicest young men have thus been sacrificed, the innocent for the guilty, on the altar of our country's liberty! Lieutenant Colonel Crane fell, another victim to this vile treason--killed instantly at the late battle near Culpepper Court House. He was a field officer in the third Regiment of Wisconsin volunteers, a man of great promise, a special friend of mine, and the best Superintendent of my Sabbath School that I have found anywhere in the West."

In another report, published in December of '64, Father Allen, for such we may call him now, is still speaking of the war. He says:

"We have not given up our prayer meetings, altho our deacon has left us for the Union army, and there is now no

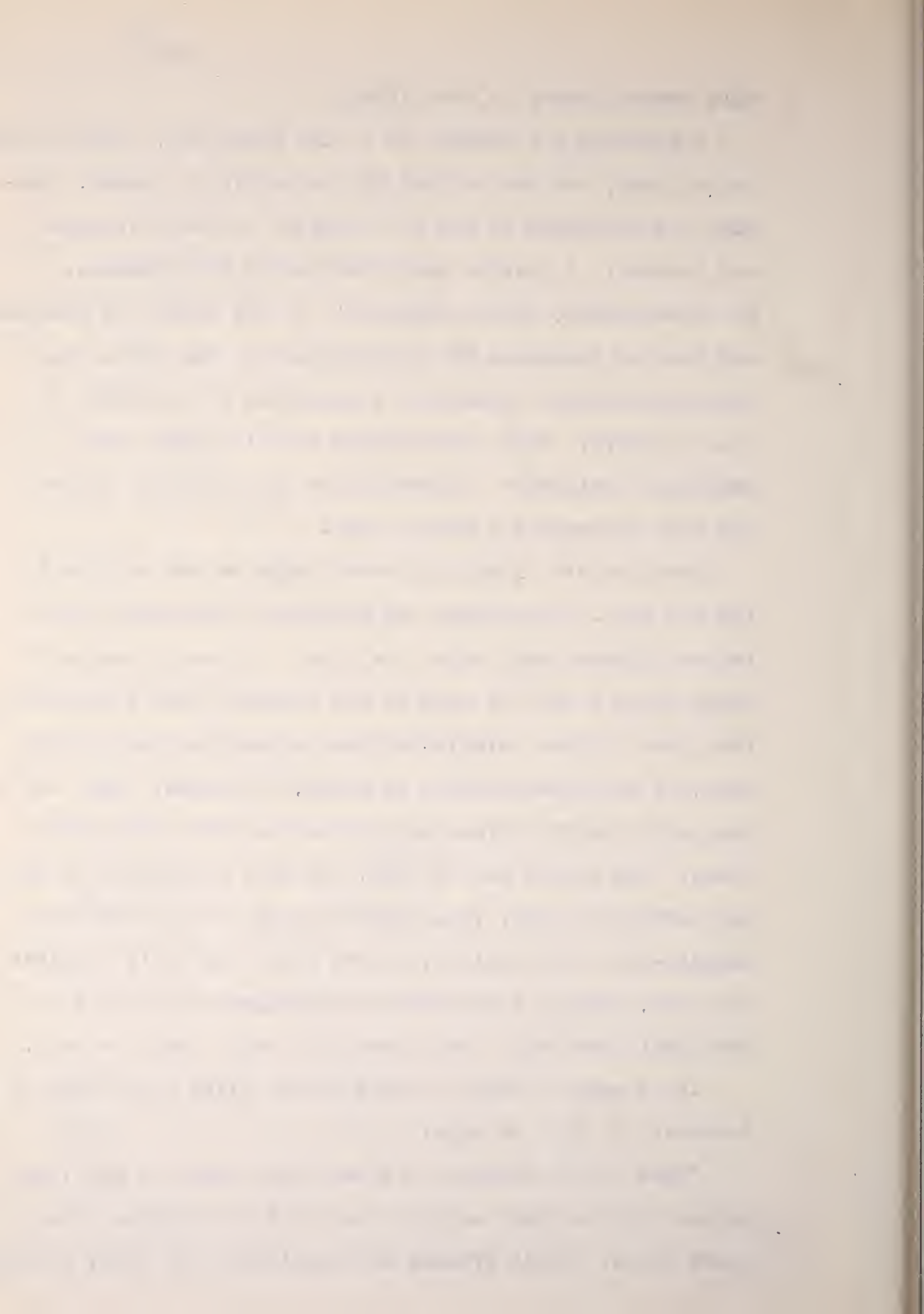
male member living in the village.

I attended the funeral of a fine young man, a near neighbor of ours, who was wounded at the battle of Resaca, Georgia, and brot home to die in the midst of dear relatives and friends. I vistied him often during his sickness. O! this wicked, cruel rebellion! It has slain its thousands, and tens of thousands of the goodliest of our youth, who willingly offered themselves a sacrifice on the altar of their country. Then will the end be? 'The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth'. Therefore we will rejoice; believing that He doeth all things well.

From the 7th of May for seven weeks we had no rain to lay the dust. Everything was suffering. The corn and potatoes improved much after the rain. Of wheat, oats and grass about a half of crop is now realized; but the wheat is very poor. Almost everything that a poor man has to live upon, is not merely double in price, but three, four, and in many articles five times as much as they were three years since. And how we are to live, who have everything to buy and nothing to sell; is a mystery to us; but we will not despair--no, nor complain; for we know that God's promises are sure, and all things shall work together for good to them that love God. Their bread and water shall be sure."

It is easy to guess of what Father Allen will write in November of '65. He says:

"Some of our soldiers are returning from the army, and appear well--as well as when they left us three and four years since. Their friends are rejoicing over their return



in safety; not one of them a cripple so far."

But not all. For many are missing who will never return to gladden the hearts of parents, wives, brothers and sisters, and lovers, who mourn their loss, and will not be comforted because they are not. Of about eighty who left our little town for the Union army, more than one quarter sleep their last sleep, and their bones lie whitened on the battle field or are buried among strangers. Two orphan sisters, members of my church, have lost four brothers in the war. They are thus left poor, and desolate indeed.

But we rejoice that it is now over, and the result so good and glorious, and to be more so in the coming years. To God be all the Glory, who has wrought such wonders!

My two sons, who have been in the war from its beginning have both returned with health much impaired, but still in a hopeful way of recovering. The oldest of them has been wounded four times, had several horses shot under him, his coat pierced with bullet holes, and otherwise cut in shreds. He has been in twenty battles, besides skirmishes and other conflicts. He has been most wonderfully preserved by the God of battles. He enlisted as a private at the first call of the President; went into the war as a captain; was afterward commissioned Major, then Lieutenant Colonel, then Colonel, and lastspring Brigadier General. The other son was a Surgeon of the 5th Wisconsin."

Father Allen's last commission in Wisconsin, dated May 1, 1868, was for Grant and Iowa Counties, and the preaching

places designated were Lone Rock, Wyoming, Jamestown, Dodgeville, Middlefield, Avoca and Black Earth.

Soon after we had located at Osage this old pioneer missionary spent a night with us, as he was on his way across the country, traveling in his open buggy, to look up a new field in and about Clear Lake. He was then seventy one years of age. His commission dated November 1868 as follows:

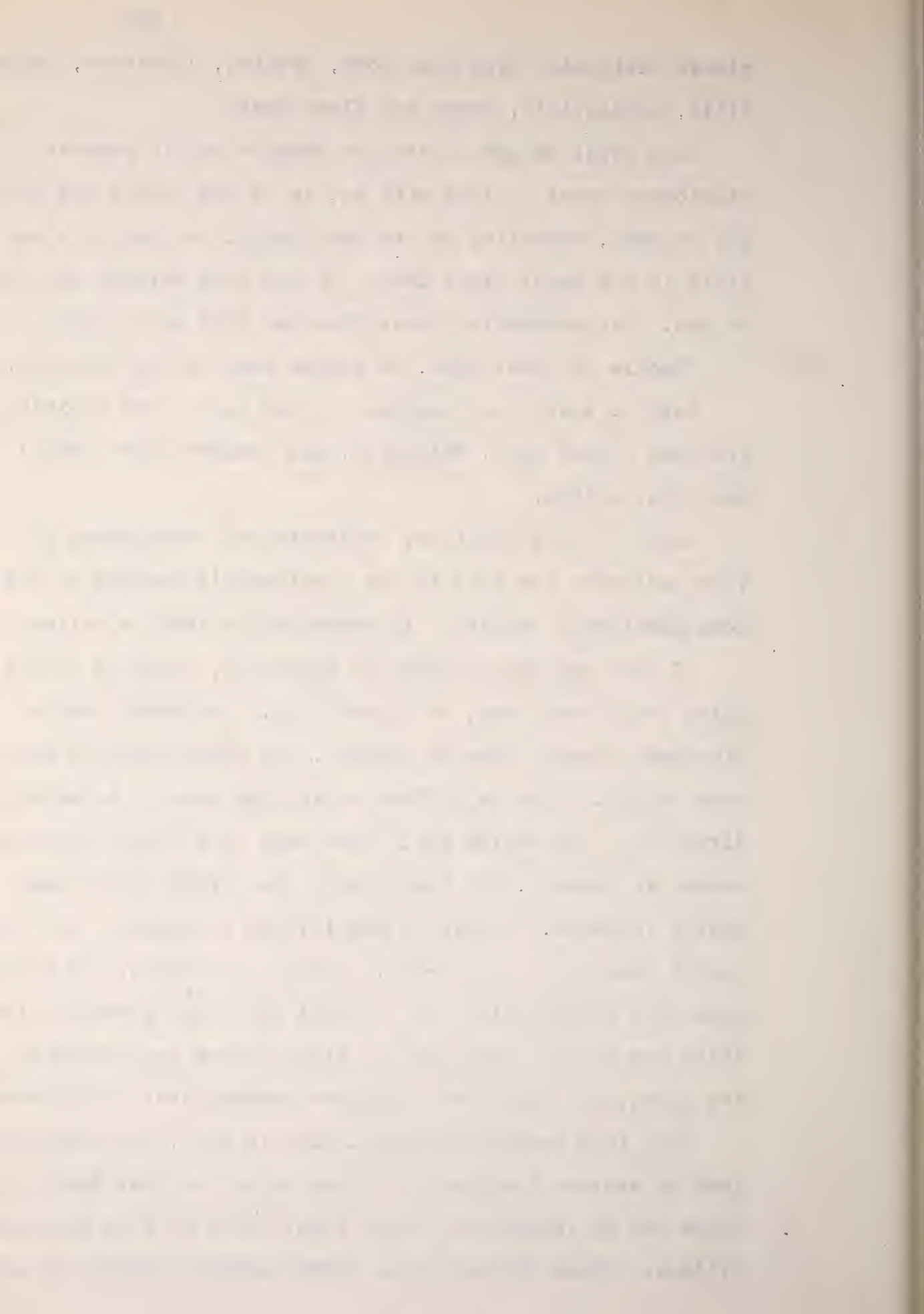
"People of Clear Lake, to preach also in the vicinity."

Here he spent the remainder of his life. The vicinity included Forest City, Ellington, and Concord (now Garner) and other points.

Some of the conditions, incidents and experiences of this pastorate are told in the missionary's reports to the Home Missionary Society. In September of 1869 he writes:

"I have had appointments at Ellington, which is twelve miles from Clear Lake, at Forest City, the county seat of Winnebago County; also at Concord, the county seat of Hancock County, which is fifteen miles from here in a westerly direction. Two months ago, there were only three dwelling houses in Concord, but there was a nice brick court house nearly finished, in which I was invited to preach. All the people came out to hear--men, women and children, and they seem much pleased with the prospect of having preaching in their new abode. This was the first sermon ever heard in the place, and the first religious meeting ever held there.

This is a beautiful county, rich in soil, and settling fast by eastern immigrants. There is not another dwelling house nor an inhabitant within eight miles of this prairie village. There did all these fifty persons, present at my



first preaching there, come from? Not only from the three dwelling houses there, but from board shanties, tents, and covered immigrant wagons of those who had arrived a few days previous. North, south and west there was not a dwelling nor an inhabitant within twelve miles of this village; now the people are coming in, and the prairies around are dotted with cabins and tents. The McGregor and Sioux City railroad (Milwaukee) is located thru this county near its center, and is to be finished within a year. You see from this that your missionary got a start even of the Methodists, as the pioneer minister of this village of cabins and tents. Thanks be to God for this privilege! I am to preach there the fourth Sabbath in each month.

The people of Clear Lake are very much divided in religious sentiment. Out of about three hundred inhabitants who live in the village, and within five miles of it, about one sixth sympathize with the Adventists, nearly as many more with the Methodists, not quite as many with the Baptists, and a smaller number with the Universalists. There are also a very few Freewill Baptists, United Brethren, Spiritualists, and a few Infidels and Nothingarians. Perhaps as many sympathize with us as with either of the above denominations. The population is not only changing, but is fast increasing; some hope for better things in the future. At present the greater part of the professors of religion--those who are or have been professors--are now back-sliders, or apostates, and are far from the Kingdom of Heaven. Yet, our congrega-

tions on the Sabbath are full, varying from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty."

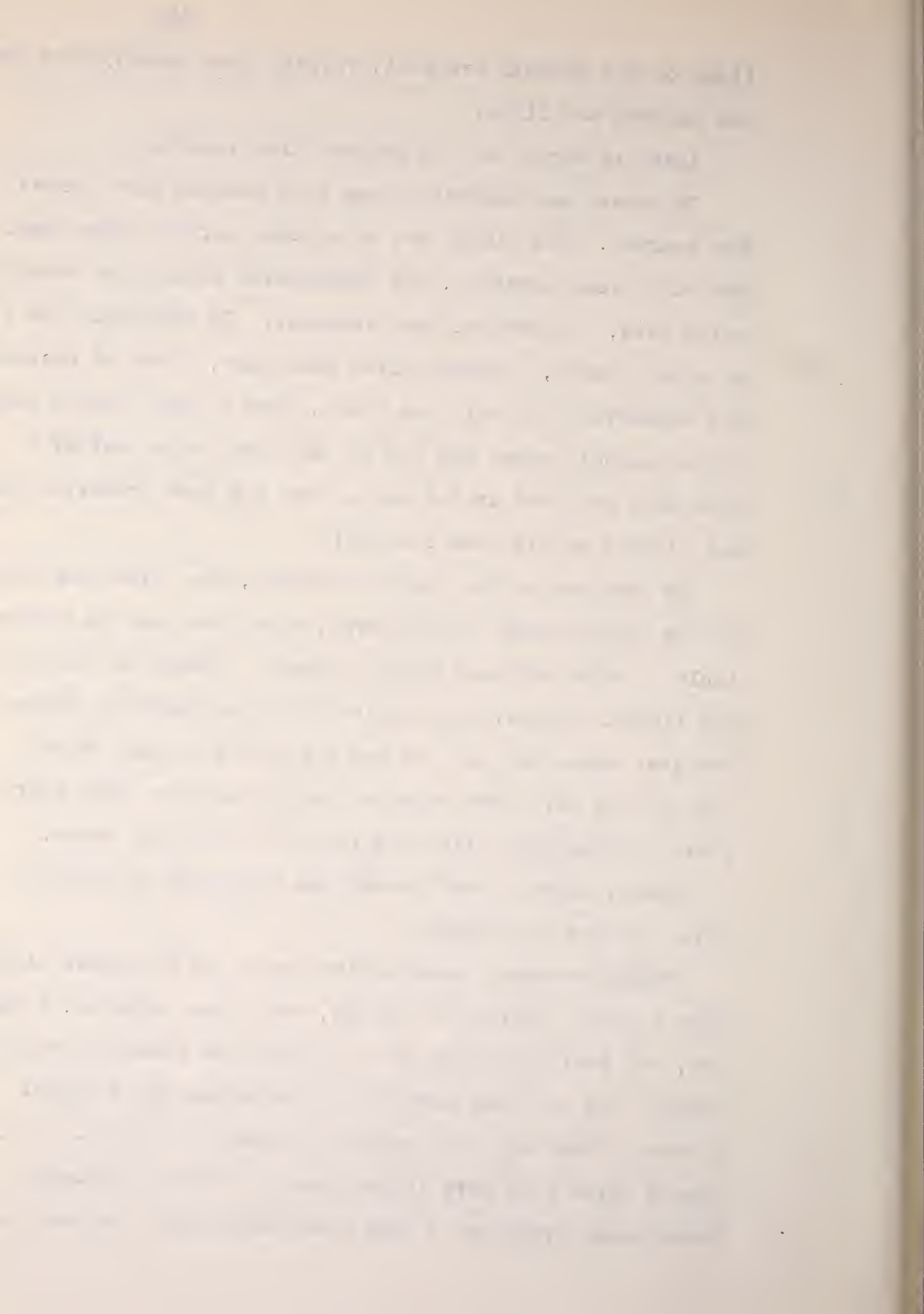
Again in March of 1872 Father Allen reports:

"Sickness and suffering from cold weather have marked the quarter. The winter set in a month earlier than usual, and with great severity, the thermometer falling to twenty below zero, for several days together. In attending one of my appointments, fourteen miles from home, I was so overcome and exhausted with cold and storm, that I could barely get to the school house; and had it been many rods further I must have perished in the snow. But the Lord preserved me, and blessed be His name forever!"

We received a nice box of clothing, etc. from the ladies of the First church in New Haven, which has made us comfortable in this cold and stormy climate. Thanks to the kind and liberal donors, and especially to our Heavenly Father, who ever cares for us! It was the best and most useful box that we have ever received during our more than thirty years of missionary life and labor, in the good cause."

Father Allen's last report was published in April of 1875, and was as follows:

"Superintendent Adams advised me to go to Forest City once a month, during the winter, and I have done so, thus far, and shall continue to do so when the roads and weather permit; but you must know that quite often the dreadful storms of snow and cold render it unsafe to travel. It is twenty miles from here (Clear Lake.) Twice in crossing these bleak prairies, I came near perishing. For many miles



there is not a house on the road. Once, after riding several miles, facing a northeast wind, my horse refused to go. I left it in the road, and succeeded in crawling to the door of a house, and the woman of the house helped me in, almost frozen to death. I could not walk.

At another time, leaving my horse at a tavern, I walked nearly a mile to the school house to preach; no one had dared to come out; the door was locked. I attempted to go back to the nearest house, facing a storm of wind and snow, and had to crawl on my hands and knees. I barely escaped perishing. In either of these cases I could not have gone fifty rods farther.

I am growing old--shall be seventy eight the first of next June--but I am yours in the service of the Lord.

Father Allen's last commission ended November 1st 1875, which was within a year of the end of his life. He died November 7, 1876, aged 79 years 4 months and 16 days.

Father Allen was twice married. His first wife was a Miss Lydia Kingsbury of Walpole, Mass., to whom he was married in 1819. She became the mother of ten children. She died August 14, 1847.

His second marriage was in the year 1850 to Mrs. Martha Jane (Barney) Camp, originally of Rutland, Vermont. She had children of her own, and still three others were added to the household by this marriage. After Father Allen's death, a little scrap of an obituary appeared in our State Minutes of 1877 which was as follows:

"Rev. A. S. Allen of Clear Lake has closed a life of long

and honorable service. · Hale and hearty in the evening of his days which he spent in Iowa; a beautiful example of the happy results of a life temperate in all things, and strictly conformed to the laws of nature, and nature's God, he brot forth fruit in old age, and was gathered to his fathers as a shock of corn fully ripe in his season."

Superintendent Ephraim Adams gives us a picture of this grand old man as he appeared shortly before his death.

"Though usually healthy and vigorous, yet in the early part of that year Father Allen suffered much from sickness and disease. At our minister's retreat at Clear Lake, we held on the 27th of July of that year a kind of ministers Institute, with appointed exercises, at which father Allen by request was to say to us a few words. He put them into writing, and I hold in my hand the identical paper--which at my request he kindly gave me on that day. As I look it over, I can see the trembling hand, the hoary locks, the erect, yet yielding frame. I am looking again into that benevolent face; can almost hear the voice, the tones, the inflections with which the words were spoken. It seems now almost as a voice from the grave, aye, rather from within the vale. Listen to it that tho dead he may yet speak."

The message was in part as follows:

"My age and experience as a Christian minister ought to qualify me to give counsel to my younger brethren in the ministry that would be of use to them in their great work. But pain and sickness, and the effect of medicine, now in a measure unfit me for such a task, but I will try."

The first of these is the fact that the number of cases of the disease is increasing. This is due to the fact that the disease is becoming more common in the population. The second is the fact that the disease is becoming more severe. This is due to the fact that the disease is becoming more common in the population. The third is the fact that the disease is becoming more difficult to treat. This is due to the fact that the disease is becoming more common in the population.

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I think that my long and painful sickness has given me a new and higher and richer experience in the divine life than I ever had before.

A minister's faith should be like that of Abraham. He should be as meek as Moses and as patient as Job. He should be full of the milk of human kindness--or rather of christian sympathy, love and good will. He should always be about his Father's business. I might enlarge, but time and strength forbids. His character should be above suspicion, as to purity, truthfulness, honesty, and Christian integrity.

These things have dwelt upon my mind with peculiar force during my sickness, and have led me to ardent longings for entire purity of heart and life, and I have come into a peace of mind beyond expression, so that I felt like praising God day and night continually--singing hallelujah to God and the Lamb. When my bodily distress has been the most severe Jesus has been more precious than ever, the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely. Tho he slay me yet will I trust in him. I know that my Redeemer liveth--. But let me here say I have had dreadful conflicts with Sin and Satan before I was brot into this happy state of mind. Brethren in the ministry be faithful unto death."

I knew Father Allen only in his old age. He was tall and straight with a prominent nose, an eye still bright, still full of force and fire, but also full of sweetness and light. He was an old home Missionary hero. He was under the commission of the Society for nearly forty years. He certainly did a full day's work.

Eighty-ninth sketch,

Eliphalet Y. Swift.

Eliphalet Young Swift, son of Charles and Eunice (Young) Swift, was born in Fairfax, Vermont, January 16, 1815.

He fitted for College at St. Alban's, Vermont; graduated from Middlebury in 1837, and from Andover in 1842.

His first service, 1842-'45, was that of agent for the American Tract Society in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. December 7, 1843 he was married to Catherine B. Leach of Pittsford, Vermont.

January 10, 1844 he was ordained and installed at Chillicothe, Ohio, but served this church only one year.

November 19, 1845 he was installed at Northampton, Mass., and was dismissed September 22, 1851.

He was then called at once to the church at South Hadley, Mass.; supplied for a year, and then was installed November 3, 1852; resigned February 9, 1858 to accept a call to Clinton, New York where he was installed in March of the same year, and remained in service until June of 1862.

His next field was Williamsburg, Mass. where he was installed July 3, 1863.

He was dismissed from this pastorate Sept. 8, 1868, accepting at this time a call to Denmark, Iowa, where he was installed October 21st of this year, and was pastor for fourteen years, being dismissed July 15, 1882.

In 1884, as the church was vacant he supplied at Denmark for four months; and this was his place of residence until

his death occurred June 15, 1892. He reached the age of 77 years and 5 months.

Mr. Swift was a trustee of Mt. Holyoke Seminary during his pastorate at Hadley. He held the office from 1848 to '74. He was a trustee of Denmark Academy from 1869 to '92.

Physically brother Swift was a large man. His pastorates in important churches indicate that he was intellectually strong. He was an attractive preacher. He was always in demand. He never waited for a call. In the little obituary notice of him published in the Minutes, a brother says:

"As a companion he was genial and entertaining; always a welcomed guest where he was known."

Ninetieth sketch,

George W. Palmer.

George Washington Palmer, son of Ammi and Abigail (Brinsmaid) Palmer, was born in Scipio, New York, April 29, 1819.

He studied in the preparatory school at Milan, Ohio, graduating from the Western Reserve Theological Seminary in 1850; and November 4th of this year was married to Eliza Hudson of Haw Patch, Indiana. She died May 28th 1858.

From 1855 to '56 Mr. Palmer was pastor at Peninsula, Ohio. From 1856 to '59 he was at Bath. In this pastorate his second marriage occurred--to Hannah Maria Close of Linckley, Ohio.

At Linckley he was pastor from '59 to '62; and from '62 to '65 at Medina and Lafayette.

In April of 1865 he came to Iowa, locating first at Polk City.

From '69 to '75 he was pastor at Ogden, and in 1875 took charge of the work at Carroll. Here he died May 26, 1878, aged 59 years, 27 days.

His one report of his Iowa work published in August of '68 gives us just a slight indication of his temperament and spirit. The report is as follows:

"In my last, I think mention was made of the revival thru which we passed during the winter. At our last communion, the first Sabbath in May, twenty four were received into the church, twenty two of them by profession. At the next communion more are expected to come in. The examination

CHAPTER I

The first thing that I did when I came to the city was to go to the church. I was very much interested in the church and the people who were there. I saw many people who were very poor and I felt very sorry for them. I thought that I should do something to help them. I went to the church every day and I stayed there for many hours. I saw many people who were very poor and I felt very sorry for them. I thought that I should do something to help them. I went to the church every day and I stayed there for many hours.

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for connection with the church was, on the whole, remarkable for the promptness and intelligence of the answers of candidates. A young people's prayer meeting is well sustained and nearly all attending it are connected with the Sabbath School. One of the number has become a missionary, and opened a Sabbath School in her house, altho she has a considerable family to care for. The protracted effort of the winter affected a considerable change among the people. Meetings are better attended, the Sabbath is much more respected, and the entire prospect is much more hopeful."

This report will indicate that brother Palmer was evangelistic in spirit, and in the practical work of his ministry. I remember well to have heard him at a meeting of the General Association giving a glowing account of the results of his evangelistic work. He was very sanguine, enthusiastic, and energetic in his work. He did us excellent service in the few years of his labor in Iowa.

Ninety-first sketch,

Andrew Batchelder.

Andrew Batchelder was born in Caledonia county, Vermont, May 5, 1801. There is not at hand any record of his childhood, schooling, studies for the ministry, or early pastorates. It is recorded that when he was about twenty-six years of age, he was married to Mary Nutting, of what place I do not know, and that they walked together the paths of life for fifty-five years in peace and happiness. She was the mother of ten children. She died in 1882.

Soon after his marriage, Mr. Batchelder turned his attention to the concerns of religion, and at length decided to enter the gospel ministry, and was ordained to that vocation in the year 1844. The exact date and place of the ordination is not recorded. That was before even the Congregational Quarterly was published.

It is recorded in the obituary of him which appears in the Minutes of 1888 that "for the period of twenty four years, he labored faithfully in the active work of the ministry, in the northern portion of his native state, and the adjoining portion of New York. His work was attended with much self-denying toil and privation. So far as concerned this world's goods, his remuneration was small; nevertheless, he was always a faithful servant in the gospel of

REIGN OF

The reign of King Henry the Fifth, who reigned from the year 1413 to 1422, was a period of great glory and success for the English monarchy. He was a brave and able warrior, and his military achievements, particularly in France, have made him one of the most celebrated monarchs in English history. His reign was marked by a series of victories, including the famous battle of Agincourt in 1415, where he defeated the French army despite being outnumbered. This battle was a turning point in the Hundred Years' War, and it established Henry as a national hero. In addition to his military successes, Henry was also a pious and just ruler. He was devoted to the Church and to the welfare of his subjects. He was known for his generosity and for his efforts to reform the government. His reign was a period of great prosperity and stability for England, and his memory is still revered to this day.

Christ, his Master. During the last portion of his life, his health was poor, he having twice been stricken down with apoplexy. He came to Iowa in 1868, and for some time preached to the church at Bowens Prairie, but lived with his son, E. M. Batchelder, who resides near Monticello. His wife died in 1882, and ever afterwards he felt lonely, tho kindly and lovingly cared for by his son and his son's wife. On the 22d day of November, 1886, he came to the end of his pilgrimage, at the age of eighty-five years, six months, and nineteen days."

I have no personal recollection of Brother Batchelder. He was an old man, resting from his labors, when I came into the State.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general
introduction to the subject of the history of the
people of the world. The author begins by
describing the origin of the human race, and
the progress of civilization. He then proceeds
to a detailed account of the various
peoples and nations of the world, and
the events which have shaped their
history. The book is written in a
clear and concise style, and is
well illustrated with maps and
pictures. It is a valuable work
for all who are interested in the
history of the world.







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